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WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES

CHAPTER I

INSOMNIA

One afternoon, at low water, Mr. Isbister, a young artist lodging at Boscastle, walked from that place to the picturesque cove of Pentargen, desiring to examine the caves there. Halfway down the precipitous path to the Pentargen beach he came suddenly upon a man sitting in an attitude of profound distress beneath a projecting mass of rock. The hands of this man hung limply over his knees, his eyes were red and staring before him, and his face was wet with tears.

He glanced round at Isbister's footfall. Both men were disconcerted, Isbister the more so, and, to override the awkwardness of his involuntary pause, he remarked, with an air of mature conviction, that the weather was hot for the time of year.

"Very," answered the stranger shortly, hesitated a second, and added in a colourless tone, "I can't sleep."

Isbister stopped abruptly. "No?" was all he said, but his bearing conveyed his helpful impulse.

"It may sound incredible," said the stranger, turning weary eyes to Isbister's face and emphasizing his

words with a languid hand, "but I have had no sleep — no sleep at all for six nights."

"Had advice?"

"Yes. Bad advice for the most part. Drugs. My nervous system. . . . They are all very well for the run of people. It's hard to explain. I dare not take . . . sufficiently powerful drugs."

"That makes it difficult," said Isbister.

He stood helplessly in the narrow path, perplexed what to do. Clearly the man wanted to talk. An idea natural enough under the circumstances, prompted him to keep the conversation going. "I've never suffered from sleeplessness myself," he said in a tone of commonplace gossip, "but in those cases I have known, people have usually found something —"

"I dare make no experiments."

He spoke wearily. He gave a gesture of rejection, and for a space both men were silent.

"Exercise?" suggested Isbister diffidently, with a glance from his interlocutor's face of wretchedness to the touring costume he wore.

"That is what I have tried. Unwisely perhaps. I have followed the coast, day after day — from New Quay. It has only added muscular fatigue to the mental. The cause of this unrest was overwork — trouble. There was something —"

He stopped as if from sheer fatigue. He rubbed his forehead with a lean hand. He resumed speech like one who talks to himself.

"I am a lone wolf, a solitary man, wandering through a world in which I have no part. I am wifeless — childless — who is it speaks of the childless as

the dead twigs on the tree of life? I am wifeless, childless — I could find no duty to do. No desire even in my heart. One thing at last I set myself to do.

"I said, I *will* do this, and to do it, to overcome the inertia of this dull body, I resorted to drugs. Great God, I've had enough of drugs! I don't know if *you* feel the heavy inconvenience of the body, its exasperating demand of time from the mind — time — life! Live! We only live in patches. We have to eat, and then comes the dull digestive complacencies — or irritations. We have to take the air or else our thoughts grow sluggish, stupid, run into gulfs and blind alleys. A thousand distractions arise from within and without, and then comes drowsiness and sleep. Men seem to live for sleep. How little of a man's day is his own — even at the best! And then come those false friends, those Thug helpers, the alkaloids that stifle natural fatigue and kill rest — black coffee, cocaine —"

"I see," said Isbister.

"I did my work," said the sleepless man with a querulous intonation.

"And this is the price?"

"Yes."

For a little while the two remained without speaking.

"You cannot imagine the craving for rest that I feel — a hunger and thirst. For six long days, since my work was done, my mind has been a whirlpool, swift, unprogressive and incessant, a torrent of

thoughts leading nowhere, spinning round swift and steady —"

He paused. "Towards the gulf."

"You must sleep," said Isbister decisively, and with an air of a remedy discovered. "Certainly you must sleep."

"My mind is perfectly lucid. It was never clearer. But I know I am drawing towards the vortex. Presently —"

"Yes?"

"You have seen things go down an eddy? Out of the light of the day, out of this sweet world of sanity — down —"

"But," expostulated Isbister.

The man threw out a hand towards him, and his eyes were wild, and his voice suddenly high. "I shall kill myself. If in no other way — at the foot of yonder dark precipice there, where the waves are green, and the white surge lifts and falls, and that little thread of water trembles down. There at any rate is . . . sleep."

"That's unreasonable," said Isbister, startled at the man's hysterical gust of emotion. "Drugs are better than that."

"There at any rate is sleep," repeated the stranger, not heeding him.

Isbister looked at him and wondered transitorily if some complex Providence had indeed brought them together that afternoon. "It's not a cert, you know," he remarked. "There's a cliff like that at Lulworth Cove — as high, anyhow — and a little girl fell from

top to bottom. And lives to-day — sound and well."

"But those rocks there?"

"One might lie on them rather dismally through a cold night, broken bones grating as one shivered, chill water splashing over you. Eh?"

Their eyes met. "Sorry to upset your ideals," said Isbister with a sense of devil-may-careish brilliance. "But a suicide over that cliff (or any cliff for the matter of that), really, as an artist —" He laughed. "It's so damned amateurish."

"But the other thing," said the sleepless man irritably, "the other thing. No man can keep sane if night after night —"

"Have you been walking along this coast alone?"

"Yes."

"Silly sort of thing to do. If you'll excuse my saying so. Alone! As you say; body fag is no cure for brain fag. Who told you to? No wonder; walking! And the sun on your head, heat, fag, solitude, all the day long, and then, I suppose, you go to bed and try very hard — eh?"

Isbister stopped short and looked at the sufferer doubtfully.

"Look at these rocks!" cried the seated man with a sudden force of gesture. "Look at that sea that has shone and quivered there for ever! See the white spume rush into darkness under that great cliff. And this blue vault, with the blinding sun pouring from the dome of it. It is your world. You accept it, you rejoice in it. It warms and supports and delights you. And for me —"

He turned his head and showed a ghastly face,

bloodshot pallid eyes and bloodless lips. He spoke almost in a whisper. "It is the garment of my misery. The whole world . . . is the garment of my misery."

Isbister looked at all the wild beauty of the sunlit cliffs about them and back to that face of despair. For a moment he was silent.

He started, and made a gesture of impatient rejection. "You get a night's sleep," he said, "and you won't see much misery out here. Take my word for it."

He was quite sure now that this was a providential encounter. Only half an hour ago he had been feeling horribly bored. Here was employment the bare thought of which was righteous self-applause. He took possession forthwith. It seemed to him that the first need of this exhausted being was companionship. He flung himself down on the steeply sloping turf beside the motionless seated figure, and deployed forthwith into a skirmishing line of gossip.

His hearer seemed to have lapsed into apathy; he stared dismally seaward, and spoke only in answer to Isbister's direct questions — and not to all of those. But he made no sign of objection to this benevolent intrusion upon his despair.

In a helpless way he seemed even grateful, and when presently Isbister, feeling that his unsupported talk was losing vigour, suggested that they should reascend the steep and return towards Boscastle, alleging the view into Blackapit, he submitted quietly. Halfway up he began talking to himself, and abruptly turned a ghastly face on his helper. "What can be

happening?" he asked with a gaunt illustrative hand. "What can be happening? Spin, spin, spin, spin. It goes round and round, round and round for evermore."

He stood with his hand circling.

"It's all right, old chap," said Isbister with the air of an old friend. "Don't worry yourself. Trust to me."

The man dropped his hand and turned again. They went over the brow in single file and to the headland beyond Penally, with the sleepless man gesticulating ever and again, and speaking fragmentary things concerning his whirling brain. At the headland they stood for a space by the seat that looks into the dark mysteries of Blackapit, and then he sat down. Isbister had resumed his talk whenever the path had widened sufficiently for them to walk abreast. He was enlarging upon the complex difficulty of making Boscastle Harbour in bad weather, when suddenly and quite irrelevantly his companion interrupted him again.

"My head is not like what it was," he said, gesticulating for want of expressive phrases. "It's not like what it was. There is a sort of oppression, a weight. No — not drowsiness, would God it were! It is like a shadow, a deep shadow falling suddenly and swiftly across something busy. Spin, spin into the darkness. The tumult of thought, the confusion, the eddy and eddy. I can't express it. I can hardly keep my mind on it — steadily enough to tell you."

He stopped feebly.

"Don't trouble, old chap," said Isbister. "I think

I can understand. At any rate, it don't matter very much just at present about telling me, you know."

The sleepless man thrust his knuckles into his eyes and rubbed them. Isbister talked for awhile while this rubbing continued, and then he had a fresh idea. "Come down to my room," he said, "and try a pipe. I can show you some sketches of this Blackapit. If you'd care?"

The other rose obediently and followed him down the steep.

Several times Isbister heard him stumble as they came down, and his movements were slow and hesitating. "Come in with me," said Isbister, "and try some cigarettes and the blessed gift of alcohol. If you take alcohol?"

The stranger hesitated at the garden gate. He seemed no longer clearly aware of his actions. "I don't drink," he said slowly, coming up the garden path, and after a moment's interval repeated absently, "No — I don't drink. It goes round. Spin, it goes — spin —"

He stumbled at the doorstep and entered the room with the bearing of one who sees nothing.

Then he sat down abruptly and heavily in the easy chair, seemed almost to fall into it. He leant forward with his brows on his hands and became motionless.

Presently he made a faint sound in his throat. Isbister moved about the room with the nervousness of an inexperienced host, making little remarks that scarcely required answering. He crossed the room to his portfolio, placed it on the table and noticed the mantel clock.

"'IT IS EITHER DEATH OR A FIT'"

"I don't know if you'd care to have supper with me," he said with an unlighted cigarette in his hand — his mind troubled with a design of the furtive administration of chloral. "Only cold mutton, you know, but passing sweet. Welsh. And a tart, I believe." He repeated this after momentary silence.

The seated man made no answer. Isbister stopped, match in hand, regarding him.

The stillness lengthened. The match went out. The cigarette was put down unlit. The man was certainly very still. Isbister took up the portfolio, opened it, put it down, hesitated, seemed about to speak. "Perhaps," he whispered doubtfully. Presently he glanced at the door and back to the figure. Then he stole on tiptoe out of the room, glancing at his companion after each elaborate pace.

He closed the door noiselessly. The house door was standing open, and he went out beyond the porch and stood where the monkshood rose at the corner of the garden bed. From this point he could see the stranger through the open window, still and dim, sitting head on hand. He had not moved.

A number of children going along the road stopped and regarded the artist curiously. A boatman exchanged civilities with him. He felt that possibly his circumspect attitude and position seemed peculiar and unaccountable. Smoking, perhaps, might seem more natural. He drew pipe and pouch from his pocket, filled the pipe slowly.

"I wonder," . . . he said, with a scarcely perceptible loss of complacency. "At any rate one must

give him a chance." He struck a match in the virile way, and proceeded to light his pipe.

Presently he heard his landlady behind him, coming with his lamp lit from the kitchen. He turned, gesticulating with his pipe, and stopped her at the door of his sitting-room. He had some difficulty in explaining the situation in whispers, for she did not know he had a visitor. She retreated again with the lamp, still a little mystified to judge from her manner, and he resumed his hovering at the corner of the porch, flushed and less at his ease.

Long after he had smoked out his pipe, and when the bats were abroad, his curiosity dominated his complex hesitations, and he stole back into his darkling sitting-room. He paused in the doorway. The stranger was still in the same attitude, dark against the window. Save for the singing of some sailors aboard one of the little slate-carrying ships in the harbour, the evening was very still. Outside, the spikes of monkshood and delphinium stood erect and motionless against the shadow of the hillside. Something flashed into Isbister's mind; he started, and leaning over the table, listened. An unpleasant suspicion grew stronger; became conviction. Astonishment seized him and became — dread!

No sound of breathing came from the seated figure!

He crept slowly and noiselessly round the table, pausing twice to listen. At last he could lay his hand on the back of the armchair. He bent down until the two heads were ear to ear.

Then he bent still lower to look up at his visitor's

face. He started violently and uttered an exclamation. The eyes were void spaces of white.

He looked again and saw that they were open and with the pupils rolled under the lids. He was suddenly afraid. Overcome by the strangeness of the man's condition, he took him by the shoulder and shook him. "Are you asleep?" he said, with his voice jumping into alto, and again, "Are you asleep?"

A conviction took possession of his mind that this man was dead. He suddenly became active and noisy, strode across the room, blundering against the table as he did so, and rang the bell.

"Please bring a light at once," he said in the passage. "There is something wrong with my friend."

Then he returned to the motionless seated figure, grasped the shoulder, shook it, and shouted. The room was flooded with yellow glare as his astonished landlady entered with the light. His face was white as he turned blinking towards her. "I must fetch a doctor at once," he said. "It is either death or a fit. Is there a doctor in the village? Where is a doctor to be found?"

CHAPTER II

THE TRANCE

The state of cataleptic rigour into which this man had fallen, lasted for an unprecedented length of time, and then he passed slowly to the flaccid state, to a lax attitude suggestive of profound repose. Then it was his eyes could be closed.

He was removed from the hotel to the Boscastle surgery, and from the surgery, after some weeks, to London. But he still resisted every attempt at reanimation. After a time, for reasons that will appear later, these attempts were discontinued. For a great space he lay in that strange condition, inert and still — neither dead nor living but, as it were, suspended, hanging midway between nothingness and existence. His was a darkness unbroken by a ray of thought or sensation, a dreamless inanition, a vast space of peace. The tumult of his mind had swelled and risen to an abrupt climax of silence. Where was the man? Where is any man when insensibility takes hold of him?

"It seems only yesterday," said Isbister. "I remember it all as though it happened yesterday — clearer perhaps, than if it had happened yesterday."

It was the Isbister of the last chapter, but he was no longer a young man. The hair that had been brown and a trifle in excess of the fashionable length,

was iron grey and clipped close, and the face that had been pink and white was buff and ruddy. He had a pointed beard shot with grey. He talked to an elderly man who wore a summer suit of drill (the summer of that year was unusually hot). This was Warming, a London solicitor and next of kin to Graham, the man who had fallen into the trance. And the two men stood side by side in a room in a house in London regarding his recumbent figure.

It was a yellow figure lying lax upon a water-bed and clad in a flowing shirt, a figure with a shrunken face and a stubby beard, lean limbs and lank nails, and about it was a case of thin glass. This glass seemed to mark off the sleeper from the reality of life about him, he was a thing apart, a strange, isolated abnormality. The two men stood close to the glass, peering in.

"The thing gave me a shock," said Isbister. "I feel a queer sort of surprise even now when I think of his white eyes. They were white, you know, rolled up. Coming here again brings it all back to me."

"Have you never seen him since that time?" asked Warming.

"Often wanted to come," said Isbister; "but business nowadays is too serious a thing for much holiday keeping. I've been in America most of the time."

"If I remember rightly," said Warming, "you were an artist?"

"Was. And then I became a married man. I saw it was all up with black and white, very soon — at least for a mediocre man, and I jumped on to process.

Those posters on the Cliffs at Dover are by my people."

"Good posters," admitted the solicitor, "though I was sorry to see them there."

"Last as long as the cliffs, if necessary," exclaimed Isbister with satisfaction. "The world changes. When he fell asleep, twenty years ago, I was down at Boscastle with a box of water-colours and a noble, old-fashioned ambition. I didn't expect that some day my pigments would glorify the whole blessed coast of England, from Land's End round again to the Lizard. Luck comes to a man very often when he's not looking."

Warming seemed to doubt the quality of the luck. "I just missed seeing you, if I recollect aright."

"You came back by the trap that took me to Camelford railway station. It was close on the Jubilee, Victoria's Jubilee, because I remember the seats and flags in Westminster, and the row with the cabman at Chelsea."

"The Diamond Jubilee, it was," said Warming; "the second one."

"Ah, yes! At the proper Jubilee — the Fifty Year affair — I was down at Wookey — a boy. I missed all that. . . . What a fuss we had with him! My landlady wouldn't take him in, wouldn't let him stay — he looked so queer when he was rigid. We had to carry him in a chair up to the hotel. And the Boscastle doctor — it wasn't the present chap, but the G. P. before him — was at him until nearly two, with me and the landlord holding lights and so forth."

"It was a cataleptic rigour at first, wasn't it?"

"Stiff! — wherever you bent him he stuck. You might have stood him on his head and he'd have stopped. I never saw such stiffness. Of course this" — he indicated the prostrate figure by a movement of his head — "is quite different. And, of course, the little doctor — what was his name?"

"Smithers?"

"Smithers it was — was quite wrong in trying to fetch him round too soon, according to all accounts. The things he did. Even now it makes me feel all — ugh! Mustard, snuff, pricking. And one of those beastly little things, not dynamos —"

"Induction coils."

"Yes. You could see his muscles throb and jump, and he twisted about. There was just two flaring yellow candles, and all the shadows were shivering, and the little doctor nervous and putting on side, and *him* — stark and squirming in the most unnatural ways. Well, it made me dream."

Pause.

"It's a strange state," said Warming.

"It's a sort of complete absence," said Isbister. "Here's the body, empty. Not dead a bit, and yet not alive. It's like a seat vacant and marked 'engaged.' No feeling, no digestion, no beating of the heart — not a flutter. *That* doesn't make me feel as if there was a man present. In a sense it's more dead than death, for these doctors tell me that even the hair has stopped growing. Now with the proper dead, the hair will go on growing —"

"I know," said Warming, with a flash of pain in his expression.

They peered through the glass again. Graham was indeed in a strange state, in the flaccid phase of a trance, but a trance unprecedented in medical history. Trances had lasted for as much as a year before — but at the end of that time it had ever been a waking or a death; sometimes first one and then the other. Isbister noted the marks the physicians had made in injecting nourishment, for that device had been resorted to to postpone collapse; he pointed them out to Warming, who had been trying not to see them.

"And while he has been lying here," said Isbister, with the zest of a life freely spent, "I have changed my plans in life; married, raised a family, my eldest lad — I hadn't begun to think of sons then — is an American citizen, and looking forward to leaving Harvard. There's a touch of grey in my hair. And this man not a day older nor wiser (practically) than I was in my downy days. It's curious to think of."

Warming turned. "And I have grown old too. I played cricket with him when I was still only a lad. And he looks a young man still. Yellow perhaps. But that *is* a young man nevertheless."

"And there's been the War," said Isbister.

"From beginning to end."

"And these Martians."

"I've understood," said Isbister after a pause, "that he had some moderate property of his own?"

"That is so," said Warming. He coughed primly. "As it happens — I have charge of it."

"Ah!" Isbister thought, hesitated and spoke. "No doubt — his keep here is not expensive — no doubt it will have improved — accumulated?"

"It has. He will wake up very much better off — if he wakes — than when he slept."

"As a business man," said Isbister, "that thought has naturally been in my mind. I have, indeed, sometimes thought that, speaking commercially, of course, this sleep may be a very good thing for him. That he knows what he is about, so to speak, in being insensible so long. If he had lived straight on —"

"I doubt if he would have premeditated as much," said Warming. "He was not a far-sighted man. In fact —"

"Yes?"

"We differed on that point. I stood to him somewhat in the relation of a guardian. You have probably seen enough of affairs to recognise that occasionally a certain friction —. But even if that was the case, there is a doubt whether he will ever wake. This sleep exhausts slowly, but it exhausts. Apparently he is sliding slowly, very slowly and tediously, down a long slope, if you can understand me?"

"It will be a pity to lose his surprise. There's been a lot of change these twenty years. It's Rip Van Winkle come real."

"It's Bellamy," said Warming. "There has been a lot of change certainly. And, among other changes, I have changed. I am an old man."

Isbister hesitated, and then feigned a belated surprise. "I shouldn't have thought it."

"I was forty-three when his bankers — you remember you wired to his bankers — sent on to me."

"I got their address from the cheque book in his pocket," said Isbister.

"Well, the addition is not difficult," said Warming.

There was another pause, and then Isbister gave way to an unavoidable curiosity. "He may go on for years yet," he said, and had a moment of hesitation. "We have to consider that. His affairs, you know, may fall some day into the hands of — someone else, you know."

"That, if you will believe me, Mr. Isbister, is one of the problems most constantly before my mind. We happen to be — as a matter of fact, there are no very trustworthy connexions of ours. It is a grotesque and unprecedented position."

"It is," said Isbister. "As a matter of fact, it's a case for a public trustee, if only we had such a functionary."

"It seems to me it's a case for some public body, some practically undying guardian. If he really is going on living — as the doctors, some of them, think. As a matter of fact, I have gone to one or two public men about it. But, so far, nothing has been done."

"It wouldn't be a bad idea to hand him over to some public body — the British Museum Trustees, or the Royal College of Physicians. Sounds a bit odd, of course, but the whole situation is odd."

"The difficulty is to induce them to take him."

"Red tape, I suppose?"

"Partly."

Pause. "It's a curious business, certainly," said Isbister. "And compound interest has a way of mounting up."

"It has," said Warming. "And now the gold sup-

plies are running short there is a tendency towards . . . appreciation."

"I've felt that," said Isbister with a grimace. "But it makes it better for *him*."

"*If* he wakes."

"If he wakes," echoed Isbister. "Do you notice the pinched-in look of his nose, and the way in which his eyelids sink?"

Warming looked and thought for a space. "I doubt if he will wake," he said at last.

"I never properly understood," said Isbister, "what it was brought this on. He told me something about overstudy. I've often been curious."

"He was a man of considerable gifts, but spasmodic, emotional. He had grave domestic troubles, divorced his wife, in fact, and it was as a relief from that, I think, that he took up politics of the rabid sort. He was a fanatical Radical — a Socialist — or typical Liberal, as they used to call themselves, of the advanced school. Energetic — flighty — undisciplined. Overwork upon a controversy did this for him. I remember the pamphlet he wrote — a curious production. Wild, whirling stuff. There were one or two prophecies. Some of them are already exploded, some of them are established facts. But for the most part to read such a thesis is to realise how full the world is of unanticipated things. He will have much to learn, much to unlearn, when he wakes. If ever a waking comes."

"I'd give anything to be there," said Isbister, "just to hear what he would say to it all."

"So would I," said Warming. "Aye! so would

I," with an old man's sudden turn to self pity. "
I shall never see him wake."

He stood looking thoughtfully at the waxen fig
"He will never wake," he said at last. He sigh
"He will never wake again."

CHAPTER III

THE AWAKENING

But Warming was wrong in that. An awakening came.

What a wonderfully complex thing! this simple seeming unity—the self! Who can trace its reintegration as morning after morning we awaken, the flux and confluence of its countless factors interweaving, rebuilding, the dim first stirrings of the soul, the growth and synthesis of the unconscious to the subconscious, the sub-conscious to dawning consciousness, until at last we recognise ourselves again. And as it happens to most of us after the night's sleep, so it was with Graham at the end of his vast slumber. A dim cloud of sensation taking shape, a cloudy dreariness, and he found himself vaguely somewhere, recumbent, faint, but alive.

The pilgrimage towards a personal being seemed to traverse vast gulfs, to occupy epochs. Gigantic dreams that were terrible realities at the time, left vague perplexing memories, strange creatures, strange scenery, as if from another planet. There was a distinct impression, too, of a momentous conversation, of a name — he could not tell what name — that was subsequently to recur, of some queer long-forgotten sensation of vein and muscle, of a feeling of vast hopeless effort, the effort of a man near drowning in dark-

ness. Then came a panorama of dazzling unstabl confluent scenes.

Graham became aware his eyes were open and re garding some unfamiliar thing.

It was something white, the edge of something, a frame of wood. He moved his head slightly, follow ing the contour of this shape. It went up beyond the top of his eyes. He tried to think where he might be Did it matter, seeing he was so wretched? The colour of his thoughts was a dark depression. He felt the featureless misery of one who wakes towards the hour of dawn. He had an uncertain sense of whispers and footsteps hastily receding.

The movement of his head involved a perception of extreme physical weakness. He supposed he was in bed in the hotel at the place in the valley — but he could not recall that white edge. He must have slept. He remembered now that he had wanted to sleep. He recalled the cliff and waterfall again, and then recollected something about talking to a passer-by. . . .

How long had he slept? What was that sound of pattering feet? And that rise and fall, like the murmur of breakers on pebbles? He put out a languid hand to reach his watch from the chair whereon it was his habit to place it, and touched some smooth hard surface like glass. This was so unexpected that it startled him extremely. Quite suddenly he rolled over, stared for a moment, and struggled into a sitting position. The effort was unexpectedly difficult, and it left him giddy and weak — and amazed.

He rubbed his eyes. The riddle of his surroundings was confusing but his mind was quite clear — evi-

dently his sleep had benefitted him. He was not in a bed at all as he understood the word, but lying naked on a very soft and yielding mattress, in a trough of dark glass. The mattress was partly transparent, a fact he observed with a strange sense of insecurity, and below it was a mirror reflecting him greyly. About his arm — and he saw with a shock that his skin was strangely dry and yellow — was bound a curious apparatus of rubber, bound so cunningly that it seemed to pass into his skin above and below. And this strange bed was placed in a case of greenish coloured glass (as it seemed to him), a bar in the white framework of which had first arrested his attention. In the corner of the case was a stand of glittering and delicately made apparatus, for the most part quite strange appliances, though a maximum and minimum thermometer was recognisable.

The slightly greenish tint of the glass-like substance which surrounded him on every hand obscured what lay behind, but he perceived it was a vast apartment of splendid appearance, and with a very large and simple white archway facing him. Close to the walls of the cage were articles of furniture, a table covered with a silvery cloth, silvery like the side of a fish, a couple of graceful chairs, and on the table a number of dishes with substances piled on them, a bottle and two glasses. He realised that he was intensely hungry.

He could see no human being, and after a period of hesitation scrambled off the translucent mattress and tried to stand on the clean white floor of his little apartment. He had miscalculated his strength, however, and staggered and put his hand against the glass-

like pane before him to steady himself. For a moment it resisted his hand, bending outward like a distended bladder, then it broke with a slight report and vanished — a pricked bubble. He reeled out into the general space of the hall, greatly astonished. He caught at the table to save himself, knocking one of the glasses to the floor — it rang but did not break — and sat down in one of the armchairs.

When he had a little recovered he filled the remaining glass from the bottle and drank — a colourless liquid it was, but not water, with a pleasing faint aroma and taste and a quality of immediate support and stimulus. He put down the vessel and looked about him.

The apartment lost none of its size and magnificence now that the greenish transparency that had intervened was removed. The archway he saw led to a flight of steps, going downward without the intermediation of a door, to a spacious transverse passage. This passage ran between polished pillars of some white-veined substance of deep ultramarine, and along it came the sound of human movements and voices and a deep undeviating droning note. He sat, now fully awake, listening alertly, forgetting the viands in his attention.

Then with a shock he remembered that he was naked, and casting about him for covering, saw a long black robe thrown on one of the chairs beside him. This he wrapped about him and sat down again, trembling.

His mind was still a surging perplexity. Clearly he had slept, and had been removed in his sleep. But

where? And who were those people, the distant crowd beyond the deep blue pillars? Boscastle? He poured out and partially drank another glass of the colourless fluid.

What was this place? — this place that to his senses seemed subtly quivering like a thing alive? He looked about him at the clean and beautiful form of the apartment, unstained by ornament, and saw that the roof was broken in one place by a circular shaft full of light, and, as he looked, a steady, sweeping shadow blotted it out and passed, and came again and passed. "Beat, beat," that sweeping shadow had a note of its own in the subdued tumult that filled the air.

He would have called out, but only a little sound came into his throat. Then he stood up, and, with the uncertain steps of a drunkard, made his way towards the archway. He staggered down the steps, tripped on the corner of the black cloak he had wrapped about himself, and saved himself by catching at one of the blue pillars.

The passage ran down a cool vista of blue and purple, and ended remotely in a railed space like a balcony, brightly lit and projecting into a space of haze, a space like the interior of some gigantic building. Beyond and remote were vast and vague architectural forms. The tumult of voices rose now loud and clear, and on the balcony and with their backs to him, gesticulating and apparently in animated conversation, were three figures, richly dressed in loose and easy garments of bright soft colourings. The noise of a great multitude of people poured up over the balcony, and once it seemed the top of a banner passed, and

once some brightly coloured object, a pale blue cap or garment thrown up into the air perhaps, flashed athwart the space and fell. The shouts sounded like English, there was a reiteration of "Wake!" He heard some indistinct shrill cry, and abruptly these three men began laughing.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed one — a red-haired man in a short purple robe. "When the Sleeper wakes — *When!*"

He turned his eyes full of merriment along the passage. His face changed, the whole man changed, became rigid. The other two turned swiftly at his exclamation and stood motionless. Their faces assumed an expression of consternation, an expression that deepened into awe.

Suddenly Graham's knees bent beneath him, his arm against the pillar collapsed limply, he staggered forward and fell upon his face.

CHAPTER IV

THE SOUND OF A TUMULT

Graham's last impression before he fainted was of a clamorous ringing of bells. He learnt afterwards that he was insensible, hanging between life and death, for the better part of an hour. When he recovered his senses, he was back on his translucent couch, and there was a stirring warmth at heart and throat. The dark apparatus, he perceived, had been removed from his arm, which was bandaged. The white framework was still about him, but the greenish transparent substance that had filled it was altogether gone. A man in a deep violet robe, one of those who had been on the balcony, was looking keenly into his face.

Remote but insistent was a clamour of bells and confused sounds, that suggested to his mind the picture of a great number of people shouting together. Something seemed to fall across this tumult, a door suddenly closed.

Graham moved his head. "What does this all mean?" he said slowly. "Where am I?"

He saw the red-haired man who had been first to discover him. A voice seemed to be asking what he had said, and was abruptly stilled.

The man in violet answered in a soft voice, speaking English with a slightly foreign accent, or so at least it seemed to the Sleeper's ears, "You are quite safe.

You were brought hither from where you fell asleep. It is quite safe. You have been here some time — sleeping. In a trance."

He said something further that Graham could not hear, and a little phial was handed across to him. Graham felt a cooling spray, a fragrant mist played over his forehead for a moment, and his sense of refreshment increased. He closed his eyes in satisfaction.

"Better?" asked the man in violet, as Graham's eyes reopened. He was a pleasant-faced man of thirty, perhaps, with a pointed flaxen beard, and a clasp of gold at the neck of his violet robe.

"Yes," said Graham.

"You have been asleep some time. In a cataleptic trance. You have heard? Catalepsy? It may seem strange to you at first, but I can assure you everything is well."

Graham did not answer, but these words served their reassuring purpose. His eyes went from face to face of the three people about him. They were regarding him strangely. He knew he ought to be somewhere in Cornwall, but he could not square these things with that impression.

A matter that had been in his mind during his last waking moments at Boscastle recurred, a thing resolved upon and somehow neglected. He cleared his throat.

"Have you wired my cousin?" he asked. "E. Warming, 27, Chancery Lane?"

They were all assiduous to hear. But he had to repeat it. "What an odd *blurr* in his accent!" whis-

pered the red-haired man. "Wire, sir?" said the young man with the flaxen beard, evidently puzzled.

"He means send an electric telegram," volunteered the third, a pleasant-faced youth of nineteen or twenty. The flaxen-bearded man gave a cry of comprehension. "How stupid of me! You may be sure everything shall be done, sir," he said to Graham. "I am afraid it would be difficult to — *wire* to your cousin. He is not in London now. But don't trouble about arrangements yet; you have been asleep a very long time and the important thing is to get over that, sir." (Graham concluded the word was sir, but this man pronounced it "*Sire.*")

"Oh!" said Graham, and became quiet.

It was all very puzzling, but apparently these people in unfamiliar dress knew what they were about. Yet they were odd and the room was odd. It seemed he was in some newly established place. He had a sudden flash of suspicion. Surely this wasn't some hall of public exhibition! If it was he would give Warming a piece of his mind. But it scarcely had that character. And in a place of public exhibition he would not have discovered himself naked.

Then suddenly, quite abruptly, he realised what had happened. There was no perceptible interval of suspicion, no dawn to his knowledge. Abruptly he knew that his trance had lasted for a vast interval; as if by some processes of thought reading he interpreted the awe in the faces that peered into his. He looked at them strangely, full of intense emotion. It seemed they read his eyes. He framed his lips to speak and could not. A queer impulse to hide his knowledge

came into his mind almost at the moment of his discovery. He looked at his bare feet, regarding them silently. His impulse to speak passed. He was trembling exceedingly.

They gave him some pink fluid with a greenish fluorescence and a meaty taste, and the assurance of returning strength grew.

"That — that makes me feel better," he said hoarsely, and there were murmurs of respectful approval. He knew now quite clearly. He made to speak again, and again he could not.

He pressed his throat and tried a third time. "How long?" he asked in a level voice. "How long have I been asleep?"

"Some considerable time," said the flaxen-bearded man, glancing quickly at the others.

"How long?"

"A very long time."

"Yes — yes," said Graham, suddenly testy. "But I want — Is it — it is — some years? Many years? There was something — I forget what. I feel — confused. But you —" He sobbed. "You need not fence with me. How long —?"

He stopped, breathing irregularly. He squeezed his eyes with his knuckles and sat waiting for an answer.

They spoke in undertones.

"Five or six?" he asked faintly. "More?"

"Very much more than that."

"More!"

"More."

He looked at them and it seemed as though imps

were twitching the muscles of his face. He looked his question.

"Many years," said the man with the red beard.

Graham struggled into a sitting position. He wiped a rheumy tear from his face with a lean hand. "Many years!" he repeated. He shut his eyes tight, opened them, and sat looking about him from one unfamiliar thing to another.

"How many years?" he asked.

"You must be prepared to be surprised."

"Well?"

"More than a gross of years."

He was irritated at the strange word. "More than a *what?*"

Two of them spoke together. Some quick remarks that were made about "decimal" he did not catch.

"How long did you say?" asked Graham. "How long? Don't look like that. Tell me."

Among the remarks in an undertone, his ear caught six words: "More than a couple of centuries."

"*What?*" he cried, turning on the youth who he thought had spoken. "Who says—? What was that? A couple of *centuries!*"

"Yes," said the man with the red beard. "Two hundred years."

Graham repeated the words. He had been prepared to hear of a vast repose, and yet these concrete centuries defeated him.

"Two hundred years," he said again, with the figure of a great gulf opening very slowly in his mind; and then, "Oh, but—!"

They said nothing.

"You — did you say —?"

"Two hundred years. Two centuries of years," said the man with the red beard.

There was a pause. Graham looked at their faces and saw that what he had heard was indeed true.

"But it can't be," he said querulously. "I am dreaming. Trances. Trances don't last. That is not right — this is a joke you have played upon me! Tell me — some days ago, perhaps, I was walking along the coast of Cornwall —?"

His voice failed him.

The man with the flaxen beard hesitated. "I'm not very strong in history, sir," he said weakly, and glanced at the others.

"That was it, sir," said the youngster. "Boscastle, in the old Duchy of Cornwall — it's in the southwest country beyond the dairy meadows. There is a house there still. I have been there."

"Boscastle!" Graham turned his eyes to the youngster. "That was it — Boscastle. Little Boscastle. I fell asleep — somewhere there. I don't exactly remember. I don't exactly remember."

He pressed his brows and whispered, "More than *two hundred years!*"

He began to speak quickly with a twitching face, but his heart was cold within him. "But if it *is* two hundred years, every soul I know, every human being that ever I saw or spoke to before I went to sleep, must be dead."

They did not answer him.

"The Queen and the Royal Family, her Ministers,

Church and State. High and low, rich and poor, one with another —"

"Is there England still?"

"That's a comfort! Is there London?"

"This *is* London, eh? And you are my assistant-custodian; assistant-custodian. And these —? Eh? Assistant-custodians too!"

He sat with a gaunt stare on his face. "But why am I here? No! Don't talk. Be quiet. Let me —"

He sat silent, rubbed his eyes, and, uncovering them, found another little glass of pinkish fluid held towards him. He took the dose. It was almost immediately sustaining. Directly he had taken it he began to weep naturally and refreshingly.

Presently he looked at their faces, suddenly laughed through his tears, a little foolishly. "But — two — hun — dred — years!" he said. He grimaced hysterically and covered up his face again.

After a space he grew calm. He sat up, his hands hanging over his knees in almost precisely the same attitude in which Isbister had found him on the cliff at Pentargen. His attention was attracted by a thick domineering voice, the footsteps of an advancing personage. "What are you doing? Why was I not warned? Surely you could tell? Someone will suffer for this. The man must be kept quiet. Are the doorways closed? All the doorways? He must be kept perfectly quiet. He must not be told. Has he been told anything?"

The man with the fair beard made some inaudible remark, and Graham looking over his shoulder saw approaching a very short, fat, and thickset beardless

man, with aquiline nose and heavy neck and chi
Very thick black and slightly sloping eyebrows th
almost met over his nose and overhung deep gr
eyes, gave his face an oddly formidable expressic
He scowled momentarily at Graham and then l
regard returned to the man with the flaxen bea
"These others," he said in a voice of extreme irri
tion. "You had better go."

"Go?" said the red-bearded man.

"Certainly — go now. But see the doorways a
closed as you go."

The two men addressed turned obediently, after o
reluctant glance at Graham, and instead of goi
through the archway as he expected, walked straig
to the dead wall of the apartment opposite the arc
way. And then came a strange thing; a long st
of this apparently solid wall rolled up with a sna
hung over the two retreating men and fell again, a
immediately Graham was alone with the new com
and the purple-robed man with the flaxen beard.

For a space the thickset man took not the slight
notice of Graham, but proceeded to interrogate t
other — obviously his subordinate — upon the tre
ment of their charge. He spoke clearly, but
phrases only partially intelligible to Graham. T
awakening seemed not only a matter of surprise b
of consternation and annoyance to him. He was e
dently profoundly excited.

"You must not confuse his mind by telling h
things," he repeated again and again. "You must n
confuse his mind."

His questions answered, he turned quickly and eyed the awakened sleeper with an ambiguous expression.

"Feel queer?" he asked.

"Very."

"The world, what you see of it, seems strange to you?"

"I suppose I have to live in it, strange as it seems."

"I suppose so, now."

"In the first place, hadn't I better have some clothes?"

"They —" said the thickset man and stopped, and the flaxen-bearded man met his eye and went away. "You will very speedily have clothes," said the thickset man.

"Is it true indeed, that I have been asleep two hundred —?" asked Graham.

"They have told you that, have they? Two hundred and three, as a matter of fact."

Graham accepted the indisputable now with raised eyebrows and depressed mouth. He sat silent for a moment, and then asked a question, "Is there a mill or dynamo near here?" He did not wait for an answer. "Things have changed tremendously, I suppose?" he said.

"What is that shouting?" he asked abruptly.

"Nothing," said the thickset man impatiently. "It's people. You'll understand better later — perhaps. As you say, things have changed." He spoke shortly, his brows were knit, and he glanced about him like a man trying to decide in an emergency. "We must get you clothes and so forth, at any rate.

Better wait here until some can come. No one will come near you. You want shaving."

Graham rubbed his chin.

The man with the flaxen beard came back towards them, turned suddenly, listened for a moment, lifted his eyebrows at the older man, and hurried off through the archway towards the balcony. The tumult of shouting grew louder, and the thickset man turned and listened also. He cursed suddenly under his breath, and turned his eyes upon Graham with an unfriendly expression. It was a surge of many voices, rising and falling, shouting and screaming, and once came a sound like blows and sharp cries, and then a snapping like the crackling of dry sticks. Graham strained his ears to draw some single thread of sound from the woven tumult.

Then he perceived, repeated again and again, a certain formula. For a time he doubted his ears. But surely these were the words: "Show us the Sleeper! Show us the Sleeper!"

The thickset man rushed suddenly to the archway.

"Wild!" he cried, "How do they know? Do they know? Or is it guessing?"

There was perhaps an answer.

"I can't come," said the thickset man; "I have *him* to see to. But shout from the balcony."

There was an inaudible reply.

"Say he is not awake. Anything! I leave it to you."

He came hurrying back to Graham. "You must have clothes at once," he said. "You cannot stop here — and it will be impossible to —"

He rushed away, Graham shouting unanswered questions after him. In a moment he was back.

"I can't tell you what is happening. It is too complex to explain. In a moment you shall have your clothes made. Yes — in a moment. And then I can take you away from here. You will find out our troubles soon enough."

"But those voices. They were shouting —?"

"Something about the Sleeper — that's you. They have some twisted idea. I don't know what it is. I know nothing."

A shrill bell jetted acutely across the indistinct mingling of remote noises, and this brusque person sprang to a little group of appliances in the corner of the room. He listened for a moment, regarding a ball of crystal, nodded, and said a few indistinct words; then he walked to the wall through which the two men had vanished. It rolled up again like a curtain, and he stood waiting.

Graham lifted his arm and was astonished to find what strength the restoratives had given him. He thrust one leg over the side of the couch and then the other. His head no longer swam. He could scarcely credit his rapid recovery. He sat feeling his limbs.

The man with the flaxen beard re-entered from the archway, and as he did so the cage of a lift came sliding down in front of the thickset man, and a lean, grey-bearded man, carrying a roll, and wearing a tightly-fitting costume of dark green, appeared therein.

"This is the tailor," said the thickset man with an introductory gesture. "It will never do for you to wear that black. I cannot understand how it got here.

But I shall. I shall. You will be as rapid as possible?" he said to the tailor.

The man in green bowed, and, advancing, seated himself by Graham on the bed. His manner was calm, but his eyes were full of curiosity. "You will find the fashions altered, Sire," he said. He glanced from under his brows at the thickset man.

He opened the roller with a quick movement, and a confusion of brilliant fabrics poured out over his knees. "You lived, Sire, in a period essentially cylindrical — the Victorian. With a tendency to the hemisphere in hats. Circular curves always. Now —" He flicked out a little appliance the size and appearance of a keyless watch, whirled the knob, and behold — a little figure in white appeared kinetoscope fashion on the dial, walking and turning. The tailor caught up a pattern of bluish white satin. "That is my conception of your immediate treatment," he said.

The thickset man came and stood by the shoulder of Graham.

"We have very little time," he said.

"Trust me," said the tailor. "My machine follows. What do you think of this?"

"What is that?" asked the man from the nineteenth century.

"In your days they showed you a fashion-plate," said the tailor, "but this is our modern development. See here." The little figure repeated its evolutions, but in a different costume. "Or this," and with a click another small figure in a more voluminous type of robe marched on to the dial. The tailor was very

quick in his movements, and glanced twice towards the lift as he did these things.

It rumbled again, and a crop-haired anaemic lad with features of the Chinese type, clad in coarse pale blue canvas, appeared together with a complicated machine, which he pushed noiselessly on little castors into the room. Incontinently the little kinetoscope was dropped, Graham was invited to stand in front of the machine and the tailor muttered some instructions to the crop-haired lad, who answered in guttural tones and with words Graham did not recognise. The boy then went to conduct an incomprehensible monologue in the corner, and the tailor pulled out a number of slotted arms terminating in little discs, pulling them out until the discs were flat against the body of Graham, one at each shoulder blade, one at the elbows, one at the neck and so forth, so that at last there were, perhaps, two score of them upon his body and limbs. At the same time, some other person entered the room by the lift, behind Graham. The tailor set moving a mechanism that initiated a faint-sounding rhythmic movement of parts in the machine, and in another moment he was knocking up the levers and Graham was released. The tailor replaced his cloak of black, and the man with the flaxen beard proffered him a little glass of some refreshing fluid. Graham saw over the rim of the glass a pale-faced young man regarding him with a singular fixity.

The thickset man had been pacing the room fretfully, and now turned and went through the archway towards the balcony, from which the noise of a distant

crowd still came in gusts and cadences. The crop-headed lad handed the tailor a roll of the bluish satin and the two began fixing this in the mechanism in a manner reminiscent of a roll of paper in a nineteenth century printing machine. Then they ran the entire thing on its easy, noiseless bearings across the room to a remote corner where a twisted cable looped rather gracefully from the wall. They made some connexion and the machine became energetic and swift.

"What is that doing?" asked Graham, pointing with the empty glass to the busy figures and trying to ignore the scrutiny of the new comer. "Is that — some sort of force — laid on?"

"Yes," said the man with the flaxen beard.

"Who is *that?*" He indicated the archway behind him.

The man in purple stroked his little beard, hesitated, and answered in an undertone, "He is Howard, your chief guardian. You see, Sire,— it's a little difficult to explain. The Council appoints a guardian and assistants. This hall has under certain restrictions been public. In order that people might satisfy themselves. We have barred the doorways for the first time. But I think — if you don't mind, I will leave him to explain."

"Odd!" said Graham. "Guardian? Council?" Then turning his back on the new comer, he asked in an undertone, "Why is this man *glaring* at me? Is he a mesmerist?"

"Mesmerist! He is a capillotomist."

"Capillotomist!"

"Yes — one of the chief. His yearly fee is sixdoz lions."

It sounded sheer nonsense. Graham snatched at the last phrase with an unsteady mind. "Sixdoz lions?" he said.

"Didn't you have lions? I suppose not. You had the old pounds? They are our monetary units."

"But what was that you said — sixdoz?"

"Yes. Six dozen, Sire. Of course things, even these little things, have altered. You lived in the days of the decimal system, the Arab system — tens, and little hundreds and thousands. We have eleven numerals now. We have single figures for both ten and eleven, two figures for a dozen, and a dozen dozen makes a gross, a great hundred, you know, a dozen gross a dozand, and a dozand dozand a myriad. Very simple?"

"I suppose so," said Graham. "But about this cap — what was it?"

The man with the flaxen beard glanced over his shoulder.

"Here are your clothes!" he said. Graham turned round sharply and saw the tailor standing at his elbow smiling, and holding some palpably new garments over his arm. The crop-headed boy, by means of one finger, was impelling the complicated machine towards the lift by which he had arrived. Graham stared at the completed suit. "You don't mean to say —!"

"Just made," said the tailor. He dropped the garments at the feet of Graham, walked to the bed on which Graham had so recently been lying, flung out the translucent mattress, and turned up the looking-

glass. As he did so a furious bell summoned the thickset man to the corner. The man with the flaxen beard rushed across to him and then hurried out by the archway.

The tailor was assisting Graham into a dark purple combination garment, stockings, vest, and pants in one, as the thickset man came back from the corner to meet the man with the flaxen beard returning from the balcony. They began speaking quickly in an undertone, their bearing had an unmistakable quality of anxiety. Over the purple under-garment came a complex but graceful garment of bluish white, and Graham was clothed in the fashion once more and saw himself, sallow-faced, unshaven and shaggy still, but at least naked no longer, and in some indefinable unprecedented way graceful.

"I must shave," he said regarding himself in the glass.

"In a moment," said Howard.

The persistent stare ceased. The young man closed his eyes, reopened them, and with a lean hand extended, advanced on Graham. Then he stopped, with his hand slowly gesticulating, and looked about him.

"A seat," said Howard impatiently, and in a moment the flaxen-bearded man had a chair behind Graham. "Sit down, please," said Howard.

Graham hesitated, and in the other hand of the wild-eyed man he saw the glint of steel.

"Don't you understand, Sire?" cried the flaxen-bearded man with hurried politeness. "He is going to cut your hair."

"Oh!" cried Graham enlightened. "But you called him —"

"A capillotomist — precisely! He is one of the finest artists in the world."

Graham sat down abruptly. The flaxen-bearded man disappeared. The capillotomist came forward with graceful gestures, examined Graham's ears and surveyed him, felt the back of his head, and would have sat down again to regard him but for Howard's audible impatience. Forthwith with rapid movements and a succession of deftly handled implements he shaved Graham's chin, clipped his moustache, and cut and arranged his hair. All this he did without a word, with something of the rapt air of a poet inspired. And as soon as he had finished Graham was handed a pair of shoes.

Suddenly a loud voice shouted — it seemed from a piece of machinery in the corner — "At once — at once. The people know all over the city. Work is being stopped. Work is being stopped. Wait for nothing, but come."

This shout appeared to perturb Howard exceedingly. By his gestures it seemed to Graham that he hesitated between two directions. Abruptly he went towards the corner where the apparatus stood about the little crystal ball. As he did so the undertone of tumultuous shouting from the archway that had continued during all these occurrences rose to a mighty sound, roared as if it were sweeping past, and fell again as if receding swiftly. It drew Graham after it with an irresistible attraction. He glanced at the

thickset man, and then obeyed his impulse. In t
strides he was down the steps and in the passage, a
in a score he was out upon the balcony upon wh
the three men had been standing.

CHAPTER V

THE MOVING WAYS

He went to the railings of the balcony and stared upward. An exclamation of surprise at his appearance, and the movements of a number of people came from the spacious area below.

His first impression was of overwhelming architecture. The place into which he looked was an aisle of Titanic buildings, curving spaciously in either direction. Overhead mighty cantilevers sprang together across the huge width of the place, and a tracery of translucent material shut out the sky. Gigantic globes of cool white light shamed the pale sunbeams that filtered down through the girders and wires. Here and there a gossamer suspension bridge dotted with foot passengers flung across the chasm and the air was webbed with slender cables. A cliff of edifice hung above him, he perceived as he glanced upward, and the opposite façade was grey and dim and broken by great archings, circular perforations, balconies, buttresses, turret projections, myriads of vast windows, and an intricate scheme of architectural relief. Athwart these ran inscriptions horizontally and obliquely in an unfamiliar lettering. Here and there close to the roof cables of a peculiar stoutness were fastened, and drooped in a steep curve to circular openings on the opposite side of the space, and e·

as Graham noted these a remote and tiny figure of a man clad in pale blue arrested his attention. This little figure was far overhead across the space beside the higher fastening of one of these festoons, hanging forward from a little ledge of masonry and handling some well-nigh invisible strings dependent from the line. Then suddenly, with a swoop that sent Graham's heart into his mouth, this man had rushed down the curve and vanished through a round opening on the hither side of the way. Graham had been looking up as he came out upon the balcony, and the things he saw above and opposed to him had at first seized his attention to the exclusion of anything else. Then suddenly he discovered the roadway! It was not a roadway at all, as Graham understood such things, for in the nineteenth century the only roads and streets were beaten tracks of motionless earth, jostling rivulets of vehicles between narrow footways. But this roadway was three hundred feet across, and it moved; it moved, all save the middle, the lowest part. For a moment, the motion dazzled his mind. Then he understood.

Under the balcony this extraordinary roadway ran swiftly to Graham's right, an endless flow rushing along as fast as a nineteenth century express train, an endless platform of narrow transverse overlapping slats with little interspaces that permitted it to follow the curvatures of the street. Upon it were seats, and here and there little kiosks, but they swept by too swiftly for him to see what might be therein. From this nearest and swiftest platform a series of others descended to the centre of the space. Each moved to the right, each perceptibly slower than the one above

it, but the difference in pace was small enough to permit anyone to step from any platform to the one adjacent, and so walk uninterruptedly from the swiftest to the motionless middle way. Beyond this middle way was another series of endless platforms rushing with varying pace to Graham's left. And seated in crowds upon the two widest and swiftest platforms, or stepping from one to another down the steps, or swarming over the central space, was an innumerable and wonderfully diversified multitude of people.

"You must not stop here," shouted Howard suddenly at his side. "You must come away at once."

Graham made no answer. He heard without hearing. The platforms ran with a roar and the people were shouting. He perceived women and girls with flowing hair, beautifully robed, with bands crossing between the breasts. These first came out of the confusion. Then he perceived that the dominant note in that kaleidoscope of costume was the pale blue that the tailor's boy had worn. He became aware of cries of "The Sleeper. What has happened to the Sleeper?" and it seemed as though the rushing platforms before him were suddenly spattered with the pale buff of human faces, and then still more thickly. He saw pointing fingers. He perceived that the motionless central area of this huge arcade just opposite to the balcony was densely crowded with blue-clad people. Some sort of struggle had sprung into life. People seemed to be pushed up the running platforms on either side, and carried away against their will. They would spring off so soon as they were beyond the thick of the confusion, and run back towards the conflict.

"It is the Sleeper. Verily it is the Sleeper," shouted voices. "That is never the Sleeper," shouted others. More and more faces were turned to him. At the intervals along this central area Graham noted openings, pits, apparently the heads of staircases going down with people ascending out of them and descending into them. The struggle it seemed centred about the one of these nearest to him. People were running down the moving platforms to this, leaping dexterously from platform to platform. The clustering people on the higher platforms seemed to divide their interest between this point and the balcony. A number of sturdy little figures clad in a uniform of bright red, and working methodically together, were employed it seemed in preventing access to this descending staircase. About them a crowd was rapidly accumulating. Their brilliant colour contrasted vividly with the whitish-blue of their antagonists, for the struggle was indisputable.

He saw these things with Howard shouting in his ear and shaking his arm. And then suddenly Howard was gone and he stood alone.

He perceived that the cries of "The Sleeper!" grew in volume, and that the people on the nearer platform were standing up. The nearer swifter platform he perceived was empty to the right of him, and far across the space the platform running in the opposite direction was coming crowded and passing away bare. With incredible swiftness a vast crowd had gathered in the central space before his eyes; a dense swaying mass of people, and the shouts grew from a fitful crying to a voluminous incessant clamour: "The Sleeper!

The Sleeper!" and yells and cheers, a waving of garments and cries of "Stop the ways!" They were also crying another name strange to Graham. It sounded like "Ostrog." The slower platforms were soon thick with active people, running against the movement so as to keep themselves opposite to him.

"Stop the ways," they cried. Agile figures ran up swiftly from the centre to the swift road nearest to him, were borne rapidly past him, shouting strange, unintelligible things, and ran back obliquely to the central way. One thing he distinguished: "It is indeed the Sleeper. It is indeed the Sleeper," they testified.

For a space Graham stood without a movement. Then he became vividly aware that all this concerned him. He was pleased at his wonderful popularity, he bowed, and, seeking a gesture of longer range, waved his arm. He was astonished at the violence of uproar that this provoked. The tumult about the descending stairway rose to furious violence. He became aware of crowded balconies, of men sliding along ropes, of men in trapeze-like seats hurling athwart the space. He heard voices behind him, a number of people descending the steps through the archway; he suddenly perceived that his guardian Howard was back again and gripping his arm painfully, and shouting inaudibly in his ear.

He turned, and Howard's face was white. "Come back," he heard. "They will stop the ways. The whole city will be in confusion."

He perceived a number of men hurrying along the passage of blue pillars behind Howard, the red-haired man, the man with the flaxen beard, a tall man in vivid

vermilion, a crowd of others in red carrying staves, and all these people had anxious eager faces.

"Get him away," cried Howard.

"But why?" said Graham. "I don't see—"

"You must come away!" said the man in red in a resolute voice. His face and eyes were resolute, too. Graham's glances went from face to face, and he was suddenly aware of that most disagreeable flavour in life, compulsion. Some one gripped his arm. . . . He was being dragged away. It seemed as though the tumult suddenly became two, as if half the shouts that had come in from this wonderful roadway had sprung into the passages of the great building behind him. Marvelling and confused, feeling an impotent desire to resist, Graham was half led, half thrust, along the passage of blue pillars, and suddenly he found himself alone with Howard in a lift and moving swiftly upward.

CHAPTER VI

THE HALL OF THE ATLAS

From the moment when the tailor had bowed his farewell to the moment when Graham found himself in the lift, was altogether barely five minutes. And as yet the haze of his vast interval of sleep hung about him, as yet the initial strangeness of his being alive at all in this remote age touched everything with wonder, with a sense of the irrational, with something of the quality of a realistic dream. He was still detached, an astonished spectator, still but half involved in life. What he had seen, and especially the last crowded tumult, framed in the setting of the balcony, had a spectacular turn, like a thing witnessed from the box of a theatre. "I don't understand," he said. "What was the trouble? My mind is in a whirl. Why were they shouting? What is the danger?"

"We have our troubles," said Howard. His eyes avoided Graham's enquiry. "This is a time of unrest. And, in fact, your appearance, your waking just now, has a sort of connexion —"

He spoke jerkily, like a man not quite sure of his breathing. He stopped abruptly.

"I don't understand," said Graham.

"It will be clearer later," said Howard.

He glanced uneasily upward, as though he found the progress of the lift slow.

"I shall understand better, no doubt, when I have seen my way about a little," said Graham puzzled. "It will be — it is bound to be perplexing. At present it is all so strange. Anything seems possible. Anything. In the details even. Your counting, I understand, is different."

The lift stopped, and they stepped out into a narrow but very long passage between high walls, along which ran an extraordinary number of tubes and big cables.

"What a huge place this is!" said Graham. "Is it all one building? What place is it?"

"This is one of the city ways for various public services. Light and so forth."

"Was it a social trouble — that — in the great roadway place? How are you governed? Have you still a police?"

"Several," said Howard.

"Several?"

"About fourteen."

"I don't understand."

"Very probably not. Our social order will probably seem very complex to you. To tell you the truth, I don't understand it myself very clearly. Nobody does. You will, perhaps — bye and bye. We have to go to the Council."

Graham's attention was divided between the urgent necessity of his inquiries and the people in the passages and halls they were traversing. For a moment his mind would be concentrated upon Howard and the halting answers he made, and then he would lose the thread in response to some vivid unexpected

impression. Along the passages, in the halls, half the people seemed to be men in the red uniform. The pale blue canvas that had been so abundant in the aisle of moving ways did not appear. Invariably these men looked at him, and saluted him and Howard as they passed.

He had a clear vision of entering a long corridor, and there were a number of girls sitting on low seats, and as though in a class. He saw no teacher, but only a novel apparatus from which he fancied a voice proceeded. The girls regarded him and his conductor, he thought, with curiosity and astonishment. But he was hurried on before he could form a clear idea of the gathering. He judged they knew Howard and not himself, and that they wondered who he was. This Howard, it seemed, was a person of importance. But then he was also merely Graham's guardian. That was odd.

There came a passage in twilight, and into this passage a footway hung so that he could see the feet and ankles of people going to and fro thereon, but no more of them. Then vague impressions of galleries and of casual astonished passers-by turning round to stare after the two of them with their red-clad guard.

The stimulus of the restoratives he had taken was only temporary. He was speedily fatigued by this excessive haste. He asked Howard to slacken his speed. Presently he was in a lift that had a window upon the great street space, but this was glazed and did not open, and they were too high for him to see the moving platforms below. But he saw people going

to and fro along cables and along strange, frail-look
ing bridges.

And thence they passed across the street and at a vas
height above it. They crossed by means of a narro
bridge closed in with glass, so clear that it made hir
giddy even to remember it. The floor of it also wa
of glass. From his memory of the cliffs between Ne
Quay and Boscastle, so remote in time, and so recer
in his experience, it seemed to him that they must b
near four hundred feet above the moving ways. H
stopped, looked down between his legs upon th
swarming blue and red multitudes, minute and fore
shortened, struggling and gesticulating still toward
the little balcony far below, a little toy balcony, i
seemed, where he had so recently been standing. A
thin haze and the glare of the mighty globes of ligh
obscured everything. A man seated in a little open
work cradle shot by from some point still higher tha
the little narrow bridge, rushing down a cable a
swiftly almost as if he were falling. Graham stoppe
involuntarily to watch this strange passenger vanis
in a great circular opening below, and then his eye
went back to the tumultuous struggle.

Along one of the swifter ways rushed a thick crow
of red spots. This broke up into individuals as
approached the balcony, and went pouring down th
slower ways towards the dense struggling crowd o
the central area. These men in red appeared to b
armed with sticks or truncheons; they seemed to b
striking and thrusting. A great shouting, cries
wrath, screaming, burst out and came up to Grahan

faint and thin. "Go on," cried Howard, laying hands on him.

Another man rushed down a cable. Graham suddenly glanced up to see whence he came, and beheld through the glassy roof and the network of cables and girders, dim rhythmically passing forms like the vans of windmills, and between them glimpses of a remote and pallid sky. Then Howard had thrust him forward across the bridge, and he was in a little narrow passage decorated with geometrical patterns.

"I want to see more of that," cried Graham, resisting.

"No, no," cried Howard, still gripping his arm. "This way. You must go this way." And the men in red following them seemed ready to enforce his orders.

Some negroes in a curious wasp-like uniform of black and yellow appeared down the passage, and one hastened to throw up a sliding shutter that had seemed a door to Graham, and led the way through it. Graham found himself in a gallery overhanging the end of a great chamber. The attendant in black and yellow crossed this, thrust up a second shutter and stood waiting.

This place had the appearance of an ante-room. He saw a number of people in the central space, and at the opposite end a large and imposing doorway at the top of a flight of steps, heavily curtained but giving a glimpse of some still larger hall beyond. He perceived white men in red and other negroes in black and yellow standing stiffly about those portals.

As they crossed the gallery he heard a whisper from below, "The Sleeper," and was aware of a turning of

heads, a hum of observation. They entered another little passage in the wall of this ante-chamber, and then he found himself on an iron-railed gallery of metal that passed round the side of the great hall he had already seen through the curtains. He entered the place at the corner, so that he received the fullest impression of its huge proportions. The black in the wasp uniform stood aside like a well-trained servant, and closed the valve behind him.

Compared with any of the places Graham had seen thus far, this second hall appeared to be decorated with extreme richness. On a pedestal at the remoter end, and more brilliantly lit than any other object, was a gigantic white figure of Atlas, strong and strenuous, the globe upon his bowed shoulders. It was the first thing to strike his attention, it was so vast, so patiently and painfully real, so white and simple. Save for this figure and for a dais in the centre, the wide floor of the place was a shining vacancy. The dais was remote in the greatness of the area; it would have looked a mere slab of metal had it not been for the group of seven men who stood about a table on it, and gave an inkling of its proportions. They were all dressed in white robes, they seemed to have arisen that moment from their seats, and they were regarding Graham steadfastly. At the end of the table he perceived the glitter of some mechanical appliances.

Howard led him along the end gallery until they were opposite this mighty labouring figure. Then he stopped. The two men in red who had followed them into the gallery came and stood on either hand of Graham.

"You must remain here," murmured Howard, "for a few moments," and, without waiting for a reply, hurried away along the gallery.

"But, *why*—?" began Graham.

He moved as if to follow Howard, and found his path obstructed by one of the men in red. "You have to wait here, Sire," said the man in red.

"*Why?*"

"Orders, Sire."

"Whose orders?"

"Our orders, Sire."

Graham looked his exasperation.

"What place is this?" he said presently. "Who are those men?"

"They are the lords of the Council, Sire."

"What Council?"

"*The* Council."

"Oh!" said Graham, and after an equally ineffectual attempt at the other man, went to the railing and stared at the distant men in white, who stood watching him and whispering together.

The Council? He perceived there were now eight, though how the newcomer had arrived he had not observed. They made no gestures of greeting; they stood regarding him as in the nineteenth century a group of men might have stood in the street regarding a distant balloon that had suddenly floated into view. What council could it be that gathered there, that little body of men beneath the significant white Atlas, secluded from every eavesdropper in this impressive spaciousness? And why should he be brought to them, and be looked at strangely and spoken of

inaudibly? Howard appeared beneath, walking quickly across the polished floor towards them. As he drew near he bowed and performed certain peculiar movements, apparently of a ceremonious nature. Then he ascended the steps of the dais, and stood by the apparatus at the end of the table.

Graham watched that visible inaudible conversation. Occasionally, one of the white-robed men would glance towards him. He strained his ears in vain. The gesticulation of two of the speakers became animated. He glanced from them to the passive faces of his attendants. . . . When he looked again Howard was extending his hands and moving his head like a man who protests. He was interrupted, it seemed, by one of the white-robed men rapping the table.

The conversation lasted an interminable time to Graham's sense. His eyes rose to the still giant at whose feet the Council sat. Thence they wandered at last to the walls of the hall. It was decorated in long painted panels of a quasi-Japanese type, many of them very beautiful. These panels were grouped in a great and elaborate framing of dark metal, which passed into the metallic caryatidae of the galleries, and the great structural lines of the interior. The facile grace of these panels enhanced the mighty white effort that laboured in the centre of the scheme. Graham's eyes came back to the Council, and Howard was descending the steps. As he drew nearer his features could be distinguished, and Graham saw that he was flushed and blowing out his cheeks. His countenance was still disturbed when presently he reappeared along the gallery.

"This way," he said concisely, and they went on in silence to a little door that opened at their approach. The two men in red stopped on either side of this door. Howard and Graham passed in, and Graham, glancing back, saw the white-robed Council still standing in a close group and looking at him. Then the door closed behind him with a heavy thud, and for the first time since his awakening he was in silence. The floor, even, was noiseless to his feet.

Howard opened another door, and they were in the first of two contiguous chambers furnished in white and green. "What Council was that?" began Graham. "What were they discussing? What have they to do with me?" Howard closed the door carefully, heaved a huge sigh, and said something in an undertone. He walked slantingways across the room and turned, blowing out his cheeks again. "Ugh!" he grunted, a man relieved.

Graham stood regarding him.

"You must understand," began Howard abruptly, avoiding Graham's eyes, "that our social order is very complex. A half explanation, a bare unqualified statement would give you false impressions. As a matter of fact — it is a case of compound interest partly — your small fortune, and the fortune of your cousin Warming which was left to you — and certain other beginnings — have become very considerable. And in other ways that will be hard for you to understand, you have become a person of significance — of very considerable significance — involved in the world's affairs."

He stopped.

"Yes?" said Graham.

"We have grave social troubles."

"Yes?"

"Things have come to such a pass that, in fact, it is advisable to seclude you here."

"Keep me prisoner!" exclaimed Graham.

"Well — to ask you to keep in seclusion."

Graham turned on him. "This is strange!" he said.

"No harm will be done you."

"No harm!"

"But you must be kept here —"

"While I learn my position, I presume."

"Precisely."

"Very well then. Begin. Why *harm?*"

"Not now."

"Why not?"

"It is too long a story, Sire."

"All the more reason I should begin at once. You say I am a person of importance. What was that shouting I heard? Why is a great multitude shouting and excited because my trance is over, and who are the men in white in that huge council chamber?"

"All in good time, Sire," said Howard. "But not crudely, not crudely. This is one of those flimsy times when no man has a settled mind. Your awakening. No one expected your awakening. The Council is consulting."

"What council?"

"The Council you saw."

Graham made a petulant movement. "This is not

right," he said. "I should be told what is happening."

"You must wait. Really you must wait."

Graham sat down abruptly. "I suppose since I have waited so long to resume life," he said, "that I must wait a little longer."

"That is better," said Howard. "Yes, that is much better. And I must leave you alone. For a space. While I attend the discussion in the Council. . . . I am sorry."

He went towards the noiseless door, hesitated and vanished.

Graham walked to the door, tried it, found it securely fastened in some way he never came to understand, turned about, paced the room restlessly, made the circuit of the room, and sat down. He remained sitting for some time with folded arms and corded brow, biting his finger nails and trying to piece together the kaleidoscopic impressions of the first hour of awakened life. He was mechanical spaces, the endless series of chambers and passages, the great struggle that roared and quivered through these strange ways, the little group of remote unsympathetic men beneath the colossal Atlas, Howard's mysterious behaviour. There was an inkling of some vast inheritance already in his mind—a vast inheritance perhaps misapplied—of some unprecedented importance and opportunity. What had he to do? And the room's secluded silence was eloquent of imprisonment.

It came into Graham's mind with irresistible conviction that this series of magnificent impressions was

a dream. He tried to shut his eyes and succeeded, but that time-honoured device led to no awakening.

Presently he began to touch and examine all the unfamiliar appointments of the two small rooms in which he found himself.

In a long oval panel of mirror he saw himself and stopped astonished. He was clad in a graceful costume of purple and bluish white, with a little greyshot beard trimmed to a point, and his hair, its blackness streaked now with bands of grey, arranged over his forehead in an unfamiliar but graceful manner. He seemed a man of five-and-forty perhaps. For a moment he did not perceive this was himself.

A flash of laughter came with the recognition. "To call on old Warming like this!" he exclaimed, "and make him take me out to lunch!"

Then he thought of meeting first one and then another of the few familiar acquaintances of his early manhood, and in the midst of his amusement realised that every soul with whom he might jest had died many score of years ago. The thought smote him abruptly and keenly; he stopped short, the expression of his face changed to a white consternation.

The tumultuous memory of the moving platforms and the huge façade of that wonderful street reasserted itself. The shouting multitudes came back clear and vivid, and those remote, inaudible, unfriendly councillors in white. He felt himself a little figure, very small and ineffectual, pitifully conspicuous. And all about him, the world was — *strange*.

CHAPTER VII

IN THE SILENT ROOMS

Presently Graham resumed his examination of his apartments. Curiosity kept him moving in spite of his fatigue. The inner room, he perceived, was high, and its ceiling dome shaped, with an oblong aperture in the centre, opening into a funnel in which a wheel of broad vans seemed to be rotating, apparently driving the air up the shaft. The faint humming note of its easy motion was the only clear sound in that quiet place. As these vans sprang up one after the other, Graham could get transient glimpses of the sky. He was surprised to see a star.

This drew his attention to the fact that the bright lighting of these rooms was due to a multitude of very faint glow lamps set about the cornices. There were no windows. And he began to recall that along all the vast chambers and passages he had traversed with Howard he had observed no windows at all. Had there been windows? There were windows on the street indeed, but were they for light? Or was the whole city lit day and night for evermore, so that there was no night there?

And another thing dawned upon him. There was no fireplace in either room. Was the season summer, and were these merely summer apartments, or was the whole city uniformly heated or cooled? He be-

came interested in these questions, began examinir the smooth texture of the walls, the simply constructe bed, the ingenious arrangements by which the labo of bedroom service was practically abolished. Ar over everything was a curious absence of delibera ornament, a bare grace of form and colour, that I found very pleasing to the eye. There were sever very comfortable chairs, a light table on silent runne carrying several bottles of fluids and glasses, and tv plates bearing a clear substance like jelly. Then I noticed there were no books, no newspapers, no wri ing materials. "The world has changed indeed," I said.

He observed one entire side of the outer room w set with rows of peculiar double cylinders inscrib with green lettering on white that harmonized wi the decorative scheme of the room, and in the cent of this side projected a little apparatus about a ya square and having a white smooth face to the room. chair faced this. He had a transitory idea that the cylinders might be books, or a modern substitute f books, but at first it did not seem so.

The lettering on the cylinders puzzled him. At fi sight it seemed like Russian. Then he noticed a su gestion of mutilated English about certain of t words.

"Θi Man huwdbi Kiη,"

forced itself on him as "The Man who would King." "Phonetic spelling," he said. He remer bered reading a story with that title, then he recall the story vividly, one of the best stories in the wor But this thing before him was not a book as

understood it. He puzzled out the titles of two adjacent cylinders. 'The Heart of Darkness,' he had never heard of before nor 'The Madonna of the Future'—no doubt if they were indeed stories, they were by post Victorian authors.

He puzzled over this peculiar cylinder for some time and replaced it. Then he turned to the square apparatus and examined that. He opened a sort of lid and found one of the double cylinders within, and on the upper edge a little stud like the stud of an electric bell. He pressed this and a rapid clicking began and ceased. He became aware of voices and music, and noticed a play of colour on the smooth front face. He suddenly realised what this might be, and stepped back to regard it.

On the flat surface was now a little picture, very vividly coloured, and in this picture were figures that moved. Not only did they move, but they were conversing in clear small voices. It was exactly like reality viewed through an inverted opera glass and heard through a long tube. His interest was seized at once by the situation, which presented a man pacing up and down and vociferating angry things to a pretty but petulant woman. Both were in the picturesque costume that seemed so strange to Graham. "I have worked," said the man, "but what have you been doing?"

"Ah!" said Graham. He forgot everything else, and sat down in the chair. Within five minutes he heard himself named, heard "when the Sleeper wakes," used jestingly as a proverb for remote postponement, and passed himself by, a thing remote and incredible.

But in a little while he knew those two people like intimate friends.

At last the miniature drama came to an end, and the square face of the apparatus was blank again.

It was a strange world into which he had been permitted to see, unscrupulous, pleasure seeking, energetic, subtle, a world too of dire economic struggle; there were allusions he did not understand, incidents that conveyed strange suggestions of altered moral ideals, flashes of dubious enlightenment. The blue canvas that bulked so largely in his first impression of the city ways appeared again and again as the costume of the common people. He had no doubt the story was contemporary, and its intense realism was undeniable. And the end had been a tragedy that oppressed him. He sat staring at the blankness.

He started and rubbed his eyes. He had been so absorbed in the latter-day substitute for a novel, that he awoke to the little green and white room with more than a touch of the surprise of his first awakening.

He stood up, and abruptly he was back in his own wonderland. The clearness of the kinetoscope drama passed, and the struggle in the vast place of streets, the ambiguous Council, the swift phases of his waking hour, came back. These people had spoken of the Council with suggestions of a vague universality of power. And they had spoken of the Sleeper; it had not really struck him vividly at the time that he was the Sleeper. He had to recall precisely what they had said. . . .

He walked into the bedroom and peered up through the quick intervals of the revolving fan. As the fan

swept round, a dim turmoil like the noise of machinery came in rhythmic eddies. All else was silence. Though the perpetual day still irradiated his apartments, he perceived the little intermittent strip of sky was now deep blue — black almost, with a dust of little stars. . . .

He resumed his examination of the rooms. He could find no way of opening the padded door, no bell nor other means of calling for attendance. His feeling of wonder was in abeyance; but he was curious, anxious for information. He wanted to know exactly how he stood to these new things. He tried to compose himself to wait until someone came to him. Presently he became restless and eager for information, for distraction, for fresh sensations.

He went back to the apparatus in the other room, and had soon puzzled out the method of replacing the cylinders by others. As he did so, it came into his mind that it must be these little appliances had fixed the language so that it was still clear and understandable after two hundred years. The haphazard cylinders he substituted displayed a musical fantasia. At first it was beautiful, and then it was sensuous. He presently recognized what appeared to him to be an altered version of the story of Tannhauser. The music was unfamiliar. But the rendering was realistic, and with a contemporary unfamiliarity. Tannhauser did not go to a Venusberg, but to a Pleasure City. What was a Pleasure City? A dream, surely, the fancy of a fantastic, voluptuous writer.

He became interested, curious. The story developed with a flavour of strangely twisted sentimentality.

Suddenly he did not like it. He liked it less as it proceeded.

He had a revulsion of feeling. These were no pictures, no idealisations, but photographed realities. He wanted no more of the twenty-second century Venusberg. He forgot the part played by the model in nineteenth century art, and gave way to an archaic indignation. He rose, angry and half ashamed at himself for witnessing this thing even in solitude. He pulled forward the apparatus, and with some violence sought for a means of stopping its action. Something snapped. A violet spark stung and convulsed his arm and the thing was still. When he attempted next day to replace these Tannhauser cylinders by another pair, he found the apparatus broken. . . .

He struck out a path oblique to the room and paced to and fro, struggling with intolerable vast impressions. The things he had derived from the cylinders and the things he had seen, conflicted, confused him. It seemed to him the most amazing thing of all that in his thirty years of life he had never tried to shape a picture of these coming times. "We were making the future," he said, "and hardly any of us troubled to think what future we were making. And here it is!"

"What have they got to, what has been done? How do I come into the midst of it all?" The vastness of street and house he was prepared for, the multitudes of people. But conflicts in the city ways! And the systematised sensuality of a class of rich men!

He thought of Bellamy, the hero of whose Socialistic Utopia had so oddly anticipated this actual expe-

rience. But here was no Utopia, no Socialistic state. He had already seen enough to realise that the ancient antithesis of luxury, waste and sensuality on the one hand and abject poverty on the other, still prevailed. He knew enough of the essential factors of life to understand that correlation. And not only were the buildings of the city gigantic and the crowds in the street gigantic, but the voices he had heard in the ways, the uneasiness of Howard, the very atmosphere spoke of gigantic discontent. What country was he in? Still England it seemed, and yet strangely "un-English." His mind glanced at the rest of the world, and saw only an enigmatical veil.

He prowled about his apartment, examining everything as a caged animal might do. He felt very tired, felt that feverish exhaustion that does not admit of rest. He listened for long spaces under the ventilator to catch some distant echo of the tumults he felt must be proceeding in the city.

He began to talk to himself. "Two hundred and three years!" he said to himself over and over again, laughing stupidly. "Then I am two hundred and thirty-three years old! The oldest inhabitant. Surely they haven't reversed the tendency of our time and gone back to the rule of the oldest. My claims are indisputable. Mumble, mumble. I remember the Bulgarian atrocities as though it was yesterday. 'Tis a great age! Ha ha!" He was surprised at first to hear himself laughing, and then laughed again deliberately and louder. Then he realised that he was behaving foolishly. "Steady," he said. "Steady!"

His pacing became more regular. "This new

world," he said. "I don't understand it. *Why?* . . . But it is all *why!*"

"I suppose they can fly and do all sorts of things. Let me try and remember just how it began."

He was surprised at first to find how vague the memories of his first thirty years had become. He remembered fragments, for the most part trivial moments, things of no great importance that he had observed. His boyhood seemed the most accessible at first, he recalled school books and certain lessons in mensuration. Then he revived the more salient features of his life, memories of the wife long since dead, her magic influence now gone beyond corruption, of his rivals and friends and betrayers, of the swift decision of this issue and that, and then of his last years of misery, of fluctuating resolves, and at last of his strenuous studies. In a little while he perceived he had it all again; dim perhaps, like metal long laid aside, but in no way defective or injured, capable of re-polishing. And the hue of it was a deepening misery. Was it worth re-polishing? By a miracle he had been lifted out of a life that had become intolerable. . . .

He reverted to his present condition. He wrestled with the facts in vain. It became an inextricable tangle. He saw the sky through the ventilator pink with dawn. An old persuasion came out of the dark recesses of his memory. "I must sleep," he said. It appeared as a delightful relief from this mental distress and from the growing pain and heaviness of his limbs. He went to the strange little bed, lay down and was presently asleep. . . .

He was destined to become very familiar indeed with these apartments before he left them, for he remained imprisoned for three days. During that time no one, except Howard, entered his prison. The marvel of his fate mingled with and in some way minimised the marvel of his survival. He had awakened to mankind it seemed only to be snatched away into this unaccountable solitude. Howard came regularly with subtly sustaining and nutritive fluids, and light and pleasant foods, quite strange to Graham. He always closed the door carefully as he entered. On matters of detail he was increasingly obliging, but the bearing of Graham on the great issues that were evidently being contested so closely beyond the soundproof walls that enclosed him, he would not elucidate. He evaded, as politely as possible, every question on the position of affairs in the outer world.

And in those three days Graham's incessant thoughts went far and wide. All that he had seen, all this elaborate contrivance to prevent him seeing, worked together in his mind. Almost every possible interpretation of his position he debated — even as it chanced, the right interpretation. Things that presently happened to him, came to him at last credible, by virtue of this seclusion. When at length the moment of his release arrived, it found him prepared. . . .

Howard's bearing went far to deepen Graham's impression of his own strange importance; the door between its opening and closing seemed to admit with him a breath of momentous happening. His enquiries became more definite and searching. Howard

retreated through protests and difficulties. The awakening was unforeseen, he repeated; it happened to have fallen in with the trend of a social convulsion. "To explain it I must tell you the history of a gross and a half of years," protested Howard.

"The thing is this," said Graham. "You are afraid of something I shall do. In some way I am arbitrator — I might be arbitrator."

"It is not that. But you have — I may tell you this much — the automatic increase of your property puts great possibilities of interference in your hands. And in certain other ways you have influence, with your eighteenth century notions."

"Nineteenth century," corrected Graham.

"With your old world notions, anyhow, ignorant as you are of every feature of our State."

"Am I a fool?"

"Certainly not."

"Do I seem to be the sort of man who would act rashly?"

"You were never expected to act at all. No one counted on your awakening. No one dreamt you would ever awake. The Council had surrounded you with antiseptic conditions. As a matter of fact, we thought that you were dead — a mere arrest of decay. And — but it is too complex. We dare not suddenly — while you are still half awake."

"It won't do," said Graham. "Suppose it is as you say — why am I not being crammed night and day with facts and warnings and all the wisdom of the time to fit me for my responsibilities? Am I any

wiser now than two days ago, if it is two days, when I awoke?"

Howard pulled his lip.

"I am beginning to feel — every hour I feel more clearly — a sense of complex concealment of which you are the salient point. Is this Council, or committee, or whatever they are, cooking the accounts of my estate? Is that it?"

"That note of suspicion —" said Howard.

"Ugh!" said Graham. "Now, mark my words, it will be ill for those who have put me here. It will be ill. I am alive. Make no doubt of it, I am alive. Every day my pulse is stronger and my mind clearer and more vigorous. No more quiescence. I am a man come back to life. And I want to *live* —"

"*Live!*"

Howard's face lit with an idea. He came towards Graham and spoke in an easy confidential tone.

"The Council secludes you here for your good. You are restless. Naturally — an energetic man! You find it dull here. But we are anxious that everything you may desire — every desire — every sort of desire . . . There may be something. Is there any sort of company?"

He paused meaningly.

"Yes," said Graham thoughtfully. "There is."

"Ah! *Now!* We have treated you neglectfully."

"The crowds in yonder streets of yours."

"That," said Howard, "I am afraid —. But —"

Graham began pacing the room. Howard stood near the door watching him. The implication of Howard's suggestion was only half evident to Graham.

Company? Suppose he were to accept the propos demand some sort of *company?* Would there be a possibilities of gathering from the conversation of th additional person some vague inkling of the strugg that had broken out so vividly at his waking momen He meditated again, and the suggestion took colou He turned on Howard abruptly.

"What do you mean by company?"

Howard raised his eyes and shrugged his shoulde "Human beings," he said, with a curious smile on h heavy face.

"Our social ideas," he said, "have a certain i creased liberality, perhaps, in comparison with yo times. If a man wishes to relieve such a tedium this — by feminine society, for instance. We think no scandal. We have cleared our minds of formul There is in our city a class, a necessary class, no long despised — discreet —"

Graham stopped dead.

"It would pass the time," said Howard. "It is thing I should perhaps have thought of before, b as a matter of fact, so much is happening —"

He indicated the exterior world.

Graham hesitated. For a moment the figure of possible woman that his imagination suddenly creat dominated his mind with an intense attraction. Th he flashed into anger.

"No!" he shouted.

He began striding rapidly up and down the roo "Everything you say, everything you do, convinc me — of some great issue in which I am concerne I do not want to pass the time, as you call it. Yes,

know. Desire and indulgence are life in a sense — and Death! Extinction! In my life before I slept I had worked out that pitiful question. I will not begin again. There is a city, a multitude —. And meanwhile I am here like a rabbit in a bag."

His rage surged high. He choked for a moment and began to wave his clenched fists. He gave way to an anger fit, he swore archaic curses. His gestures had the quality of physical threats.

"I do not know who your party may be. I am in the dark, and you keep me in the dark. But I know this, that I am secluded here for no good purpose. For no good purpose. I warn you, I warn you of the consequences. Once I come at my power —"

He realised that to threaten thus might be a danger to himself. He stopped. Howard stood regarding him with a curious expression.

"I take it this is a message to the Council," said Howard.

Graham had a momentary impulse to leap upon the man, fell or stun him. It must have shown upon his face; at any rate Howard's movement was quick. In a second the noiseless door had closed again, and the man from the nineteenth century was alone.

For a moment he stood rigid, with clenched hands half raised. Then he flung them down. "What a fool I have been!" he said, and gave way to his anger again, stamping about the room and shouting curses. . . . For a long time he kept himself in a sort of frenzy, raging at his position, at his own folly, at the knaves who had imprisoned him. He did this because he

did not want to look calmly at his position. He clu to his anger — because he was afraid of Fear.

Presently he found himself reasoning with hims This imprisonment was unaccountable, but no do the legal forms — new legal forms — of the time p mitted it. It must, of course, be legal. These peo were two hundred years further on in the march civilisation than the Victorian generation. It was likely they would be less — humane. Yet they l cleared their minds of formulæ! Was humanity formula as well as chastity?

His imagination set to work to suggest things t might be done to him. The attempts of his reason dispose of these suggestions, though for the most p logically valid, were quite unavailing. "Why sho anything be done to me?"

"If the worst comes to the worst," he found h self saying at last, "I can give up what they w But what do they want? And why don't they ask for it instead of cooping me up?"

He returned to his former preoccupation with Council's possible intentions. He began to reconsi the details of Howard's behaviour, sinister glan inexplicable hesitations. Then, for a time, his m circled about the idea of escaping from these roo but whither could he escape into this vast, crow world? He would be worse off than a Saxon yeor suddenly dropped into nineteenth century Lond And besides, how could anyone escape from th rooms?

"How can it benefit anyone if harm should hap to me?"

He thought of the tumult, the great social trouble of which he was so unaccountably the axis. A text, irrelevant enough and yet curiously insistent, came floating up out of the darkness of his memory. This also a Council had said:

"It is expedient for us that one man should die for the people."

CHAPTER VIII

THE ROOF SPACES

As the fans in the circular aperture of the inner room rotated and permitted glimpses of the night, dim sounds drifted in thereby. And Graham, standing underneath, wrestling darkly with the unknown powers that imprisoned him, and which he had now deliberately challenged, was startled by the sound of a voice.

He peered up and saw in the intervals of the rotation, dark and dim, the face and shoulders of a man regarding him. Then a dark hand was extended, the swift van struck it, swung round and beat on with a little brownish patch on the edge of its thin blade, and something began to fall therefrom upon the floor, dripping silently.

Graham looked down, and there were spots of blood at his feet. He looked up again in a strange excitement. The figure had gone.

He remained motionless — his every sense intent upon the flickering patch of darkness, for outside it was high night. He became aware of some faint, remote, dark specks floating lightly through the outer air. They came down towards him, fitfully, eddyingly, and passed aside out of the uprush from the fan. A gleam of light flickered, the specks flashed white, and then the darkness came again. Warmed

and lit as he was, he perceived that it was snowing within a few feet of him.

Graham walked across the room and came back to the ventilator again. He saw the head of a man pass near. There was a sound of whispering. Then a smart blow on some metallic substance, effort, voices, and the vans stopped. A gust of snowflakes whirled into the room, and vanished before they touched the floor. "Don't be afraid," said a voice.

Graham stood under the van. "Who are you?" he whispered.

For a moment there was nothing but a swaying of the fan, and then the head of a man was thrust cautiously into the opening. His face appeared nearly inverted to Graham; his dark hair was wet with dissolving flakes of snow upon it. His arm went up into the darkness holding something unseen. He had a youthful face and bright eyes, and the veins of his forehead were swollen. He seemed to be exerting himself to maintain his position.

For several seconds neither he nor Graham spoke.

"You were the Sleeper?" said the stranger at last.

"Yes," said Graham. "What do you want with me?"

"I come from Ostrog, Sire."

"Ostrog?"

The man in the ventilator twisted his head round so that his profile was towards Graham. He appeared to be listening. Suddenly there was a hasty exclamation, and the intruder sprang back just in time to escape the sweep of the released fan. And when Gra-

ham peered up there was nothing visible but slowly falling snow.

It was perhaps a quarter of an hour before anyth returned to the ventilator. But at last came the s metallic interference again; the fans stopped and face reappeared. Graham had remained all this t in the same place, alert and tremulously excited.

"Who are you? What do you want?" he said

"We want to speak to you, Sire," said the intru "We want — I can't hold the thing. We have b trying to find a way to you — these three days."

"Is it rescue?" whispered Graham. "Escape?

"Yes, Sire. If you will."

"You are my party — the party of the Sleeper?

"Yes, Sire."

"What am I to do?" said Graham.

There was a struggle. The stranger's arm appea and his hand was bleeding. His knees came into v over the edge of the funnel. "Stand away from n he said, and he dropped rather heavily on his ha and one shoulder at Graham's feet. The relea ventilator whirled noisily. The stranger rolled o sprang up nimbly and stood panting, hand to a brui shoulder, and with his bright eyes on Graham.

"You are indeed the Sleeper," he said. "I you asleep. When it was the law that anyone mi see you."

"I am the man who was in the trance," said G ham. "They have imprisoned me here. I have b here since I awoke — at least three days."

The intruder seemed about to speak, heard so thing, glanced swiftly at the door, and suddenly

Graham and ran towards it, shouting quick incoherent words. A bright wedge of steel flashed in his hand, and he began tap, tap, a quick succession of blows upon the hinges. "Mind!" cried a voice. "Oh!" The voice came from above.

Graham glanced up, saw the soles of two feet, ducked, was struck on the shoulder by one of them, and a heavy weight bore him to the earth. He fell on his knees and forward, and the weight went over his head. He knelt up and saw a second man from above seated before him.

"I did not see you, Sire," panted the man. He rose and assisted Graham to arise. "Are you hurt, Sire?" he panted. A succession of heavy blows on the ventilator began, something fell close to Graham's face, and a shivering edge of white metal danced, fell over, and lay flat upon the floor.

"What is this?" cried Graham, confused and looking at the ventilator. "Who are you? What are you going to do? Remember, I understand nothing."

"Stand back," said the stranger, and drew him from under the ventilator as another fragment of metal fell heavily.

"We want you to come, Sire," panted the newcomer, and Graham glancing at his face again, saw a new cut had changed from white to red on his forehead, and a couple of little trickles of blood starting therefrom. "Your people call for you."

"Come where? My people?"

"To the hall about the markets. Your life is in danger here. We have spies. We learned but just in time. The Council has decided — this very day —

either to drug or kill you. And everything is re
The people are drilled, the wind-vane police, the en
eers, and half the way-gearers are with us. We
the halls crowded — shouting. The whole city sh
against the Council. We have arms." He wiped
blood with his hand. "Your life here is not worth

"But why arms?"

"The people have risen to protect you,
What?"

He turned quickly as the man who had first c
down made a hissing with his teeth. Graham
the latter start back, gesticulate to them to cor
themselves, and move as if to hide behind the ope
door.

As he did so Howard appeared, a little tray in
hand and his heavy face downcast. He started, loo
up, the door slammed behind him, the tray tilted
ways, and the steel wedge struck him behind the
He went down like a felled tree, and lay as he
athwart the floor of the outer room. The man
had struck him bent hastily, studied his face f
moment, rose, and returned to his work at the d

"Your poison!" said a voice in Graham's ea

Then abruptly they were in darkness. The inn
erable cornice lights had been extinguished.
ham saw the aperture of the ventilator with gh
snow whirling above it and dark figures moving
ily. Three knelt on the van. Some dim thing
ladder — was being lowered through the opening,
a hand appeared holding a fitful yellow light.

He had a moment of hesitation. But the ma
of these men, their swift alacrity, their words, mar

so completely with his own fears of the Council, with his idea and hope of a rescue, that it lasted not a moment. And his people awaited him!

"I do not understand," he said, "I trust. Tell me what to do."

The man with the cut brow gripped Graham's arm. "Clamber up the ladder," he whispered. "Quick. They will have heard —"

Graham felt for the ladder with extended hands, put his foot on the lower rung, and, turning his head, saw over the shoulder of the nearest man, in the yellow flicker of the light, the first-comer astride over Howard and still working at the door. Graham turned to the ladder again, and was thrust by his conductor and helped up by those above, and then he was standing on something hard and cold and slippery outside the ventilating funnel.

He shivered. He was aware of a great difference in the temperature. Half a dozen men stood about him, and light flakes of snow touched hands and face and melted. For a moment it was dark, then for a flash a ghastly violet white, and then everything was dark again.

He saw he had come out upon the roof of the vast city structure which had replaced the miscellaneous houses, streets and open spaces of Victorian London. The place upon which he stood was level, with huge serpentine cables lying athwart it in every direction. The circular wheels of a number of windmills loomed indistinct and gigantic through the darkness and snowfall, and roared with a varying loudness as the fitful wind rose and fell. Some way off an intermittent

white light smote up from below, touched the snow eddies with a transient glitter, and made an evanescent spectre in the night; and here and there, low down, some vaguely outlined wind-driven mechanism flickered with livid sparks.

All this he appreciated in a fragmentary manner as his rescuers stood about him. Someone threw a thick soft cloak of fur-like texture about him, and fastened it by buckled straps at waist and shoulders. Things were said briefly, decisively. Someone thrust him forward.

Before his mind was yet clear a dark shape gripped his arm. "This way," said this shape, urging him along, and pointed Graham across the flat roof in the direction of a dim semicircular haze of light. Graham obeyed.

"Mind!" said a voice, as Graham stumbled against a cable. "Between them and not across them," said the voice. And, "We must hurry."

"Where are the people?" said Graham. "The people you said awaited me?"

The stranger did not answer. He left Graham's arm as the path grew narrower, and led the way with rapid strides. Graham followed blindly. In a minute he found himself running. "Are the others coming?" he panted, but received no reply. His companion glanced back and ran on. They came to a sort of pathway of open metal-work, transverse to the direction they had come, and they turned aside to follow this. Graham looked back, but the snowstorm had hidden the others.

"Come on!" said his guide. Running now, they

"'CLAMBER UP THE LADDER—QUICK!'"

drew near a little windmill spinning high in the air. "Stoop," said Graham's guide, and they avoided an endless band running roaring up to the shaft of the vane. "This way!" and they were ankle deep in a gutter full of drifted thawing snow, between two low walls of metal that presently rose waist high. "I will go first," said the guide. Graham drew his cloak about him and followed. Then suddenly came a narrow abyss across which the gutter leapt to the snowy darkness of the further side. Graham peeped over the side once and the gulf was black. For a moment he regretted his flight. He dared not look again, and his brain spun as he waded through the half liquid snow.

Then out of the gutter they clambered and hurried across a wide flat space damp with thawing snow, and for half its extent dimly translucent to lights that went to and fro underneath. He hesitated at this unstable looking substance, but his guide ran on unheeding, and so they came to and clambered up slippery steps to the rim of a great dome of glass. Round this they went. Far below a number of people seemed to be dancing, and music filtered through the dome. . . . Graham fancied he heard a shouting through the snowstorm, and his guide hurried him on with a new spurt of haste. They clambered panting to a space of huge windmills, one so vast that only the lower edge of its vans came rushing into sight and rushed up again and was lost in the night and the snow. They hurried for a time through the colossal metallic tracery of its supports, and came at last above a place of moving platforms like the place into which Graham had looked from the balcony. They crawled

across the sloping transparency that covered this stre of platforms, crawling on hands and knees because c the slipperiness of the snowfall.

For the most part the glass was bedewed, and Gra ham saw only hazy suggestions of the forms belo but near the pitch of the transparent roof the glass wa clear, and he found himself looking sheerly down upo it all. For awhile, in spite of the urgency of hi guide, he gave way to vertigo and lay spread-eagle on the glass, sick and paralysed. Far below, mer stirring specks and dots, went the people of the un sleeping city in their perpetual daylight, and the mov ing platforms ran on their incessant journey. Mes sengers and men on unknown businesses shot alon the drooping cables and the frail bridges were crowde with men. It was like peering into a gigantic glas hive, and it lay vertically below him with only a toug glass of unknown thickness to save him from a fal The street showed warm and lit, and Graham was we now to the skin with thawing snow, and his feet wer numbed with cold. For a space he could not move "Come on!" cried his guide, with terror in his voice "Come on!"

Graham reached the pitch of the roof by an effor

Over the ridge, following his guide's example, h turned about and slid backward down the opposit slope very swiftly, amid a little avalanche of snow While he was sliding he thought of what would happe if some broken gap should come in his way. At th edge he stumbled to his feet ankle deep in slus thanking heaven for an opaque footing again. H

guide was already clambering up a metal screen to a level expanse.

Through the spare snowflakes above this loomed another line of vast windmills, and then suddenly the amorphous tumult of the rotating wheels was pierced with a deafening sound. It was a mechanical shrilling of extraordinary intensity that seemed to come simultaneously from every point of the compass.

"They have missed us already!" cried Graham's guide in an accent of terror, and suddenly, with a blinding flash, the night became day.

Above the driving snow, from the summits of the wind-wheels, appeared vast masts carrying globes of livid light. They receded in illimitable vistas in every direction. As far as his eye could penetrate the snowfall they glared.

"Get on this," cried Graham's conductor, and thrust him forward to a long grating of snowless metal that ran like a band between two slightly sloping expanses of snow. It felt warm to Graham's benumbed feet, and a faint eddy of steam rose from it.

"Come on!" shouted his guide ten yards off, and, without waiting, ran swiftly through the incandescent glare towards the iron supports of the next range of wind-wheels. Graham, recovering from his astonishment, followed as fast, convinced of his imminent capture. . . .

In a score of seconds they were within a tracery of glare and black shadows shot with moving bars beneath the monstrous wheels. Graham's conductor ran on for some time, and suddenly darted sideways and vanished into a black shadow in the corner of the

foot of a huge support. In another moment Gral was beside him.

They cowered panting and stared out.

The scene upon which Graham looked was v wild and strange. The snow had now almost ceas only a belated flake passed now and again across picture. But the broad stretch of level before th was a ghastly white, broken only by gigantic ma and moving shapes and lengthy strips of impenetra darkness, vast ungainly Titans of shadow. All ab them, huge metallic structures, iron girders, in manly vast as it seemed to him, interlaced, and edges of wind-wheels, scarcely moving in the passed in great shining curves steeper and steeper into a luminous haze. Wherever the snow-spang light struck down, beams and girders, and incess bands running with a halting, indomitable resolut passed upward and downward into the black. A with all that mighty activity, with an omnipres sense of motive and design, this snow-clad desola of mechanism seemed void of all human presence s themselves, seemed as trackless and deserted unfrequented by men as some inaccessible Alp snowfield.

"They will be chasing us," cried the leader. "are scarcely halfway there yet. Cold as it is we m hide here for a space — at least until it snows m thickly again."

His teeth chattered in his head.

"Where are the markets?" asked Graham sta out. "Where are all the people?"

The other made no answer.

"*Look!*" whispered Graham, crouched close, and became very still.

The snow had suddenly become thick again, and riding with the whirling eddies out of the black pit of the sky came something, vague and large and very swift. It came down in a steep curve and swept round, wide wings extended and a trail of white condensing steam behind it, rose with an easy swiftness and went gliding up the air, swept horizontally forward in a wide curve, and vanished again in the steaming specks of snow. And, through the ribs of its body, Graham saw two little men, very minute and active, searching the snowy areas about him, as it seemed to him, with field glasses. For a second they were clear, then hazy through a thick whirl of snow, then small and distant, and in a minute they were gone.

"*Now!*" cried his companion. "Come!"

He pulled Graham's sleeve, and incontinently the two were running headlong down the arcade of iron-work beneath the wind-wheels. Graham, running blindly, collided with his leader, who had turned back on him suddenly. He found himself within a dozen yards of a black chasm. It extended as far as he could see right and left. It seemed to cut off their progress in either direction.

"Do as I do," whispered his guide. He lay down and crawled to the edge, thrust his head over and twisted until one leg hung. He seemed to feel for something with his foot, found it, and went sliding over the edge into the gulf. His head reappeared. "It is a ledge," he whispered. "In the dark all the way along. Do as I did."

Graham hesitated, went down upon all fou crawled to the edge, and peered into a velvety bla ness. For a sickly moment he had courage neith to go on nor retreat, then he sat and hung his l down, felt his guide's hands pulling at him, had horrible sensation of sliding over the edge into t unfathomable, splashed, and felt himself in a slus gutter, impenetrably dark.

"This way," whispered the voice, and he beg crawling along the gutter through the trickling tha pressing himself against the wall. They continu along it for some minutes. He seemed to pass throu a hundred stages of misery, to pass minute after minu through a hundred degrees of cold, damp, and exhau tion. In a little while he ceased to feel his hands a feet.

The gutter sloped downwards. He observed th they were now many feet below the edge of the build ings. Rows of spectral white shapes like the ghost of blind-drawn windows rose above them. They cam to the end of a cable fastened above one of these whit windows; dimly visible and dropping into impenetrabl shadows. Suddenly his hand came against his guide' "*Still!*" whispered the latter very softly.

He looked up with a start and saw the huge wing of the flying machine gliding slowly and noiselessl overhead athwart the broad band of snow-flecked grey blue sky. In a moment it was hidden again.

"Keep still; they were just turning."

For awhile both were motionless, then Graham' companion stood up, and reaching towards the fasten ings of the cable fumbled with some indistinct tackle

What is that?" asked Graham.
he only answer was a faint cry. The man crouched
tionless. Graham peered and saw his face dimly.
was staring down the long ribbon of sky, and
ıham, following his eyes, saw the flying machine
all and faint and remote. Then he saw that the
ıgs spread on either side, that it headed towards
ım, that every moment it grew larger. It was fol-
ving the edge of the chasm towards them.
The man's movements became convulsive. He
ust two cross bars into Graham's hand. Graham
ıld not see them, he ascertained their form by feel-
g. They were slung by thin cords to the cable. On
: cord were hand grips of some soft elastic sub-
nce. "Put the cross between your legs," whis-
ed the guide hysterically, "and grip the holdfasts.
ip tightly, grip!"
Graham did as he was told.
'Jump," said the voice. "In heaven's name,
np!"
For one momentous second Graham could not
ak. He was glad afterwards that darkness hid his
e. He said nothing. He began to tremble vio-
tly. He looked sideways at the swift shadow that
llowed up the sky as it rushed upon him.
'Jump! Jump — in God's name! Or they will have
" cried Graham's guide, and in the violence of his
sion thrust him forward.
Graham tottered convulsively, gave a sobbing cry,
ry in spite of himself, and then, as the flying
chine swept over them, fell forward into the pit of
t darkness, seated on the cross wood and holding

the ropes with the clutch of death. Somethi
cracked, something rapped smartly against a w
He heard the pulley of the cradle hum on its ro
He heard the aeronauts shout. He felt a pair of kn
digging into his back. . . . He was sweepi
headlong through the air, falling through the air.
his strength was in his hands. He would h
screamed but he had no breath.

He shot into a blinding light that made him g
the tighter. He recognised the great passage wi
the running ways, the hanging lights and interlaci
girders. They rushed upward and by him. He h
a momentary impression of a great circular apertu
yawning to swallow him up.

He was in the dark again, falling, falling, grippi
with aching hands, and behold! a clap of sound,
burst of light, and he was in a brightly lit hall with
roaring multitude of people beneath his feet. T
people! His people! A proscenium, a stage rush
up towards him, and his cable swept down to a circ
lar aperture to the right of this. He felt he was tra
elling slower, and suddenly very much slower. H
distinguished shouts of "Saved! The Master. He
safe!" The stage rushed up towards him with ra
idly diminishing swiftness. Then —.

He heard the man clinging behind him shout as
suddenly terrified, and this shout was echoed by
shout from below. He felt that he was no long
gliding along the cable but falling with it. There w
a tumult of yells, screams and cries. He felt som
thing soft against his extended hand, and the impa
of a broken fall quivering through his arm. . . .

He wanted to be still and the people were lifting him. He believed afterwards he was carried to the platform and given some drink, but he was never sure. He did not notice what became of his guide. When his mind was clear again he was on his feet; eager hands were assisting him to stand. He was in a big alcove, occupying the position that in his previous experience had been devoted to the lower boxes. If this was indeed a theatre.

A mighty tumult was in his ears, a thunderous roar, the shouting of a countless multitude. "It is the Sleeper! The Sleeper is with us!"

"The Sleeper is with us! The Master — the Owner! The Master is with us. He is safe."

Graham had a surging vision of a great hall crowded with people. He saw no individuals, he was conscious of a froth of pink faces, of waving arms and garments, he felt the occult influence of a vast crowd pouring over him, buoying him up. There were balconies, galleries, great archways giving remoter perspectives, and everywhere people, a vast arena of people, densely packed and cheering. Across the nearer space lay the collapsed cable like a huge snake. It had been cut by the men of the flying machine at its upper end, and had crumpled down into the hall. Men seemed to be hauling this out of the way. But the whole effect was vague, the very buildings throbbed and rapt with the roar of the voices.

He stood unsteadily and looked at those about him. Someone supported him by one arm. "Let me go into a little room," he said, weeping; "a little room," and could say no more. A man in black stepped for-

ward, took his disengaged arm. He was aware
officious men opening a door before him. Someo
guided him to a seat. He staggered. He sat do
heavily and covered his face with his hands; he w
trembling violently, his nervous control was at an en
He was relieved of his cloak, he could not rememb
how; his purple hose he saw were black with we
People were running about him, things were happe
ing, but for some time he gave no heed to them.

He had escaped. A myriad of cries told him th
He was safe. These were the people who were on
side. For a space he sobbed for breath, and then
sat still with his face covered. The air was full
the shouting of innumerable men.

CHAPTER IX

THE PEOPLE MARCH

He became aware of someone urging a glass of clear fluid upon his attention, looked up and discovered this was a dark young man in a yellow garment. He took the dose forthwith, and in a moment he was glowing. A tall man in a black robe stood by his shoulder, and pointed to the half open door into the hall. This man was shouting close to his ear and yet what was said was indistinct because of the tremendous uproar from the great theatre. Behind the man was a girl in a silvery grey robe, whom Graham, even in this confusion, perceived to be beautiful. Her dark eyes, full of wonder and curiosity, were fixed on him, her lips trembled apart. A partially opened door gave a glimpse of the crowded hall, and admitted a vast uneven tumult, a hammering, clapping and shouting that died away and began again, and rose to a thunderous pitch, and so continued intermittently all the time that Graham remained in the little room. He watched the lips of the man in black and gathered that he was making some clumsy explanation.

He stared stupidly for some moments at these things and then stood up abruptly; he grasped the arm of this shouting person.

"Tell me!" he cried. "Who am I? Who am I?"

The others came nearer to hear his words. "Wh am I?" His eyes searched their faces.

"They have told him nothing!" cried the girl.

"Tell me, tell me!" cried Graham.

"You are the Master of the Earth. You are owne of half the world."

He did not believe he heard aright. He resiste the persuasion. He pretended not to understand, n to hear. He lifted his voice again. "I have bee awake three days — a prisoner three days. I judg there is some struggle between a number of people i this city — it is London?"

"Yes," said the younger man.

"And those who meet in the great hall with th white Atlas? How does it concern me? In som way it has to do with me. *Why,* I don't know Drugs? It seems to me that while I have slept th world has gone mad. I have gone mad."

"Who are those Councillors under the Atlas? Why should they try to drug me?"

"To keep you insensible," said the man in yellow "To prevent your interference."

"But *why?*"

"Because *you* are the Atlas, Sire," said the man i yellow. "The world is on your shoulders. The rule it in your name."

The sounds from the hall had died into a silence threaded by one monotonous voice. Now suddenly, trampling on these last words, came a deafening tumult, a roaring and thundering, cheer crowded on cheer, voices hoarse and shrill, beating, overlapping

and while it lasted the people in the little room could not hear each other shout.

Graham stood, his intelligence clinging helplessly to the thing he had just heard. "The Council," he repeated blankly, and then snatched at a name that had struck him. "But who is Ostrog?" he said.

"He is the organiser — the organiser of the revolt. Our Leader — in your name."

"In my name? — And you? Why is he not here?"

"He — has deputed us. I am his brother — his half-brother, Lincoln. He wants you to show yourself to these people and then come on to him. That is why he has sent. He is at the wind-vane offices directing. The people are marching."

"In your name," shouted the younger man. "They have ruled, crushed, tyrannised. At last even —"

"In my name! My name! Master?"

The younger man suddenly became audible in a pause of the outer thunder, indignant and vociferous, a high penetrating voice under his red aquiline nose and bushy moustache. "No one expected you to wake. No one expected you to wake. They were cunning. Damned tyrants! But they were taken by surprise. They did not know whether to drug you, hypnotise you, kill you."

Again the hall dominated everything.

"Ostrog is at the wind-vane offices ready —. Even now there is a rumour of fighting beginning."

The man who had called himself Lincoln came close to him. "Ostrog has it planned. Trust him. We have our organisations ready. We shall seize the

flying stages —. Even now he may be doing t
Then —"

"This public theatre," bawled the man in yell
"is only a contingent. We have five myriads
drilled men —"

"We have arms," cried Lincoln. "We have pl
A leader. Their police have gone from the str
and are massed in the —" (inaudible). "It is no
never. The Council is rocking — They cannot t
even their drilled men —"

"Hear the people calling to you!"

Graham's mind was like a night of moon and s
clouds, now dark and hopeless, now clear and gha
He was Master of the Earth, he was a man sod
with thawing snow. Of all his fluctuating impressi
the dominant ones presented an antagonism; on
one hand was the White Council, powerful, disciplii
few, the White Council from which he had
escaped; and on the other, monstrous crowds, pac
masses of indistinguishable people clamouring
name, hailing him Master. The other side
imprisoned him, debated his death. These shou
thousands beyond the little doorway had rescued
But why these things should be so he could
understand.

The door opened, Lincoln's voice was swept a
and drowned, and a rush of people followed on
heels of the tumult. These intruders came tow
him and Lincoln gesticulating. The voices wit
explained their soundless lips. "Show us the Slee
show us the Sleeper!" was the burden of the upr
Men were bawling for "Order! Silence!"

Graham glanced towards the open doorway, and saw a tall, oblong picture of the hall beyond, a waving, incessant confusion of crowded, shouting faces, men and women together, waving pale blue garments, extended hands. Many were standing, one man in rags of dark brown, a gaunt figure, stood on the seat and waved a black cloth. He met the wonder and expectation of the girl's eyes. What did these people expect from him. He was dimly aware that the tumult outside had changed its character, was in some way beating, marching. His own mind, too, changed. For a space he did not recognise the influence that was transforming him. But a moment that was near to panic passed. He tried to make audible inquiries of what was required of him.

Lincoln was shouting in his ear, but Graham was deafened to that. All the others save the woman gesticulated towards the hall. He perceived what had happened to the uproar. The whole mass of people was chanting together. It was not simply a song, the voices were gathered together and upborne by a torrent of instrumental music, music like the music of an organ, a woven texture of sounds, full of trumpets, full of flaunting banners, full of the march and pageantry of opening war. And the feet of the people were beating time — tramp, tramp.

He was urged towards the door. He obeyed mechanically. The strength of that chant took hold of him, stirred him, emboldened him. The hall opened to him, a vast welter of fluttering colour swaying to the music.

"Wave your arm to them," said Lincoln. "W
your arm to them."

"This," said a voice on the other side, "he m
have this." Arms were about his neck detaining h
in the doorway, and a black subtly-folding mar
hung from his shoulders. He threw his arm free of t
and followed Lincoln. He perceived the girl in g
close to him, her face lit, her gesture onward. I
the instant she became to him, flushed and eager
she was, an embodiment of the song. He emer
in the alcove again. Incontinently the mounting wa
of the song broke upon his appearing, and flashed
into a foam of shouting. Guided by Lincoln's h
he marched obliquely across the centre of the st
facing the people.

The hall was a vast and intricate space — galler
balconies, broad spaces of amphitheatral steps,
great archways. Far away, high up, seemed
mouth of a huge passage full of struggling human
The whole multitude was swaying in congested mas
Individual figures sprang out of the tumult, impres
him momentarily, and lost definition again. Clos
the platform swayed a beautiful fair woman, car
by three men, her hair across her face and brandish
a green staff. Next this group an old careworn r
in blue canvas maintained his place in the crush v
difficulty, and behind shouted a hairless face, a g
cavity of toothless mouth. A voice called that ei
matical word "Ostrog." All his impressions w
vague save the massive emotion of that trampl
song. The multitude were beating time with th
feet — marking time, tramp, tramp, tramp, tra

The green weapons waved, flashed and slanted. Then he saw those nearest to him on a level space before the stage were marching in front of him, passing towards a great archway, shouting "To the Council!" Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. He raised his arm, and the roaring was redoubled. He remembered he had to shout "March!" His mouth shaped inaudible heroic words. He waved his arm again and pointed to the archway, shouting "Onward!" They were no longer marking time, they were marching; tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. In that host were bearded men, old men, youths, fluttering robed bare-armed women, girls. Men and women of the new age! Rich robes, grey rags fluttered together in the whirl of their movement amidst the dominant blue. A monstrous black banner jerked its way to the right. He perceived a blue-clad negro, a shrivelled woman in yellow, then a group of tall fair-haired, white-faced, blue-clad men pushed theatrically past him. He noted two Chinamen. A tall, sallow, dark-haired, shining-eyed youth, white clad from top to toe, clambered up towards the platform shouting loyally, and sprang down again and receded, looking backward. Heads, shoulders, hands clutching weapons, all were swinging with those marching cadences.

Faces came out of the confusion to him as he stood there, eyes met his and passed and vanished. Men gesticulated to him, shouted inaudible personal things. Most of the faces were flushed, but many were ghastly white. And disease was there, and many a hand that waved to him was gaunt and lean. Men and women of the new age! Strange and incredible meeting! As

the broad stream passed before him to the right, t
tary gangways from the remote uplands of the
thrust downward in an incessant replacement of
ple; tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. The unison c
song was enriched and complicated by the ma
echoes of arches and passages. Men and w
mingled in the ranks; tramp, tramp, tramp, tr
The whole world seemed marching. Tramp, tr
tramp, tramp; his brain was tramping. The gar
waved onward, the faces poured by more abund

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp; at Lincoln's pre
he turned towards the archway, walking unconsci
in that rhythm, scarcely noticing his movement fc
melody and stir of it. The multitude, the gestur
song, all moved in that direction, the flow of p
smote downward until the upturned faces were l
the level of his feet. He was aware of a path t
him, of a suite about him, of guards and dignities
Lincoln on his right hand. Attendants interv
and ever and again blotted out the sight of the r
tude to the left. Before him went the backs c
guards in black — three and three and three. H
marched along a little railed way, and crossed a
the archway, with the torrent dipping to flow bet
and shouting up to him. He did not know wh
he went; he did not want to know. He glanced
across a flaming spaciousness of hall. Tramp, tr
tramp, tramp.

CHAPTER X

THE BATTLE OF THE DARKNESS

He was no longer in the hall. He was marching along a gallery overhanging one of the great streets of the moving platforms that traversed the city. Before him and behind him tramped his guards. The whole concave of the moving ways below was a congested mass of people marching, tramping to the left, shouting, waving hands and arms, pouring along a huge vista, shouting as they came into view, shouting as they passed, shouting as they receded, until the globes of electric light receding in perspective dropped down it seemed and hid the swarming bare heads. Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp.

The song roared up to Graham now, no longer upborne by music, but coarse and noisy, and the beating of the marching feet, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, interwove with a thunderous irregularity of footsteps from the undisciplined rabble that poured along the higher ways.

Abruptly he noted a contrast. The buildings on the opposite side of the way seemed deserted, the cables and bridges that laced across the aisle were empty and shadowy. It came into Graham's mind that these also should have swarmed with people.

He felt a curious emotion — throbbing — very fast! He stopped again. The guards before him marched

on; those about him stopped as he did. He saw the direction of their faces. The throbbing had something to do with the lights. He too looked up.

At first it seemed to him a thing that affected the lights simply, an isolated phenomenon, having no bearing on the things below. Each huge globe of blinding whiteness was as it were clutched, compressed in a systole that was followed by a transitory diastole, and again a systole like a tightening grip, darkness, light, darkness, in rapid alternation.

Graham became aware that this strange behaviour of the lights had to do with the people below. The appearance of the houses and ways, the appearance of the packed masses changed, became a confusion of vivid lights and leaping shadows. He saw a multitude of shadows had sprung into aggressive existence, seemed rushing up, broadening, widening, growing with steady swiftness — to leap suddenly back and return reinforced. The song and the tramping had ceased. The unanimous march, he discovered, was arrested, there were eddies, a flow sideways, shouts of "The lights!" Voices were crying together one thing. "The lights!" cried these voices. "The lights!" He looked down. In this dancing death of the lights the area of the street had suddenly become a monstrous struggle. The huge white globes became purple-white, purple with a reddish glow, flickered, flickered faster and faster, fluttered between light and extinction, ceased to flicker and became mere fading specks of glowing red in a vast obscurity. In ten seconds the extinction was accomplished, and there was only this roaring darkness, a black monstrosity

that had suddenly swallowed up those glittering myriads of men.

He felt invisible forms about him; his arms were gripped. Something rapped sharply against his shin. A voice bawled in his ear, "It is all right — all right."

Graham shook off the paralysis of his first astonishment. He struck his forehead against Lincoln's and bawled, "What is this darkness?"

"The Council has cut the currents that light the city. We must wait — stop. The people will go on. They will —"

His voice was drowned. Voices were shouting, "Save the Sleeper. Take care of the Sleeper." A guard stumbled against Graham and hurt his hand by an inadvertent blow of his weapon. A wild tumult tossed and whirled about him, growing, as it seemed, louder, denser, more furious each moment. Fragments of recognisable sounds drove towards him, were whirled away from him as his mind reached out to grasp them. Voices seemed to be shouting conflicting orders, other voices answered. There were suddenly a succession of piercing screams close beneath them.

A voice bawled in his ear, "The red police," and receded forthwith beyond his questions.

A crackling sound grew to distinctness, and therewith a leaping of faint flashes along the edge of the further ways. By their light Graham saw the heads and bodies of a number of men, armed with weapons like those of his guards, leap into an instant's dim visibility. The whole area began to crackle, to flash with little instantaneous streaks of light, and abruptly the darkness rolled back like a curtain.

A glare of light dazzled his eyes, a vast seething expanse of struggling men confused his mind. A shout, a burst of cheering, came across the ways. He looked up to see the source of the light. A man hung far overhead from the upper part of a cable, holding by a rope the blinding star that had driven the darkness back. He wore a red uniform.

Graham's eyes fell to the ways again. A wedge of red a little way along the vista caught his eye. He saw it was a dense mass of red-clad men jammed on the higher further way, their backs against the pitiless cliff of building, and surrounded by a dense crowd of antagonists. They were fighting. Weapons flashed and rose and fell, heads vanished at the edge of the contest, and other heads replaced them, the little flashes from the green weapons became little jets of smoky grey while the light lasted.

Abruptly the flare was extinguished and the ways were an inky darkness once more, a tumultuous mystery.

He felt something thrusting against him. He was being pushed along the gallery. Someone was shouting — it might be at him. He was too confused to hear. He was thrust against the wall, and a number of people blundered past him. It seemed to him that the guards were struggling with one another.

Suddenly the cable-hung star-holder appeared again, and the whole scene was white and dazzling. The band of red-coats seemed broader and nearer; its apex was half-way down the ways towards the central aisle. And raising his eyes Graham saw that a number of these men had also appeared now in the darkened

er galleries of the opposite building, and were firing r the heads of their fellows below at the boiling fusion of people on the lower ways. The meaning hese things dawned upon him. The march of the ple had come upon an ambush at the very outset. rown into confusion by the extinction of the lights y were now being attacked by the red police. Then became aware that he was standing alone, that his ards and Lincoln were along the gallery in the ection along which he had come before the darkness . He saw they were gesticulating to him wildly, ning back towards him. A great shouting came m across the ways. Then it seemed as though the ole face of the darkened building opposite was lined l speckled with red-clad men. And they were point- over to him and shouting. "The Sleeper! Save Sleeper!" shouted a multitude of throats.

Something struck the wall above his head. He ked up at the impact and saw a star-shaped splash silvery metal. He saw Lincoln near him. Felt his n gripped. Then, pat, pat; he had been missed ce.

For a moment he did not understand this. The eet was hidden, everything was hidden, as he looked. e second flare had burned out.

Lincoln had gripped Graham by the arm, was ging him along the gallery. "Before the next ht!" he cried. His haste was contagious. Gra- m's instinct of self-preservation overcame the paraly- of his incredulous astonishment. He became for ime the blind creature of the fear of death. He ran, umbling because of the uncertainty of the darkness,

blundered into his guards as they turned to run with him. Haste was his one desire, to escape this perilous gallery upon which he was exposed. A third glare came close on its predecessors. With it came a great shouting across the ways, an answering tumult from the ways. The red-coats below, he saw, had now almost gained the central passage. Their countless faces turned towards him, and they shouted. The white façade opposite was densely stippled with red. All these wonderful things concerned him, turned upon him as a pivot. These were the guards of the Council attempting to recapture him.

Lucky it was for him that these shots were the first fired in anger for a hundred and fifty years. He heard bullets whacking over his head, felt a splash of molten metal sting his ear, and perceived without looking that the whole opposite façade, an unmasked ambuscade of red police, was crowded and bawling and firing at him.

Down went one of his guards before him, and Graham, unable to stop, leapt the writhing body.

In another second he had plunged, unhurt, into a black passage, and incontinently someone, coming, it may be, in a transverse direction, blundered violently into him. He was hurling down a staircase in absolute darkness. He reeled, and was struck again, and came against a wall with his hands. He was crushed by a weight of struggling bodies, whirled round, and thrust to the right. A vast pressure pinned him. He could not breathe, his ribs seemed cracking. He felt a momentary relaxation, and then the whole mass of people moving together, bore him back towards the great theatre from which he had so recently come.

re were moments when his feet did not touch the
ınd. Then he was staggering and swaying. He
:d shouts of "They are coming!" and a muffled
close to him. His foot blundered against some-
g soft, he heard a hoarse scream under foot. He
rd shouts of "The Sleeper!" but he was too con-
d to speak. He heard the green weapons
:kling. For a space he lost his individual will, be-
ıe an atom in a panic, blind, unthinking, mechan-
. He thrust and pressed back and writhed in the
ısure, kicked presently against a step, and found
self ascending a slope. And abruptly the faces all
ut him leapt out of the black, visible, ghastly-white
astonished, terrified, perspiring, in a livid glare.
: face, a young man's, was very near to him, not
nty inches away. At the time it was but a passing
dent of no emotional value, but afterwards it came
k to him in his dreams. For this young man,
ged upright in the crowd for a time, had been shot
was already dead.
. fourth white star must have been lit by the man
:he cable. Its light came glaring in through vast
dows and arches and showed Graham that he was
' one of a dense mass of flying black figures pressed
k across the lower area of the great theatre. This
: the picture was livid and fragmentary, slashed
barred with black shadows. He saw that quite
r to him the red guards were fighting their way
ɔugh the people. He could not tell whether they
him. He looked for Lincoln and his guards. He
' Lincoln near the stage of the theatre surrounı
ı crowd of black-badged revolutionaries, lifted

and staring to and fro as if seeking him. Graham p ceived tha he himself was near the opposite edge the crowd, that behind him, separated by a barri sloped the now vacant seats of the theatre. A sudd idea came to him, and he began fighting his w towards the barrier. As he reached it the glare ca to an end.

In a moment he had thrown off the great cloak t not only impeded his movements but made him c spicuous, and had slipped it from his shoulders. heard someone trip in its folds. In another he v scaling the barrier and had dropped into the blackn on the further side. Then feeling his way he came the lower end of an ascending gangway. In the da ness the sound of firing ceased and the roar of feet voices lulled. Then suddenly he came to an un pected step and tripped and fell. As he did so po and islands amidst the darkness about him leapt vivid light again, the uproar surged louder and glare of the fifth white star shone through the v fenestrations of the theatre walls.

He rolled over among some seats, heard a shout and the whirring rattle of weapons, struggled up was knocked back again, perceived that a number black-badged men were all about him firing at the r below, leaping from seat to seat, crouching among seats to reload. Instinctively he crouched amidst seats, as stray shots ripped the pneumatic cushions cut bright slashes on their soft metal frames. Instin ively he marked the direction of the gangways, most plausible way of escape for him so soon as veil of darkness fell again.

A young man in faded blue garments came vaulting er the seats. "Hullo!" he said, with his flying feet thin six inches of the crouching Sleeper's face. He stared without any sign of recognition, turned fire, fired, and, shouting, "To hell with the Coun-l" was about to fire again. Then it seemed to Gra-m that the half of this man's neck had vanished. A op of moisture fell on Graham's cheek. The green apon stopped half raised. For a moment the man od still with his face suddenly expressionless, then began to slant forward. His knees bent. Man and rkness fell together. At the sound of his fall Gra-m rose up and ran for his life until a step down to e gangway tripped him. He scrambled to his feet, rned up the gangway and ran on.

When the sixth star glared he was already close to e yawning throat of a passage. He ran on the wifter for the light, entered the passage and turned a orner into absolute night again. He was knocked ideways, rolled over, and recovered his feet. He ound himself one of a crowd of invisible fugitives ressing in one direction. His one thought now was heir thought also; to escape out of this fighting. He hrust and struck, staggered, ran, was wedged tightly, st ground and then was clear again.

For some minutes he was running through the dark-ess along a winding passage, and then he crossed me wide and open space, passed down a long incline, id came at last down a flight of steps to a level place. Many people were shouting, "They are coming! The uards are coming. They are firing. Get out of the ghting. The guards are firing. It will be safe in

Seventh Way. Along here to Seventh Way!" T
were women and children in the crowd as well as
Men called names to him. The crowd converge
an archway, passed through a short throat
emerged on a wider space again, lit dimly. The b
figures about him spread out and ran up what see
in the twilight to be a gigantic series of steps. He
lowed. The people dispersed to the right and
. . . He perceived that he was no longer i
crowd. He stopped near the highest step. Be
him, on that level, were groups of seats and a l
kiosk. He went up to this and, stopping in the sha
of its eaves, looked about him panting.

Everything was vague and gray, but he recogni
that these great steps were a series of platforms of
"ways," now motionless again. The platform sla
up on either side, and the tall buildings rose beyo
vast dim ghosts, their inscriptions and advertiseme
indistinctly seen, and up through the girders
cables was a faint interrupted ribbon of pallid sky.
number of people hurried by. From their shouts
voices, it seemed they were hurrying to join the fig
ing. Other less noisy figures flitted timidly among
shadows.

From very far away down the street he could h
the sound of a struggle. But it was evident to
that this was not the street into which the thea
opened. That former fight, it seemed, had sudde
dropped out of sound and hearing. And — grotes
thought! — they were fighting for him!

For a space he was like a man who pauses in
reading of a vivid book, and suddenly doubts wha

is been taking unquestioningly. At that time he had little mind for details; the whole effect was a huge astonishment. Oddly enough, while the fight from the Council prison, the great crowd in the hall, and the attack of the red police upon the swarming people were clearly present in his mind, it cost him an effort to piece in his awakening and to revive the meditative interval of the Silent Rooms. At first his memory leapt these things and took him back to the cascade at Pentargen quivering in the wind, and all the sombre splendours of the sunlit Cornish coast. The contrast touched everything with unreality. And then the gap filled, and he began to comprehend his position.

It was no longer absolutely a riddle, as it had been in the Silent Rooms. At least he had the strange, bare outline now. He was in some way the owner of half the world, and great political parties were fighting to possess him. On the one hand was the White Council, with its red police, set resolutely, it seemed, on the usurpation of his property and perhaps its murder; on the other, the revolution that had liberated him, with this unseen "Ostrog" as its leader. And the whole of this gigantic city was convulsed by their struggle. Frantic development of his world. "I do not understand," he cried. "I do not understand."

He had slipped out between the contending parties into this liberty of the twilight. What would happen next? What was happening? He figured the red-clad men as busily hunting him, driving the black-badged revolutionists before them.

At any rate chance had given him a breathing space. He could lurk unchallenged by the passers-by, and

watch the course of things. His eye followed up t
intricate dim immensity of the twilight buildings, a
it came to him as a thing infinitely wonderful, th
above there the sun was rising, and the world was l
and glowing with the old familiar light of day. In
little while he had recovered his breath. His clothin
had already dried upon him from the snow.

He wandered for miles along these twilight way
speaking to no one, accosted by no one — a dar
figure among dark figures — the coveted man out o
the past, the inestimable unintentional owner of ha
the world. Wherever there were lights or den
crowds, or exceptional excitement he was afraid o
recognition, and watched and turned back or went u
and down by the middle stairways, into some trans
verse system of ways at a lower or higher level. An
though he came on no more fighting, the whole cit
stirred with battle. Once he had to run to avoid
marching multitude of men that swept the stree
Everyone abroad seemed involved. For the most par
they were men, and they carried what he judged wer
weapons. It seemed as though the struggle was con
centrated mainly in the quarter of the city from whic
he came. Ever and again a distant roaring, the remot
suggestion of that conflict, reached his ears. Then hi
caution and his curiosity struggled together. But hi
caution prevailed, and he continued wandering awa
from the fighting — so far as he could judge. H
went unmolested, unsuspected through the dark
After a time he ceased to hear even a remote echo o
the battle, fewer and fewer people passed him, until a
last the Titanic streets became deserted. The front

ges of the buildings grew plain and harsh; he seemed o have come to a district of vacant warehouses. Soli- ude crept upon him — his pace slackened.

He became aware of a growing fatigue. At times ıe would turn aside and seat himself on one of the ıumerous seats of the upper ways. But a feverish estlessness, the knowledge of his vital implication in his struggle, would not let him rest in any place for long. Was the struggle on his behalf alone?

And then in a desolate place came the shock of an earthquake — a roaring and thundering — a mighty wind of cold air pouring through the city, the smash of glass, the slip and thud of falling masonry — a series of gigantic concussions. A mass of glass and ironwork fell from the remote roofs into the middle gallery, not a hundred yards away from him, and in the distance were shouts and running. He, too, was startled to an aimless activity, and ran first one way and then as aimlessly back.

A man came running towards him. His self-control returned. "What have they blown up?" asked the man breathlessly. "That was an explosion," and be- fore Graham could speak he had hurried on.

The great buildings rose dimly, veiled by a perplex- ing twilight, albeit the rivulet of sky above was now bright with day. He noted many strange features, understanding none at the time; he even spelt out many of the inscriptions in Phonetic lettering. But what profits it to decipher a confusion of odd-looking letters resolving itself, after painful strain of eye and mind, into "Here is Eadhamite," or, "Labour Bu- eau — Little Side?" Grotesque thought, that in all

probability some or all of these cliff-like houses were his!

The perversity of his experience came to him vividly. In actual fact he had made such a leap in time as romancers have imagined again and again. And that fact realised, he had been prepared, his mind had, as it were, seated itself for a spectacle. And no spectacle, but a great vague danger, unsympathetic shadows and veils of darkness. Somewhere through the labyrinthine obscurity his death sought him. Would he, after all, be killed before he saw? It might be that even at the next shadowy corner his destruction ambushed. A great desire to see, a great longing to know, arose in him.

He became fearful of corners. It seemed to him that there was safety in concealment. Where could he hide to be inconspicuous when the lights returned? At last he sat down upon a seat in a recess on one of the higher ways, conceiving he was alone there.

He squeezed his knuckles into his weary eyes. Suppose when he looked again he found the dark trough of parallel ways and that intolerable altitude of edifice gone? Suppose he were to discover the whole story of these last few days, the awakening, the shouting multitudes, the darkness and the fighting, a phantasmagoria, a new and more vivid sort of dream. It must be a dream; it was so inconsecutive, so reasonless. Why were the people fighting for him? Why should this saner world regard him as Owner and Master?

So he thought, sitting blinded, and then he looked again, half hoping in spite of his ears to see some

miliar aspect of the life of the nineteenth century, to e, perhaps, the little harbour of Boscastle about him, e cliffs of Pentargen, or the bedroom of his home. ut fact takes no heed of human hopes. A squad f men with a black banner tramped athwart the earer shadows, intent on conflict, and beyond rose at giddy wall of frontage, vast and dark, with the dim comprehensible lettering showing faintly on its face.

"It is no dream," he said, "no dream." And he owed his face upon his hands.

CHAPTER XI

THE OLD MAN WHO KNEW EVERYTHING

He was startled by a cough close at hand.

He turned sharply, and peering, saw a sma hunched-up figure sitting a couple of yards off in t shadow of the enclosure.

"Have ye any news?" asked the high-pitch wheezy voice of a very old man.

Graham hesitated. "None," he said.

"I stay here till the lights come again," said the o man. "These blue scoundrels are everywhere everywhere."

Graham's answer was inarticulate assent. He tri to see the old man but the darkness hid his face. H wanted very much to respond, to talk, but he did n know how to begin.

"Dark and damnable," said the old man suddenl "Dark and damnable. Turned out of my room amon all these dangers."

"That's hard," ventured Graham. "That's hard o you."

"Darkness. An old man lost in the darkness. An all the world gone mad. War and fighting. Th police beaten and rogues abroad. Why don't the bring some negroes to protect us? . . . No mo dark passages for me. I fell over a dead man."

"You're safer with company," said the old man, "

's company of the night sort," and peered intently. He rose suddenly and came towards Graham.

Apparently the scrutiny was satisfactory. The old man sat down as if relieved to be no longer alone. "Eh!" he said, "but this is a terrible time. War and fighting, and the dead lying there — men, strong men, lying in the dark. Sons! I have three sons. God knows where they are tonight."

The voice ceased. Then repeated mavering: "God knows where they are tonight."

Graham stood revolving a question that should not betray his ignorance. Again the old man's voice ended the pause.

"This Ostrog will win," he said. "He will win. And what the world will be like under him no one can tell. My sons are under the wind-vanes all three. One of my daughters-in-law was his mistress for a while. His mistress! We're not common people. Though they've sent me to wander tonight and take my chance. . . . I knew what was going on. Before most people. But this darkness! And to fall over a dead body suddenly in the dark!"

His wheezy breathing could be heard.

"Ostrog!" said Graham.

"The greatest Boss the world has ever seen," said the voice.

Graham ransacked his mind. "The Council has few friends among the people," he hazarded.

"Few friends. And poor ones at that. They've had their time. Eh! They should have kept to the clever ones. But twice they held election. And Ostrog—. And now it has burst out and nothing c

stay it, nothing can stay it. Twice they rejected Ostrog — Ostrog the Boss. I heard of his rages at the time — he was terrible. Heaven save them! For nothing on earth can now, he has raised the Labour Companies upon them. No one else would have dared. All the blue canvas armed and marching! He will go through with it. He will go through."

He was silent for a little while. "This Sleeper," said, and stopped.

"Yes," said Graham. "Well?"

The senile voice sank to a confidential whisper; dim, pale face came close. "The real Sleeper —"

"Yes," said Graham.

"Died years ago."

"What?" said Graham, sharply.

"Years ago. Died. Years ago."

"You don't say so!" said Graham.

"I do. I do say so. He died. This Sleeper who woke up — they changed in the night. A poor drugged insensible creature. But I mustn't tell all I know. I mustn't tell all I know."

For a little while he muttered inaudibly. His secret was too much for him. "I don't know the ones that put him to sleep — that was before my time — but I know the man who injected the stimulants and woke him again. It was ten to one — wake or kill. Wake or kill. Ostrog's way."

Graham was so astonished at these things that he had to interrupt, to make the old man repeat his words, to re-question vaguely, before he was sure of the meaning and folly of what he heard. And his awakening had not been natural! Was that an old

"A SMALL, HUNCHED-UP FIGURE"

man's senile superstition, too, or had it any truth in it? Feeling in the dark corners of his memory, he presently came on something that might conceivably be an impression of some such stimulating effect. It dawned upon him that he had happened upon a lucky encounter, that at last he might learn something of the new age. The old man wheezed a while and spat, and then the piping, reminiscent voice resumed:

"The first time they rejected him. I've followed it all."

"Rejected whom?" said Graham. "The Sleeper?"

"Sleeper? *No.* Ostrog. He was terrible — terrible! And he was promised then, promised certainly the next time. Fools they were — not to be more afraid of him. Now all the city's his millstone, and such as we dust ground upon it. Dust ground upon it. Until he set to work — the workers cut each other's throats, and murdered a Chinaman or a Labour policeman at times, and left the rest of us in peace. Dead bodies! Robbing! Darkness! Such a thing hasn't been this gross of years. Eh! — but 'tis ill on small folks when the great fall out! It's ill."

"Did you say — there had not been — what? — for a gross of years?"

"Eh?" said the old man.

The old man said something about clipping his words, and made him repeat this a third time. "Fighting and slaying, and weapons in hand, and fools bawling freedom and the like," said the old man. "Not in all my life has there been that. These are like the old days — for sure — when the Paris people broke out — three gross of years ago. That's what I mean hasn't

been. But it's the world's way. It had to come ba
I know. I know. This five years Ostrog has b
working, and there has been trouble and trouble, a
hunger and threats and high talk and arms. Blue c
vas and murmurs. No one safe. Everything slidi
and slipping. And now here we are! Revolt a
fighting, and the Council come to its end."

"You are rather well-informed on these thing
said Graham.

"I know what I hear. It isn't all Babble Machi
with me."

"No," said Graham, wondering what Babb
Machine might be. "And you are certain this Ostr
— you are certain Ostrog organised this rebellion a
arranged for the waking of the Sleeper? Just to ass
himself — because he was not elected to the Council?

"Everyone knows that, I should think," said the o
man. "Except — just fools. He meant to be mast
somehow. In the Council or not. Everyone w
knows anything knows that. And here we are wi
dead bodies lying in the dark! Why, where have yo
been if you haven't heard all about the troub
between Ostrog and the Verneys? And what do yo
think the troubles are about? The Sleeper? Eh
You think the Sleeper's real and woke of his ow
accord — eh?"

"I'm a dull man, older than I look, and forgetful,
said Graham. "Lots of things that have happened —
especially of late years —. If I was the Sleeper, to te
you the truth, I couldn't know less about them."

"Eh!" said the voice. "Old, are you? You don'
sound so very old! But it's not everyone keeps hi

memory to my time of life — truly. But these notorious things! But you're not so old as me — not nearly so old as me. Well! I ought not to judge other men by myself, perhaps. I'm young — for so old a man. Maybe you're old for so young."

"That's it," said Graham. "And I've a queer history. I know very little. And history! Practically I know no history. The Sleeper and Julius Caesar are all the same to me. It's interesting to hear you talk of these things."

"I know a few things," said the old man. "I know a thing or two. But —. Hark!"

The two men became silent, listening. There was a heavy thud, a concussion that made their seat shiver. The passers-by stopped, shouted to one another. The old man was full of questions; he shouted to a man who passed near. Graham, emboldened by his example, got up and accosted others. None knew what had happened.

He returned to the seat and found the old man muttering vague interrogations in an undertone. For a while they said nothing to one another.

The sense of this gigantic struggle, so near and yet so remote oppressed Graham's imagination. Was this old man right, was the report of the people right, and were the revolutionaries winning? Or were they all in error, and were the red guards driving all before them? At any time the flood of warfare might pour into this silent quarter of the city and seize upon him again. It behoved him to learn all he could while there was time. He turned suddenly to the old man

with a question and left it unsaid. But his moti
moved the old man to speech again.

"Eh! but how things work together!" said the o
man. "This Sleeper that all the fools put their tr
in! I've the whole history of it — I was always a go
one for histories. When I was a boy — I'm that old
I used to read printed books. You'd hardly think
Likely you've seen none — they rot and dust so — a
the Sanitary Company burns them to make ashlari
But they were convenient in their dirty way. O
learnt a lot. These new-fangled Babble Machines
they don't seem new-fangled to you, eh? — they'
easy to hear, easy to forget. But I've traced all th
Sleeper business from the first."

"You will scarcely believe it," said Graham slowly
"I'm so ignorant — I've been so preoccupied in m
own little affairs, my circumstances have been so od
— I know nothing of this Sleeper's history. Wh
was he?"

"Eh!" said the old man. "I know. I know. H
was a poor nobody, and set on a playful woman, poo
soul! And he fell into a trance. There's the ol
things they had, those brown things — silver photo
graphs — still showing him as he lay, a gross and
half years ago — a gross and a half of years."

"Set on a playful woman, poor soul," said Grahan
softly to himself, and then aloud, "Yes — well! go on.

"You must know he had a cousin named Warming
a solitary man without children, who made a big for
tune speculating in roads — the first Eadhamite road
But surely you've heard? No? Why? He bough
all the patent rights and made a big company. I

those days there were grosses of grosses of separate businesses and business companies. Grosses of grosses! His roads killed the railroads — the old things — in two dozen years; he bought up and Eathamited the tracks. And because he didn't want to break up his great property or let in shareholders, he left it all to the Sleeper, and put it under a Board of Trustees that he had picked and trained. He knew then the Sleeper wouldn't wake, that he would go on sleeping, sleeping till he died. He knew that quite well! And plump! a man in the United States, who had lost two sons in a boat accident, followed that up with another great bequest. His trustees found themselves with a dozen myriads of hous'-worth or more of property at the very beginning."

"What was his name?"

"Graham."

"No — I mean — that American's."

"Isbister."

"Isbister!" cried Graham. "Why, I don't even know the name."

"Of course not," said the old man. "Of course not. People don't learn much in the schools nowadays. But I know all about him. He was a rich American who went from England, and he left the Sleeper even more than Warming. How he made it? That I don't know. Something about pictures by machinery. But he made it and left it, and so the Council had its start. It was just a council of trustees at first."

"And how did it grow?"

"Eh! — but you're not up to things. Money attracts money — and twelve brains are better than

one. They played it cleverly. They worked politics with money, and kept on adding to the money by working currency and tariffs. They grew — they grew. And for years the twelve trustees hid the growing of the Sleeper's estate, under double names and company titles and all that. The Council spread by title deed, mortgage, share, every political party, every newspaper, they bought. If you listen to the old stories you will see the Council growing and growing. Billions and billions of lions at last — the Sleeper's estate. And all growing out of a whim — out of this Warming's will, and an accident to Isbister's sons.

"Men are strange," said the old man. "The strange thing to me is how the Council worked together so long. As many as twelve. But they worked in cliques from the first. And they've slipped back. In my young days speaking of the Council was like an ignorant man speaking of God. We didn't think they could do wrong. We didn't know of their women and all that! Or else I've got wiser.

"Men are strange," said the old man. "Here are you, young and ignorant, and me — sevendy years old, and I might reasonably be forgetting — explaining it all to you short and clear.

"Sevendy," he said, "sevendy, and I hear and see — hear better than I see. And reason clearly, and keep myself up to all the happenings of things. Sevendy!

"Life is strange. I was twaindy before Ostrog was a baby. I remember him long before he'd pushed his way to the head of the Wind Vanes Control. I've seen many changes. Eh! I've worn the blue. And at last I've come to see this crush and darkness and

tumult and dead men carried by in heaps on the ways. And all his doing! All his doing!"

His voice died away in scarcely articulate praises of Ostrog.

Graham thought. "Let me see," he said, "if I have it right."

He extended a hand and ticked off points upon his fingers. "The Sleeper has been asleep — "

"Changed," said the old man.

"Perhaps. And meanwhile the Sleeper's property grew in the hands of Twelve Trustees, until it swallowed up nearly all the great ownership of the world. The Twelve Trustees — by virtue of this property have become virtually masters of the world. Because they are the paying power — just as the old English Parliament used to be — "

"Eh!" said the old man. "That's so — that's a good comparison. You're not so — "

"And now this Ostrog — has suddenly revolutionised the world by waking the Sleeper — whom no one but the superstitious, common people had ever dreamt would wake again — raising the Sleeper to claim his property from the Council, after all these years."

The old man endorsed this statement with a cough. "It's strange," he said, "to meet a man who learns these things for the first time tonight."

"Aye," said Graham, "it's strange."

"Have you been in a Pleasure City?" said the old man. "All my life I've longed —" He laughed. "Even now," he said, "I could enjoy a little fun. Enjoy seeing things, anyhow." He mumbled a sentence Graham did not understand.

"The Sleeper — when did he awake?" said Graham suddenly.

"Three days ago."

"Where is he?"

"Ostrog has him. He escaped from the Council not four hours ago. My dear sir, where were you at the time? He was in the hall of the markets — where the fighting has been. All the city was screaming about it. All the Babble Machines. Everywhere it was shouted. Even the fools who speak for the Council were admitting it. Everyone was rushing off to see him — everyone was getting arms. Were you drunk or asleep? And even then! But you're joking! Surely you're pretending. It was to stop the shouting of the Babble Machines and prevent the people gathering that they turned off the electricity — and put this damned darkness upon us. Do you mean to say — ?"

"I had heard the Sleeper was rescued," said Graham. "But — to come back a minute. Are you sure Ostrog has him?"

"He won't let him go," said the old man.

"And the Sleeper. Are you sure he is not genuine? I have never heard —"

"So all the fools think. So they think. As if there wasn't a thousand things that were never heard. I know Ostrog too well for that. Did I tell you? In a way I'm a sort of relation of Ostrog's. A sort of relation. Through my daughter-in-law."

"I suppose —"

"Well?"

"I suppose there's no chance of this Sleeper asserting himself. I suppose he's certain to be a puppet —

"'YOU MUST COME AWAY!'"

Ostrog's hands or the Council's, as soon as the ruggle is over."

"In Ostrog's hands — certainly. Why shouldn't he a puppet? Look at his position. Everything done r him, every pleasure possible. Why should he want assert himself?"

"What are these Pleasure Cities?" said Graham, ıruptly.

The old man made him repeat the question. When last he was assured of Graham's words, he nudged m violently. "That's *too* much," said he. "You're ɔking fun at an old man. I've been suspecting you ıow more than you pretend."

"Perhaps I do," said Graham. "But no! why ıould I go on acting? No, I do not know what a leasure City is."

The old man laughed in an intimate way.

"What is more, I do not know how to read your letrs, I do not know what money you use, I do not ıow what foreign countries there are. I do not know here I am. I cannot count. I do not know here to get food, nor drink, nor shelter."

"Come, come," said the old man, "if you had a lass of drink, now, would you put it in your ear or ɔur eye?"

"I want you to tell me all these things."

"He, he! Well, gentlemen who dress in silk must ave their fun." A withered hand caressed Graham's m for a moment. "Silk. Well, well! But, all the ıme, I wish I was the man who was put up as the leeper. He'll have a fine time of it. All the pomp ıd pleasure. He's a queer looking face. When they

used to let anyone go to see him, I've got tickets an
been. The image of the real one, as the photograph
show him, this substitute used to be. Yellow. Bu
he'll get fed up. It's a queer world. Think of the luc
of it. The luck of it. I expect he'll be sent to Capr
It's the best fun for a greener."

His cough overtook him again. Then he bega
mumbling enviously of pleasures and strange delight
"The luck of it, the luck of it! All my life I've been i
London, hoping to get my chance."

"But you don't know that the Sleeper died," sai
Graham, suddenly.

The old man made him repeat his words.

"Men don't live beyond ten dozen. It's not in th
order of things," said the old man. "I'm not a foo
Fools may believe it, but not me."

Graham became angry with the old man's assurance
"Whether you are a fool or not," he said, "it happen
you are wrong about the Sleeper."

"Eh?"

"You are wrong about the Sleeper. I haven't told
you before, but I will tell you now. You are wron
about the Sleeper."

"How do you know? I thought you didn't know
anything — not even about Pleasure Cities."

Graham paused.

"You don't know," said the old man. "How are
you to know? It's very few men —"

"I *am* the Sleeper."

He had to repeat it.

There was a brief pause. "There's a silly thing to

y, sir, if you'll excuse me. It might get you into ɔuble in a time like this," said the old man.

Graham, slightly dashed, repeated his assertion.

"I was saying I was the Sleeper. That years and ars ago I did, indeed, fall asleep, in a little stone-ilt village, in the days when there were hedgerows, d villages, and inns, and all the countryside cut up o little pieces, little fields. Have you never heard those days? And it is I — I who speak to you — ıo awakened again these four days since."

"Four days since!— the Sleeper! But they've *got* e Sleeper. They have him and they won't let him). Nonsense! You've been talking sensibly enough) to now. I can see it as though I was there. There ll be Lincoln like a keeper just behind him; they ɔn't let him go about alone. Trust them. You're a eer fellow. One of these fun pokers. I see now why u have been clipping your words so oddly, but —"

He stopped abruptly, and Graham could see his sture.

"As if Ostrog would let the Sleeper run about ɔne! No, you're telling that to the wrong man alto-ther. Eh! as if I should believe. What's your ıme? And besides, we've been talking of the eeper."

Graham stood up. "Listen," he said. "I am the eeper."

"You're an odd man," said the old man, "to sit ere in the dark, talking clipped, and telling a lie of ıat sort. But —"

Graham's exasperation fell to laughter. "It is pre-ɔsterous," he cried. "Preposterous. The dream

must end. It gets wilder and wilder. Here am I — this damned twilight — I never knew a dream in tw light before — an anachronism by two hundred yea and trying to persuade an old fool that I am myse and meanwhile — Ugh!"

He moved in gusty irritation and went striding. a moment the old man was pursuing him. "Eh! b don't go!" cried the old man. "I'm an old fool, know. Don't go. Don't leave me in all this dar ness."

Graham hesitated, stopped. Suddenly the folly telling his secret flashed into his mind.

"I didn't mean to offend you — disbelieving you said the old man coming near. "It's no manner harm. Call yourself the Sleeper if it pleases yo 'Tis a foolish trick —"

Graham hesitated, turned abruptly and went on h way.

For a time he heard the old man's hobbling pursu and his wheezy cries receding. But at last the dark ness swallowed him, and Graham saw him no more.

CHAPTER XII

OSTROG

Graham could now take a clearer view of his posi-
on. For a long time yet he wandered, but after the
lk of the old man his discovery of this Ostrog wa
ear in his mind as the final inevitable decision. O
ing was evident, those who were at the headquart
the revolt had succeeded very admirably in sup-
essing the fact of his disappearance. But every
oment he expected to hear the report of his death
of his recapture by the Council.

Presently a man stopped before him. "Have you
ard?" he said.

"No!" said Graham starting.

"Near a dozand," said the man, "a dozand men
id hurried on.

A number of men and a girl passed in the darkness,
esticulating and shouting: "Capitulated! Given
p!" "A dozand of men." "Two dozand of men."
'Ostrog, Hurrah! Ostrog, Hurrah!" These cries
eceded, became indistinct.

Other shouting men followed. For a time his atten-
tion was absorbed in the fragments of speech he heard.
He had a doubt whether all were speaking English.
Scraps floated to him, scraps like Pigeon English, like
'nigger' dialect, blurred and mangled distortions. H
dared accost no one with questions. The impre

sion the people gave him jarred altogether with
preconceptions of the struggle and confirmed the
man's faith in Ostrog. It was only slowly he co
bring himself to believe that all these people w
rejoicing at the defeat of the Council, that the Co
cil which had pursued him with such power and v
our was after all the weaker of the two sides in confli
And if that was so, how did it affect him? Seve
times he hesitated on the verge of fundamental qu
tions. Once he turned and walked for a long w
after a little man of rotund inviting outline, but
was unable to master confidence to address him.

It was only slowly that it came to him that he mig
ask for the "wind-vane offices," whatever the "win
vane offices" might be. His first enquiry simp
resulted in a direction to go on towards Westminst
His second led to the discovery of a short cut in whi
he was speedily lost. He was told to leave the wa
to which he had hitherto confined himself — knowi
no other means of transit — and to plunge down o
of the middle staircases into the blackness of a cro
way. Thereupon came some trivial adventures; chi
of these an ambiguous encounter with a gruff-voic
invisible creature speaking in a strange dialect th
seemed at first a strange tongue, a thick flow of spee
with the drifting corpses of English words there
the dialect of the latter-day vile. Then another voi
drew near, a girl's voice singing, "tralala tralala
She spoke to Graham, her English touched with som
thing of the same quality. She professed to have lo
her sister, she blundered needlessly into him
thought, caught hold of him and laughed. But

[illegible] of vague [illegible] again.

The sounds about him [illegible] passed him, speaking [illegible] "They are saying [illegible]" [illegible] seemed wider. [illegible] in a great space [illegible] He [illegible] straight across," said a [illegible] guiding [illegible] a little [illegible] man's eyes [illegible] long vista [illegible] down this. [illegible] clang of glass and a sound [illegible] ple [illegible] pause. [illegible] light of a [illegible] a black [illegible] steps and [illegible] sobbing, and [illegible] by a railing. [illegible] near [illegible] they were [illegible] received he could hear [illegible]

Presently he found [illegible] and near a wide opening. [illegible] above this and [illegible] street [illegible] swarm of people [illegible] They were [illegible]

ing snatches of the song of the revolt, most of th
out of tune. Here and there torches flared creat
brief hysterical shadows. He asked his way and
twice puzzled by that same thick dialect. His th
attempt won an answer he could understand. He
two miles from the wind-vane offices in Westmins
but the way was easy to follow.

When at last he did approach the district of
wind-vane offices it seemed to him, from the cheer
processions that came marching along the Ways, fr
the tumult of rejoicing, and finally from the restorat
of the lighting of the city, that the overthrow of
Council must already be accomplished. And still
news of his absence came to his ears.

The re-illumination of the city came with startl
abruptness. Suddenly he stood blinking, all ab
him men halted dazzled, and the world was inc
descent. The light found him already upon the c
skirts of the excited crowds that choked the Ways n
the wind-vane offices, and the sense of visibility
exposure that came with it turned his colourless int
tion of joining Ostrog to a keen anxiety.

For a time he was jostled, obstructed, and end
gered by men hoarse and weary with cheering
name, some of them bandaged and bloody in
cause. The frontage of the wind-vane offices was i
minated by some moving picture, but what it was
could not see, because in spite of his strenuous atten
the density of the crowd prevented his approachin
From the fragments of speech he caught, he jud
it conveyed news of the fighting about the Cou
House. Ignorance and indecision made him slow

ineffective in his movements. For a time he could not conceive how he was to get within the unbroken arcade of this place. He made his way slowly into the midst of this mass of people, until he realised that the descending staircase of the central Way led to the interior of the buildings. This gave him a goal, but the crowding in the central path was so dense that it was long before he could reach it. And even then he encountered intricate obstruction, and had an hour of vivid argument first in this guard room and then in that before he could get a note taken to the one man of all men who was most eager to see him. His story was laughed to scorn at one place, and wiser for that, when at last he reached a second stairway he professed simply to have news of extraordinary importance for Ostrog. What it was he would not say. They sent his note reluctantly. For a long time he waited in a little room at the foot of the lift shaft, and thither at last came Lincoln, eager, apologetic, astonished. He stopped in the doorway scrutinising Graham, then rushed forward effusively.

"Yes," he cried. "It is you. And you are not dead!"

Graham made a brief explanation.

"My brother is waiting," explained Lincoln. "He is alone in the wind-vane offices. We feared you had been killed in the theatre. He doubted — and things are very urgent still in spite of what we are telling them *there* — or he would have come to you."

They ascended a lift, passed along a narrow passage, crossed a great hall, empty save for two hurrying messengers, and entered a comparatively little room,

only furniture was a long settee and a large oval di of cloudy, shifting grey, hung by cables from the wa There Lincoln left Graham for a space, and he re mained alone without understanding the shiftin smoky shapes that drove slowly across this disc.

His attention was arrested by a sound that bega abruptly. It was cheering, the frantic cheering of vast but very remote crowd, a roaring exultatio This ended as sharply as it had begun, like a soun heard between the opening and shutting of a doo In the outer room was a noise of hurrying steps an a melodious clinking as if a loose chain was runnin over the teeth of a wheel.

Then he heard the voice of a woman, the rustle o unseen garments. "It is Ostrog!" he heard her say A little bell rang fitfully, and then everything was sti again.

Presently came voices, footsteps and movemen without. The footsteps of some one person detached itself from the other sounds and drew near, firm evenly measured steps. The curtain lifted slowly. A tall, white-haired man, clad in garments of cream-coloured silk, appeared, regarding Graham from unde his raised arm.

For a moment the white form remained holding th curtain, then dropped it and stood before it. Graham's first impression was of a very broad forehead, very pale blue eyes deep sunken under white brows, an aquiline nose, and a heavily-lined resolute mouth. The folds of flesh over the eyes, the drooping of the corners of the mouth contradicted the upright bearing, and said the man was old. Graham rose to his fee

instinctively, and for a moment the two men stood in silence, regarding each other.

"You are Ostrog?" said Graham.

"I am Ostrog."

"The Boss?"

"So I am called."

Graham felt the inconvenience of the silence. "I have to thank you chiefly, I understand, for my safety," he said presently.

"We were afraid you were killed," said Ostrog. "Or sent to sleep again — for ever. We have been doing everything to keep our secret — the secret of your disappearance. Where have you been? How did you get here?"

Graham told him briefly.

Ostrog listened in silence.

He smiled faintly. "Do you know what I was doing when they came to tell me you had come?"

"How can I guess?"

"Preparing your double."

"My double?"

"A man as like you as we could find. We were going to hypnotise him, to save him the difficulty of acting. It was imperative. The whole of this revolt depends on the idea that you are awake, alive, and with us. Even now a great multitude of people has gathered in the theatre clamouring to see you. They do not trust . . . You know, of course — something of your position?"

"Very little," said Graham.

"It is like this." Ostrog walked a pace or two into the room and turned. "You are absolute owner,"

he said, " of more than half the world. As a re of that you are practically King. Your powers limited in many intricate ways, but you are the figu head, the popular symbol of government. This Wl Council, the Council of Trustees as it is called —"

" I have heard the vague outline of these things.'

" I wondered."

" I came upon a garrulous old man."

" I see . . . Our masses — the word con from your days — you know of course, that we s have masses — regard you as our actual ruler. J as a great number of people in your days regarded t Crown as the ruler. They are discontented — t masses all over the earth — with the rule of yc Trustees. For the most part it is the old disconte the old quarrel of the common man with his commc ness — the misery of work and discipline and un ness. But your Trustees have ruled ill. In certa matters, in the administration of the Labour Co panies, for example, they have been unwise. Th have given endless opportunities. Already we of t popular party were agitating for reforms — when yc waking came. Came! If it had been contrived could not have come more opportunely." He smil " The public mind, making no allowance for yc years of quiescence, had already hit on the thoug of waking you and appealing to you, and — Flash

He indicated the outbreak by a gesture, and Grah moved his head to show that he understood.

" The Council muddled — quarrelled. They alwa do. They could not decide what to do with yc You know how they imprisoned you? "

"I see. I see. And now — we win?"

"We win. Indeed we win. Tonight, in five swift ours. Suddenly we struck everywhere. The wind-ane people, the Labour Company and its millions, urst the bonds. We got the pull of the aëropiles."

He paused. "Yes," said Graham, guessing that ëropile meant flying machine.

"That was, of course, essential. Or they could ave got away. All the city rose, every third man lmost was in it! All the blue, all the public services, ave only just a few aëronauts and about half the red olice. You were rescued, and their own police of he Ways — not half of them could be massed at the Council House — have been broken up, disarmed or illed. All London is ours — now. Only the Coun-il House remains.

"Half of those who remain to them of the red olice were lost in that foolish attempt to recapture ou. They lost their heads when they lost you. They lung all they had at the theatre. We cut them off rom the Council House there. Truly tonight has een a night of victory. Everywhere your star has lazed. A day ago — the White Council ruled as it as ruled for a gross of years, for a century and a half f years, and then, with only a little whispering, a overt arming here and there, suddenly — So!"

"I am very ignorant," said Graham. "I sup-ose —. I do not clearly understand the conditions f this fighting. If you could explain. Where is the ouncil? Where is the fight?"

Ostrog stepped across the room, something clicked,

and suddenly, save for an oval glow, they were in darkness. For a moment Graham was puzzled.

Then he saw that the cloudy grey disc had taken depth and colour, had assumed the appearance of an oval window looking out upon a strange unfamiliar scene.

At the first glance he was unable to guess what the scene might be. It was a daylight scene, the daylight of a wintry day, grey and clear. Across the picture and halfway as it seemed between him and the remote view, a stout cable of twisted white wire stretched vertically. Then he perceived that the rows of great wind-wheels he saw, the wide intervals, the occasional gulfs of darkness, were akin to those through which he had fled from the Council House. He distinguished an orderly file of red figures marching across an open space between files of men in black, and realised before Ostrog spoke that he was looking down on the upper surface of latter-day London. The overnight snow had gone. He judged that this mirror was some modern replacement of the camera obscura, but the matter was not explained to him. He saw that though the file of red figures was trotting from left to right yet they were passing out of the picture to the left. He wondered momentarily, and then saw that the picture was passing slowly, panorama fashion, across the oval.

"In a moment you will see the fighting," said Ostrog at his elbow. "Those fellows in red you notice are prisoners. This is the roof space of London — all the houses are practically continuous now.

The streets and public squares are covered in. The gaps and chasms of your time have disappeared."

Something out of focus obliterated half the picture. Its form suggested a man. There was a gleam of metal, a flash, something that swept across the oval, as the eyelid of a bird sweeps across its eye, and the picture was clear again. And now Graham beheld men running down among the wind-wheels, pointing weapons from which jetted out little smoky flashes. They swarmed thicker and thicker to the right, gesticulating — it might be they were shouting, but of that the picture told nothing. They and the wind-wheels passed slowly and steadily across the field of the mirror.

"Now," said Ostrog, "comes the Council House," and slowly a black edge crept into view and gathered Graham's attention. Soon it was no longer an edge but a cavity, a huge blackened space amidst the clustering edifices, and from it thin spires of smoke rose into the pallid winter sky. Gaunt ruinous masses of the building, mighty truncated piers and girders, rose dismally out of this cavernous darkness. And over these vestiges of some splendid place, countless minute men were clambering, leaping, swarming.

"This is the Council House," said Ostrog. "Their last stronghold. And the fools wasted enough ammunition to hold out for a month in blowing up the buildings all about them — to stop our attack. You heard the smash? It shattered half the brittle glass in the city."

And while he spoke, Graham saw that beyond this area of ruins, overhanging it and rising to a great

height, was a ragged mass of white building. T
mass had been isolated by the ruthless destructio
its surroundings. Black gaps marked the passa
the disaster had torn apart; big halls had been slas
open and the decoration of their interiors showed
mally in the wintry dawn, and down the jagged w
hung festoons of divided cables and twisted end
lines and metallic rods. And amidst all the
details moved little red specks, the red-clothed defe
ers of the Council. Every now and then faint flas
illuminated the bleak shadows. At the first sigh
seemed to Graham that an attack upon this isola
white building was in progress, but then he percei
that the party of the revolt was not advancing,
sheltered amidst the colossal wreckage that encirc
this last ragged stronghold of the red-garbed men,
keeping up a fitful firing.

And not ten hours ago he had stood beneath
ventilating fans in a little chamber within that rem
building wondering what was happening in the wo

Looking more attentively as this warlike epis
moved silently across the centre of the mirror, G
ham saw that the white building was surrounded
every side by ruins, and Ostrog proceeded to descr
in concise phrases how its defenders had sought
such destruction to isolate themselves from a sto
He spoke of the loss of men that huge downfall
entailed in an indifferent tone. He indicated an i
provised mortuary among the wreckage, sho
ambulances swarming like cheese-mites along a ru
ous groove that had once been a street of moving wa
He was more interested in pointing out the parts

the Council House, the distribution of the besiegers. In a little while the civil contest that had convulsed London was no longer a mystery to Graham. It was no tumultuous revolt had occurred that night, no equal warfare, but a splendidly organised *coup d'état*. Ostrog's grasp of details was astonishing; he seemed to know the business of even the smallest knot of black and red specks that crawled amidst these places.

He stretched a huge black arm across the luminous picture, and showed the room whence Graham had escaped, and across the chasm of ruins the course of his flight. Graham recognised the gulf across which the gutter ran, and the wind-wheels where he had crouched from the flying machine. The rest of his path had succumbed to the explosion. He looked again at the Council House, and it was already half hidden, and on the right a hillside with a cluster of domes and pinnacles, hazy, dim and distant, was gliding into view.

"And the Council is really overthrown?" he said.

"Overthrown," said Ostrog.

"And I —. Is it indeed true that I —?"

"You are Master of the World."

"But that white flag —"

"That is the flag of the Council — the flag of the Rule of the World. It will fall. The fight is over. Their attack on the theatre was their last frantic struggle. They have only a thousand men or so, and some of these men will be disloyal. They have little ammunition. And we are reviving the ancient arts. We are casting guns."

"But — help. Is this city the world?"

"Practically this is all they have left to tl their empire. Abroad the cities have either r with us or wait the issue. Your awakening h plexed them, paralysed them."

"But haven't the Council flying machines? is there no fighting with them?"

"They had. But the greater part of the aëı were in the revolt with us. They wouldn't ta risk of fighting on our side, but they would ı against us. We *had* to get a pull with the aër Quite half were with us, and the others kı Directly they knew you had got away, those l for you dropped. We killed the man who ; you — an hour ago. And we occupied the stages at the outset in every city we could, stopped and captured the aëroplanes, and as little flying machines that turned out — for some we kept up too straight and steady a fire for t get near the Council House. If they droppe couldn't rise again, because there's no clear about there for them to get up. Several w smashed, several others have dropped and surre the rest have gone off to the Continent to friendly city if they can before their fuel ru Most of these men were only too glad to be take oner and kept out of harm's way. Upsetting i ing machine isn't a very attractive prospect. no chance for the Council that way. Its da done."

He laughed and turned to the oval reflectio to show Graham what he meant by flying Even the four nearer ones were remote and ol

by a thin morning haze. But Graham could perceive they were very vast structures, judged even by the standard of the things about them.

And then as these dim shapes passed to the left there came again the sight of the expanse across which the disarmed men in red had been marching. And then the black ruins, and then again the beleaguered white fastness of the Council. It appeared no longer a ghostly pile, but glowing amber in the sunlight, for a cloud shadow had passed. About it the pigmy struggle still hung in suspense, but now the red defenders were no longer firing.

So, in a dusky stillness, the man from the nineteenth century saw the closing scene of the great revolt, the forcible establishment of his rule. With a quality of startling discovery it came to him that this was his world, and not that other he had left behind; that this was no spectacle to culminate and cease; that in this world lay whatever life was still before him, lay all his duties and dangers and responsibilities. He turned with fresh questions. Ostrog began to answer them, and then broke off abruptly. "But these things I must explain more fully later. At present there are —duties. The people are coming by the moving ways towards this ward from every part of the city— the markets and theatres are densely crowded. You are just in time for them. They are clamouring to see you. And abroad they want to see you. Paris, New York, Chicago, Denver, Capri — thousands of cities are up and in a tumult, undecided, and clamouring to see you. They have clamoured that you should

be awakened for years, and now it is done they will scarcely believe —"

"But surely — I can't go . . ."

Ostrog answered from the other side of the room, and the picture on the oval disc paled and vanished as the light jerked back again. "There are kineto-tele-photographs," he said. "As you bow to the people here — all over the world myriads of myriads of people, packed and still in darkened halls, will see you also. In black and white, of course — not like this. And you will hear their shouts reinforcing the shouting in the hall.

"And there is an optical contrivance we shall use," said Ostrog, "used by some of the posturers and women dancers. It may be novel to you. You stand in a very bright light, and they see not you but a magnified image of you thrown on a screen — so that even the furtherest man in the remotest gallery can, if he chooses, count your eyelashes."

Graham clutched desperately at one of the questions in his mind. "What is the population of London?" he said.

"Eight and twaindy myriads."

"Eight and what?"

"More than thirty-three millions."

These figures went beyond Graham's imagination.

"You will be expected to say something," said Ostrog. "Not what you used to call a Speech, but what our people call a Word — just one sentence, six or seven words. Something formal. If I might suggest — 'I have awakened and my heart is with you.' That is the sort of thing they want."

"What was that?" asked Graham.

"'I am awakened and my heart is with you.' And bow — bow royally. But first we must get you black robes — for black is your colour. Do you mind? And then they will disperse to their homes."

Graham hesitated. "I am in your hands," he said.

Ostrog was clearly of that opinion. He thought for a moment, turned to the curtain and called brief directions to some unseen attendants. Almost immediately a black robe, the very fellow of the black robe Graham had worn in the theatre, was brought. And as he threw it about his shoulders there came from the room without the shrilling of a high-pitched bell. Ostrog turned in interrogation to the attendant, then suddenly seemed to change his mind, pulled the curtain aside and disappeared.

For a moment Graham stood with the deferential attendant listening to Ostrog's retreating steps. There was a sound of quick question and answer and of men running. The curtain was snatched back and Ostrog reappeared, his massive face glowing with excitement. He crossed the room in a stride, clicked the room into darkness, gripped Graham's arm and pointed to the mirror.

"Even as we turned away," he said.

Graham saw his index finger, black and colossal, above the mirrored Council House. For a moment he did not understand. And then he perceived that the flagstaff that had carried the white banner was bare.

"Do you mean —?" he began.

"The Council has surrendered. Its rule is at an end for evermore."

"Look!" and Ostrog pointed to a coil of black that crept in little jerks up the vacant flagstaff, unfolding as it rose.

The oval picture paled as Lincoln pulled the curtain aside and entered.

"They are clamourous," he said.

Ostrog kept his grip of Graham's arm.

"We have raised the people," he said. "We have given them arms. For today at least their wishes must be law."

Lincoln held the Curtain open for Graham and Ostrog to pass through. . . .

On his way to the markets Graham had a transitory glance of a long narrow white-walled room in which men in the universal blue canvas were carrying covered things like biers, and about which men in medical purple hurried to and fro. From this room came groans and wailing. He had an impression of an empty blood-stained couch, of men on other couches bandaged and blood-stained. It was just a glimpse from a railed footway and then a buttress hid the place and they were going on towards the markets. . .

The roar of the multitude was near now: it leapt to thunder. And, arresting his attention, a fluttering of black banners, the waving of blue canvas and brown rags, and the swarming vastness of the theatre near the public markets came into view down a long passage. The picture opened out. He perceived they were entering the great theatre of his first appearance, the great theatre he had last seen as a chequer-work

CHAPTER XIII

THE END OF THE OLD ORDER

So far as Graham was able to judge, it was ne midday when the white banner of the Council fl But some hours had to elapse before it was possil to effect the formal capitulation, and so after he h spoken his "Word" he retired to his new apartme in the wind-vane offices. The continuous exciteme of the last twelve hours had left him inordinat fatigued, even his curiosity was exhausted; for a spa he sat inert and passive with open eyes, and for a spa he slept. He was roused by two medical attendan come prepared with stimulants to sustain him throu the next occasion. After he had taken their dru and bathed by their advice in cold water, he felt rapid return of interest and energy, and was presen able and willing to accompany Ostrog through seve miles (as it seemed) of passages, lifts, and slides to t closing scene of the White Council's rule.

The way ran deviously through a maze of buildin They came at last to a passage that curved about, a showed broadening before him an oblong openi clouds hot with sunset, and the ragged skyline of t ruinous Council House. A tumult of shouts ca drifting up to him. In another moment they had co out high up on the brow of the cliff of torn buildin that overhung the wreckage. The vast area open

to Graham's eyes, none the less strange and wonderful for the remote view he had had of it in the oval mirror.

This rudely amphitheatral space seemed now the better part of a mile to its outer edge. It was gold lit on the left hand, catching the sunlight, and below and to the right clear and cold in the shadow. Above the shadowy grey Council House that stood in the midst of it, the great black banner of the surrender still hung in sluggish folds against the blazing sunset. Severed rooms, halls and passages gaped strangely, broken masses of metal projected dismally from the complex wreckage, vast masses of twisted cable dropped like tangled seaweed, and from its base came a tumult of innumerable voices, violent concussions, and the sound of trumpets. All about this great white pile was a ring of desolation; the smashed and blackened masses, the gaunt foundations and ruinous lumber of the fabric that had been destroyed by the Council's orders, skeletons of girders, Titanic masses of wall, forests of stout pillars. Amongst the sombre wreckage beneath, running water flashed and glistened, and far away across the space, out of the midst of a vague vast mass of buildings, there thrust the twisted end of a water-main, two hundred feet in the air, thunderously spouting a shining cascade. And everywhere great multitudes of people.

Wherever there was space and foothold, people swarmed, little people, small and minutely clear, except where the sunset touched them to indistinguishable gold. They clambered up the tottering walls, they clung in wreaths and groups about the high-standing pillars. They swarmed along the edges of the circle

of ruins. The air was full of their shouting, and they were pressing and swaying towards the central space.

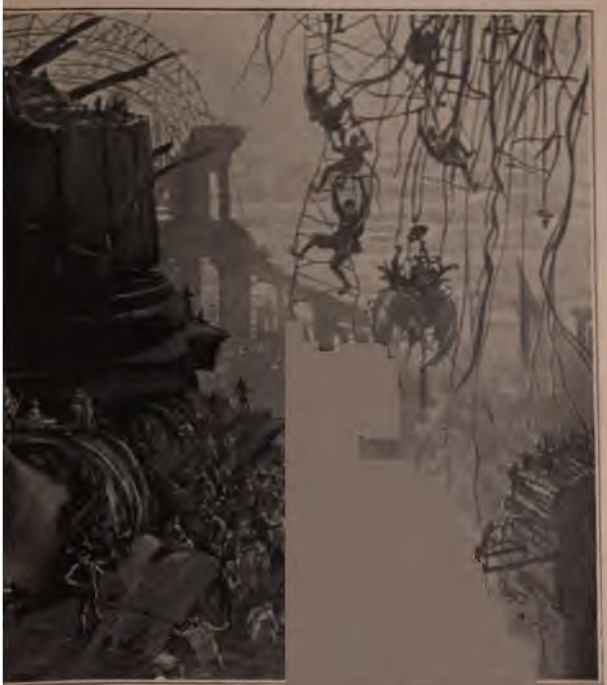
The upper storeys of the Council House seemed deserted, not a human being was visible. Only the drooping banner of the surrender hung heavily against the light. The dead were within the Council House, or hidden by the swarming people, or carried away. Graham could see only a few neglected bodies in gaps and corners of the ruins, and amidst the flowing water.

"Will you let them see you, Sire?" said Ostrog. "They are very anxious to see you."

Graham hesitated, and then walked forward to where the broken verge of wall dropped sheer. He stood looking down, a lonely, tall, black figure against the sky.

Very slowly the swarming ruins became aware of him. And as they did so little bands of black-uniformed men appeared remotely, thrusting through the crowds towards the Council House. He saw little black heads become pink, looking at him, saw by that means a wave of recognition sweep across the space. It occurred to him that he should accord them some recognition. He held up his arm, then pointed to the Council House and dropped his hand. The voices below became unanimous, gathered volume, came up to him as multitudinous wavelets of cheering.

The western sky was a pallid bluish green, and Jupiter shone high in the south, before the capitulation was accomplished. Above was a slow insensibl change, the advance of night serene and beautiful below was hurry, excitement, conflicting order pauses, spasmodic developments of organisation,



ASSES OF TWISTED CABLE DROPPED LIKE TANGLED SEA-WEED"

vast ascending clamour and confusion. Before the Council came out, toiling perspiring men, directed by a conflict of shouts, carried forth hundreds of those who had perished in the hand-to-hand conflict within those long passages and chambers. . . .

Guards in black lined the way that the Council would come, and as far as the eye could reach into the hazy blue twilight of the ruins, and swarming now at every possible point in the captured Council House and along the shattered cliff of its circumadjacent buildings, were innumerable people, and their voices even when they were not cheering, were as the soughing of the sea upon a pebble beach. Ostrog had chosen a huge commanding pile of crushed and overthrown masonry, and on this a stage of timbers and metal girders was being hastily constructed. Its essential parts were complete, but humming and clangorous machinery still glared fitfully in the shadows beneath this temporary edifice.

The stage had a small higher portion on which Graham stood with Ostrog and Lincoln close beside him, a little in advance of a group of minor officers. A broader lower stage surrounded this quarter deck, and on this were the black-uniformed guards of the revolt armed with the little green weapons whose very names Graham still did not know. Those standing about him perceived that his eyes wandered perpetually from the swarming people in the twilight ruins about him to the darkling mass of the White Council House, whence the Trustees would presently come, and to the gaunt cliffs of ruin that encircled him, and so back

to the people. The voices of the crowd swelled to deafening tumult.

He saw the Councillors first afar off in the glare one of the temporary lights that marked their pa a little group of white figures blinking in a black arc way. In the Council House they had been in dar ness. He watched them approaching, drawing near past first this blazing electric star and then that; th minatory roar of the crowd over whom their powe had lasted for a hundred and fifty years marched alon beside them. As they drew still nearer their face came out weary, white and anxious. He sa them blinking up through the glare about him an Ostrog. He contrasted their strange cold looks in th Hall of Atlas. . . . Presently he could recogni several of them; the man who had rapped the table a Howard, a burly man with a red beard, and one deli cate-featured, short, dark man with a peculiarly lon skull. He noted that two were whispering togethe and looking behind him at Ostrog. Next there came a tall, dark and handsome man, walking downcast Abruptly he glanced up, his eyes touched Graham for a moment, and passed beyond him to Ostrog. The way that had been made for them was so contrived that they had to march past and curve about before they came to the sloping path of planks that ascended to the stage where their surrender was to be made.

"The Master, the Master! God and the Master," shouted the people. "To hell with the Council!" Graham looked at their multitudes, receding beyond counting into a shouting haze, and then at Ostrog beside him, white and steadfast and still. His eye

gain to the little group of White Councillors.
n he looked up at the familiar quiet stars over-
The marvellous element in his fate was sud-
ivid. Could that be his indeed, that little life
iemory two hundred years gone by — and this

CHAPTER XIV

FROM THE CROW'S NEST

And so after strange delays and through an i of doubt and battle, this man from the nineteen tury came at last to his position at the head complex world.

At first when he rose from the long deep sle followed his rescue and the surrender of the C he did not recognise his surroundings. By an he gained a clue in his mind, and all that ha pened came back to him, at first with a qua insincerity like a story heard, like something re of a book. And even before his memories were the exultation of his escape, the wonder of his nence were back in his mind. He was owner the world; Master of the Earth. This new gre was in the completest sense his. He no longer to discover his experiences a dream; he becam ious now to convince himself that they were re

An obsequious valet assisted him to dress unc direction of a dignified chief attendant, a littl whose face proclaimed him Japanese, albeit he English like an Englishman. From the lat learnt something of the state of affairs. Alrea revolution was an accepted fact; already busine being resumed throughout the city. Abroa downfall of the Council had been received for th

part with delight. Nowhere was the Council popular, and the thousand cities of Western America, after two hundred years still jealous of New York. London, and the East, had risen almost unanimously two days before at the news of Graham's imprisonment. Paris was fighting within itself. The rest of the world hung in suspense.

While he was breaking his fast, the sound of a telephone bell jetted from a corner, and his chief attendant called his attention to the voice of Ostrog making polite enquiries. Graham interrupted his refreshment to reply. Very shortly Lincoln arrived, and Graham at once expressed a strong desire to talk to people and to be shown more of the new life that was opening before him. Lincoln informed him that in three hours' time a representative gathering of officials and their wives would be held in the state apartments of the wind-vane Chief. Graham's desire to traverse the ways of the city was, however, at present impossible, because of the enormous excitement of the people. It was, however, quite possible for him to take a bird's-eye view of the city from the crow's nest of the wind-vane keeper. To this accordingly Graham was conducted by his attendant. Lincoln, with a graceful compliment to the attendant, apologised for not accompanying them, on account of the present pressure of administrative work.

Higher even than the most gigantic wind-wheels hung this crow's nest, a clear thousand feet above the roofs, a little disc-shaped speck on a spear of metallic filigree, cable stayed. To its summit Graham was drawn in a little wire-hung cradle. [illegible]

the frail-seeming stem was a light gallery about w
hung a cluster of tubes — minute they looked f
above — rotating slowly on the ring of its outer
These were the specula, *en rapport* with the wind-
keeper's mirrors, in one of which Ostrog had sh
him the coming of his rule. His Japanese atten
ascended before him and they spent nearly an h
asking and answering questions.

It was a day full of the promise and quality
spring. The touch of the wind warmed. The
was an intense blue and the vast expanse of Lon
shone dazzling under the morning sun. The air
clear of smoke and haze, sweet as the air of a moun
glen.

Save for the irregular oval of ruins about the H
of the Council and the black flag of the surrender
fluttered there, the mighty city seen from ab
showed few signs of the swift revolution that had
his imagination, in one night and one day, chan
the destinies of the world. A multitude of people
swarmed over these ruins, and the huge openw
stagings in the distance from which started in time
peace the service of aeroplanes to the various g
cities of Europe and America, were also black
the victors. Across a narrow way of planking ra
on trestles that crossed the ruins a crowd of work
were busy restoring the connection between the ca
and wires of the Council House and the rest of
city, preparatory to the transfer thither of Ostr
headquarters from the Wind-Vane buildings.

For the rest the luminous expanse was undistur
So vast was its serenity in comparison with the a

of disturbance, that presently Graham, looking beyond them, could almost forget the thousands of men lying out of sight in the artificial glare within the quasi-subterranean labyrinth, dead or dying of the overnight wounds, forget the improvised wards with the hosts of surgeons, nurses, and bearers feverishly busy, forget, indeed, all the wonder, consternation and novelty under the electric lights. Down there in the hidden ways of the anthill he knew that the revolution triumphed, that black everywhere carried the day, black favours, black banners, black festoons across the streets. And out here, under the fresh sunlight, beyond the crater of the fight, as if nothing had happened to the earth, the forest of Wind Vanes that had grown from one or two while the Council had ruled, roared peacefully upon their incessant duty.

Far away, spiked, jagged and indented by the wind vanes, the Surrey Hills rose blue and faint; to the north and nearer, the sharp contours of Highgate and Muswell Hill were similarly jagged. And all over the countryside, he knew, on every crest and hill, where once the hedges had interlaced, and cottages, churches, inns, and farmhouses had nestled among their trees, wind wheels similar to those he saw and bearing like them vast advertisements, gaunt and distinctive symbols of the new age, cast their whirling shadows and stored incessantly the energy that flowed away incessantly through all the arteries of the city. And underneath these wandered the countless flocks and herds of the British Food Trust with their lonely guards and keepers.

Not a familiar outline anywhere broke the cluster

of gigantic shapes below. St. Paul's he knew sur
vived, and many of the old buildings in Westminste
embedded out of sight, arched over and covered i
among the giant growths of this great age. Th
Thames, too, made no fall and gleam of silve
to break the wilderness of the city; the thirst
water mains drank up every drop of its water
before they reached the walls. Its bed and estuary
scoured and sunken, was now a canal of sea wate
and a race of grimy bargemen brought the heav
materials of trade from the Pool thereby beneath th
very feet of the workers. Faint and dim in the east
ward between earth and sky hung the clustering mast
of the colossal shipping in the Pool. For all th
heavy traffic, for which there was no need of haste
came in gigantic sailing ships from the ends of th
earth, and the heavy goods for which there wa
urgency in mechanical ships of a smaller swifter sort

And to the south over the hills, came vast aqueduct
with sea water for the sewers and in three separat
directions, ran pallid lines — the roads, stippled wit
moving grey specks. On the first occasion that offere
he was determined to go out and see these roads
That would come after the flying ship he was presentl
to try. His attendant officer described them as a pai
of gently curving surfaces a hundred yards wide, ea
one for the traffic going in one direction, and m
a substance called Eadhamite — an artificial su
so far as he could gather, resembling toughen
Along this shot a strange traffic of narrow rubb
vehicles, great single wheels, two and four w
vehicles, sweeping along at velocities of from one

six miles a minute. Railroads had vanished; a few embankments remained as rust-crowned trenches here and there. Some few formed the cores of Eadhamite ways.

Among the first things to strike his attention had been the great fleets of advertisement balloons and kites that receded in irregular vistas northward and southward along the lines of the aëroplane journeys. No aëroplanes were to be seen. Their passages had ceased, and only one little-seeming seropile circled high in the blue distance above the Surrey Hills, an unimpressive soaring speck.

A thing Graham had already learnt, and which he found very hard to imagine, was that nearly all the towns in the country, and almost all the villages, had disappeared. Here and there only, he understood, some gigantic hotel-like edifice stood amid square miles of some single cultivation and preserved the name of a town — as Bournemouth, Wareham, or Swanage. Yet the officer had speedily convinced him how inevitable such a change had been. The old order had dotted the country with farmhouses, and every two or three miles was the ruling landlord's estate, and the place of the inn and cobbler, the grocer's shop and church — the village. Every eight miles or so was the country town, where lawyer, corn merchant, wool-stapler, saddler, veterinary surgeon, draper, milliner and so forth lived. Every nea[r] miles — simply because that eight mile market-of[ten] journey, four there and back, was as much as was [com]fortable for the farmer. But directly the railways came into play, and after them the light railways, and

all the swift new motor cars that had replaced waggon and horses, and so soon as the high roads began t be made of wood, and rubber, and Eadhamite, an all sorts of elastic durable substances — the necessit of having such frequent market towns disappeared And the big towns grew. They drew the worker wit the gravitational force of seemingly endless work, th employer with their suggestions of an infinite ocean o labour.

And as the standard of comfort rose, as the com plexity of the mechanism of living increased, life i the country had become more and more costly, o narrow and impossible. The disappearance of vica and squire, the extinction of the general practitione by the city specialist, had robbed the village of its las touch of culture. After telephone, kinematograp and phonograph had replaced newspaper, book schoolmaster, and letter, to live outside the range o the electric cables was to live an isolated savage. I the country were neither means of being clothed no fed (according to the refined conceptions of the time) no efficient doctors for an emergency, no compan and no pursuits.

Moreover, mechanical appliances in agricultur made one engineer the equivalent of thirty labourers So, inverting the condition of the city clerk in th days when London was scarce inhabitable because o the coaly foulness of its air, the labourers now cam hurrying by road or air to the city and its life an delights at night to leave it again in the morning The city had swallowed up humanity; man had entere upon a new stage in his development. First had com

the nomad, the hunter, then had followed the agriculturist of the agricultural state whose towns and cities and ports were but the headquarters and markets of the countryside. And now, logical consequence of an epoch of invention, was this huge new aggregation of men. Save London, there were only four other cities in Britain — Edinburgh, Portsmouth, Manchester and Shrewsbury. Such things as these, simple statements of fact though they were to contemporary men, strained Graham's imagination to picture. And when he glanced "over beyond there" at the strange things that existed on the Continent, it failed him altogether.

He had a vision of city beyond city, cities on great plains, cities beside great rivers, vast cities along the sea margin, cities girdled by snowy mountains. Over a great part of the earth the English tongue was spoken; taken together with its Spanish American and Hindoo and Negro and "Pidgin" dialects, it was the everyday language of two-thirds of the people of the earth. On the Continent, save as remote and curious survivals, three other languages alone held sway — German, which reached to Antioch and Genoa and jostled Spanish-English at Cadiz, a Gallicised Russian which met the Indian English in Persia and Kurdistan and the "Pidgin" English in Pekin, and French still clear and brilliant, the language of lucidity, which shared the Mediterranean with the Indian English and German and reached through a negro dialect to the Congo.

And everywhere now, through the city-set earth, save in the administered "black belt" territories of

the tropics, the same cosmopolitan social organisation prevailed, and everywhere from Pole to Equator his property and his responsibilities extended. The whole world was civilised; the whole world dwelt in cities; the whole world was property. Over the British Empire and throughout America his ownership was scarcely disguised, Congress and Parliament were usually regarded as antique, curious gatherings. And even in the two Empires of Russia and Germany, the influence of his wealth was conceivably of enormous weight. There, of course, came problems — possibilities, but, uplifted as he was, even Russia and Germany seemed sufficiently remote. And of the quality of the black belt administration, and of what that might mean for him he thought, after the fashion of his former days, not at all. That it should hang like a threat over the spacious vision before him could not enter his nineteenth century mind. But his mind turned at once from the scenery to the thought of a vanished dread. "What of the yellow peril?" he asked and Asano made him explain. The Chinese spectre had vanished. Chinaman and European were at peace. The twentieth century had discovered with reluctant certainty that the average Chinaman was as civilised, more moral, and far more intelligent than the average European serf, and had repeated on a gigantic scale the fraternisation of Scot and Englishman that happened in the seventeenth century. As Asano put it; "They thought it over. They found we were white men after all." Graham turned again to the view and his thoughts took a new direction.

Out of the dim south-west, glittering and strange

oluptuous, and in some way terrible, shone those Pleasure Cities, of which the kinematograph-phonograph and the old man in the street had spoken. Strange places reminiscent of the legendary Sybaris, cities of art and beauty, mercenary art and mercenary beauty, sterile wonderful cities of motion and music, whither repaired all who profited by the fierce, inglorious, economic struggle that went on in the glaring labyrinth below.

Fierce he knew it was. How fierce he could judge from the fact that these latter-day people referred back to the England of the nineteenth century as the figure of an idyllic easy-going life. He turned his eyes to the scene immediately before him again, trying to conceive the big factories of that intricate maze.

Northward he knew were the potters, makers not only of earthenware and china, but of the kindred pastes and compounds a subtler mineralogical chemistry had devised; there were the makers of statuettes and wall ornaments and much intricate furniture; there too were the factories where feverishly competitive authors devised their phonograph discourses and advertisements and arranged the groupings and developments for their perpetually startling and novel kinematographic dramatic works. Thence, too, flashed the world-wide messages, the world-wide falsehoods of the news-tellers, the chargers of the telephonic machines that had replaced the newspapers of the past.

To the westward beyond the smashed Council House were the voluminous offices of municipal control and government; and to the eastward, towards the port, the trading quarters, the huge public markets,

the theatres, houses of resort, betting palaces, miles o billiard saloons, baseball and football circuses, wil beast rings and the innumerable temples of the Chris tian and quasi-Christian sects, the Mahomedans Buddhists, Gnostics, Spook Worshippers, the Incubu Worshippers, the Furniture Worshippers, and s forth; and to the south again a vast manufacture o textiles, pickles, wines and condiments. And fron point to point tore the countless multitudes along th roaring mechanical ways. A gigantic hive, of whic the winds were tireless servants, and the ceaseles wind-vanes an appropriate crown and symbol.

He thought of the unprecedented population tha had been sucked up by this sponge of halls and gal leries — the thirty-three million lives that were play ing out each its own brief ineffectual drama belo him, and the complacency that the brightness of th day and the space and splendour of the view, and abov all the sense of his own importance had begotten dwindled and perished. Looking down from thi height over the city it became at last possible to con ceive this overwhelming multitude of thirty-three mil lions, the reality of the responsibility he would tak upon himself, the vastness of the human Maelstro over which his slender kingship hung.

He tried to figure the individual life. It astonishe him to realise how little the common man had change in spite of the visible change in his conditions. Lif and property, indeed, were secure from violence almos all over the world, zymotic diseases, bacterial disease of all sorts had practically vanished, everyone had a sufficiency of food and clothing, was warmed in th

city ways and sheltered from the weather — so much the almost mechanical progress of science and the physical organisation of society had accomplished. But the crowd, he was already beginning to discover, was a crowd still, helpless in the hands of demagogue and organiser, individually cowardly, individually swayed by appetite, collectively incalculable. The memory of countless figures in pale blue canvas came before his mind. Millions of such men and women below him, he knew, had never been out of the city, had never seen beyond the little round of unintelligent grudging participation in the world's business, and unintelligent dissatisfied sharing in its tawdrier pleasures. He thought of the hopes of his vanished contemporaries, and for a moment the dream of London in Morris's quaint old *News from Nowhere* and the perfect land of Hudson's beautiful *Crystal Age* appeared before him in an atmosphere of infinite loss. He thought of his own hopes.

For in the latter days of that passionate life that lay now so far behind him, the conception of a free and equal manhood had become a very real thing to him. He had hoped, as indeed his age had hoped, rashly taking it for granted, that the sacrifice of the many to the few would some day cease, that a day was near when every child born of woman should have a fair and assured chance of happiness. And here, after two hundred years, the same hope, still unfulfilled, cried passionately through the city. After two hundred years, he knew, greater than ever, grown with the city to gigantic proportions, were poverty and helpless labour and all the sorrows of his time.

Already he knew something of the history c intervening years. He had heard now of the decay that had followed the collapse of supern religion in the minds of ignoble man, the decli public honour, the ascendency of wealth. For who had lost their belief in God had still kept t faith in property, and wealth ruled a venial world.

His Japanese attendant, Asano, in expounding political history of the intervening two centuries, d an apt image from a seed eaten by insect paras First there is the original seed, ripening vigoro enough. And then comes some insect and lays an e under the skin, and behold! in a little while the s is a hollow shape with an active grub inside that eaten out its substance. And then comes some s ondary parasite, some ichneumon fly, and lays an e within this grub, and behold! that, too, is a holl shape, and the new living thing is inside its predec sor's skin which itself is snug within the seed c And the seed coat still keeps its shape, most pe think it a seed still, and for all one knows it may think itself a seed, vigorous and alive. "Your torian kingdom," said Asano, "was like that — ship with the heart eaten out." The landow the barons and gentry — began ages ago wit John; there were lapses, but they beheaded Charles, and ended practically with King Geo mere husk of a king . . . the real power in hands of their parliament. But the Parliament — t organ of the land-holding tenant-ruling gentry — d not keep its power long. The change had alrea come in the nineteenth century. The franchises h

en broadened until it included masses of ignorant
, "urban myriads," who went in their leatureless
sands to vote together. And the natural conse-
ence of a swarming constituency is the rule of the
arty organisation. Power was passing even in the
Victorian time to the party machinery, secret, com-
plex, and corrupt. Very speedily power was in the
hands of great men of business who financed the
machines. A time came when the real power and
interest of the Empire rested visibly between the two
party councils, ruling by newspapers and electoral
organisations — two small groups of rich and able
men, working at first in opposition, then presently
together.

There was a reaction of a genteel ineffectual sort.
There were numberless books in existence, Asano said,
to prove that — the publication of some of them was
as early as Graham's sleep — a whole literature of
reaction in fact. The party of the reaction seems to
ave locked itself into its study and rebelled with
flinching determination — on paper. The urgent
essity of either capturing or depriving the party
ncils of power is a common suggestion underlying
e thoughtful work of the early twentieth century,
, in America and England. In most of these
s America was a little earlier than England,
gh both countries drove the same way.

That counter-revolution never came. It could
never organise and keep pure. There was not enough
of the old sentimentality, the old faith in righteous-
ness, left among men. Any organisation that became
big enough to influence the polls be [illegible] comple-

enough to be undermined, broken up, or bought outright by capable rich men. Socialistic and Popular, Reactionary and Purity Parties were all at last mere Stock Exchange counters, selling their principles to pay for their electioneering. And the great concern of the rich was naturally to keep property intact, the board clear for the game of trade. Just as the feudal concern had been to keep the board clear for hunting and war. The whole world was exploited, a battlefield of businesses; and financial convulsions, the scourge of currency manipulation, tariff wars, made more human misery during the twentieth century — because the wretchedness was dreary life instead of speedy death — than had war, pestilence and famine, in the darkest hours of earlier history.

His own part in the development of this time he now knew clearly enough. Through the successive phases in the development of this mechanical civilisation, aiding and presently directing its development, there had grown a new power, the Council, the board of his trustees. At first it had been a mere chance union of the millions of Isbister and Warming, a mere property holding company, the creation of two childless testators' whims, but the collective talent of its first constitution had speedily guided it to a vast influence, until by title deed, loan and share, under a hundred disguises and pseudonyms it had ramified through the fabric of the American and English States.

Wielding an enormous influence and patronage, the Council had early assumed a political aspect; and in its development it had continually used its wealth to

tip the beam of political decisions and its political advantages to grasp yet more and more wealth. At last the party organisations of two hemispheres were in its hands; it became an inner council of political control. Its last struggle was with the tacit alliance of the great Jewish families. But these families were linked only by a feeble sentiment, at any time inheritance might fling a huge fragment of their resources to a minor, a woman or a fool, marriages and legacies alienated hundreds of thousands at one blow. The Council had no such breach in its continuity. Steadily, steadfastly it grew.

The original Council was not simply twelve men of exceptional ability; they fused, it was a council of genius. It struck boldly for riches, for political influence, and the two subserved each other. With amazing foresight it spent great sums of money on the art of flying, holding that invention back against an hour foreseen. It used the patent laws, and a thousand half-legal expedients, to hamper all investigators who refused to work with it. In the old days it never missed a capable man. It paid his price. Its policy in those days was vigorous — unerring, and against it as it grew steadily and incessantly was only the chaotic selfish rule of the casually rich. In a hundred years Graham had become almost exclusive owner of Africa, of South America, of France, of London, of England and all its influence — for all practical purposes, that is — a power in North America — then the dominant power in America. The Council bought organised China, drilled Asia, crippled the Old

World empires, undermined them financially, and defeated them.

And this spreading usurpation of the world dexterously performed—a proteus—hundred banks, companies, syndicates, masked the Co operations—that it was already far advanced common men suspected the tyranny that had The Council never hesitated, never faltered. M communication, land, buildings, governments, palities, the territorial companies of the tropics human enterprise, it gathered greedily. And it and marshalled its men, its railway police, its r police, its house guards, and drain and cable its hosts of land-workers. Their unions it fight, but it undermined and betrayed and them. It bought the world at last. And, fin culminating stroke was the introduction of flying.

When the Council, in conflict with the work some of its huge monopolies, did something flagr illegal and that without even the ordinary civil bribery, the old Law, alarmed for the profits o complaisance, looked about it for weapons. But t were no more armies, no fighting navies; the a Peace had come. The only possible war ships the great steam vessels of the Council's Navig Trust. The police forces they controlled; the poli the railways, of the ships, of their agricultural est their time-keepers and order-keepers, outnumbe the neglected little forces of the old country and mu cipal organisations ten to one. And they produ flying machines. There were men alive still who co remember the last great debate in the London Ho

of Commons—the legal party, the party against the Council was in a minority, but it made a desperate fight—and how the members came crowding out upon the terrace to see these great unfamiliar winged things circling quietly overhead. The Council had succumbed to its power. The last sham of a democracy that had permitted unlimited irresponsible property was at an end.

Within one hundred and fifty years of Graham's fall-asleep, his Council had thrown off its disguises and ruled openly, supreme in his name. Elections had become a cheerful formality, a septennial folly, an amusing but unmeaning custom; a social Parliament as ineffectual as the convocation of the Established Church in Victorian times assembled now and then; and a legitimate King of England, disinherited, drunken and witless, played foolishly in a second-rate music-hall. So the magnificent dream of the nineteenth century, the noble project of universal individual liberty and universal happiness, touched by a flame of honour, crippled by a superstition of absolute property, crippled by the religious feuds that had robbed the common citizens of education, robbed men of standards of conduct, and brought the sanctions of morality to utter contempt, had worked itself out in the face of invention and ignoble enterprise, first to a warring plutocracy, and finally to the rule of a supreme plutocrat. His Council at last had ceased even to trouble to have its decrees endorsed by the constitutional authorities, and he a motionless, sallow, yellow-skinned figure had lain, neither dead nor living, recognisably and immediately Master of the

Earth. And awoke at last to find himself—Master of that inheritance! Awoke to stand under the cloudless empty sky and gaze down upon the greatness of his dominion.

To what end had he awakened? Was this city, this hive of hopeless toilers, the final refutation of his ancient hopes? Or was the fire of liberty, the fire that had blazed and waned in the years of his past life, still smouldering below there? He thought of the stir and impulse of the song of the revolution. Was that song merely the trick of a demagogue, to be forgotten when its purpose was served? Was the hope that still stirred within him only the memory of abandoned things, the vestige of a creed outworn? Or had it a wider meaning, an import interwoven with the destiny of man? To what end had he awakened, what was there for him to do? Humanity was spread below him like a map. He thought of the millions and millions of humanity following each other unceasingly for ever out of the darkness of non-existence into the darkness of death. To what end? Aim there must be, but it transcended his power of thought. He saw for the first time clearly his own infinite littleness, saw stark and terrible the tragic contrast of human strength and the craving of the human heart. For that little while he knew himself for the petty accident he was, and knew therewith the greatness of his desire. And suddenly his littleness was intolerable, his aspiration was intolerable, and there came to him an irresistible impulse to pray. And he prayed. He prayed vague, incoherent, contradictory things, his soul strained up through the space and all the fleeting multitudinous confu

[illegible] something—he scarcely knew what—
[illegible] that could comprehend his straining
[illegible].

[illegible] a woman were far below on a roof space
[illegible] enjoying the freshness of the morn-
[illegible] had brought out a perspective glass
[illegible] the Council House and he was showing
[illegible] use it. Presently their curiosity was sat-
[illegible] could see no traces of bloodshed from their
[illegible] and after a survey of the empty sky she came
[illegible] the crow's nest. And there she saw two little
[illegible]res, so small it was hard to believe they were
[illegible] who watched and one who gesticulated with
[illegible] stretched to the silent emptiness of Heaven.
[illegible]nded the glass to the man. He looked and
[illegible]d:
[illegible]eve it is the Master. Yes. I am sure. It *is*
[illegible]er!"
[illegible]wered the glass and looked at her. "Waving
[illegible]s about almost as if he was praying. I wonder
[illegible] is up to. Worshipping the sun? There
Parsees in this country in *his* time, were

[illegible]oked again. "He's stopped it now. It was a
[illegible]ttitude, I suppose." He put down the glass
[illegible]me meditative. "He won't have anything to
[illegible]njoy himself—just enjoy himself. Ostrog will
[illegible] show of course. Ostrog will have to, because
[illegible]ng all these Labourer fools in bounds. Them
[illegible]r song! And got it all by sleeping, dear eyes
[illegible]eeping. It's a wonderful world."

CHAPTER XV

PROMINENT PEOPLE

The state apartments of the Wind Vane
would have seemed astonishingly intricate to G
had he entered them fresh from his nineteenth c
life, but already he was growing accustomed to th
of the new time. They can scarcely be descri
halls and rooms, seeing that a complicated sys
arches, bridges, passages and galleries divide
united every part of the great space. He can
through one of the now familiar sliding panels t
plateau of landing at the head of a flight of very
and gentle steps, with men and women far
brilliantly dressed than any he had hitherto
ascending and descending. From this positi
looked down a vista of intricate ornament in lus
white and mauve and purple, spanned by bridg
seemed wrought of porcelain and filigree, and t
ating far off in a cloudy mystery of perforated s

Glancing upward, he saw tier above tier of a
ing galleries with faces looking down upon him.
air was full of the babble of innumerable voices
a music that descended from above, a gay and e
rating music whose source he never discovered.

The central aisle was thick with people, but
means uncomfortably crowded; altogether that
bly must have numbered many thousands. The

ly, even fantastically dressed, the men as fanci- the women, for the sobering influence of the conception of dignity upon masculine dress since passed away. The hair of the men, too, it was rarely worn long, was commonly curled nner that suggested the barber, and baldness nished from the earth. Frizzy straight-cut that would have charmed Rossetti abounded, gentleman, who was pointed out to Graham he mysterious title of an "amorist", wore his two becoming plaits *a la* Marguerite. The was in evidence; it would seem that citizens of extraction were no longer ashamed of their There was little uniformity of fashion apparent forms of clothing worn. The more shapely splayed their symmetry in trunk hose, and ere puffs and slashes, and there a cloak re a robe. The fashions of the days of e Tenth were perhaps the prevailing influ- ut the aesthetic conceptions of the far east lso patent. Masculine embonpoint, which, rian times, would have been subjected to the buttoned perils, the ruthless exaggeration of gged tight-armed evening dress, now formed basis of a wealth of dignity and drooping folds. l slenderness abounded also. To Graham, a y stiff man from a typically stiff period, not only e men seem altogether too graceful in person, gether too expressive in their vividly expres- es. They gesticulated, they expressed surprise, , amusement, above all, they expressed the as excited in their minds by the ladies about

them with astonishing frankness. Even at the glance it was evident that women were in a g majority.

The ladies in the company of these gentlemen played in dress, bearing and manner alike, emphasis and more intricacy. Some affected a c ical simplicity of robing and subtlety of fold, after fashion of the First French Empire, and flashed quering arms and shoulders as Graham pas Others had closely-fitting dresses without seam or at the waist, sometimes with long folds falling from shoulders. The delightful confidences of ever dress had not been diminished by the passage of centuries.

Everyone's movements seemed graceful. Gra remarked to Lincoln that he saw men as Raphael's toons walking, and Lincoln told him that the att ment of an appropriate set of gestures was par every rich person's education. The Master's entry greeted with a sort of tittering applause, but these ple showed their distinguished manners by not cro ing upon him nor annoying him by any persis scrutiny, as he descended the steps towards the flo the aisle.

He had already learnt from Lincoln that these the leaders of existing London society; almost e person there that night was either a powerful of or the immediate connexion of a powerful offi Many had returned from the European Pleasure C expressly to welcome him. The aëronautic aut ities, whose defection had played a part in the c throw of the Council only second to Graham's

very prominent, and so, too, was the Wind Vane Control. Amongst others there were several of the more prominent officers of the Food Trust; the controller of the European Piggeries had a particularly melancholy and interesting countenance and a daintily cynical manner. A bishop in full canonicals passed athwart Graham's vision, conversing with a gentleman dressed exactly like the traditional Chaucer, including even the laurel wreath.

"Who is that?" he asked almost involuntarily.

"The Bishop of London," said Lincoln.

"No—the other, I mean."

"Poet Laureate."

"You still——?"

"He doesn't make poetry, of course. He's a cousin of Wotton—one of the Councillors. But he's one of the Red Rose Royalists—a delightful club—and they keep up the tradition of these things."

"Asano told me there was a King."

"The King doesn't belong. They had to expel him. It's the Stuart blood, I suppose; but really—"

"Too much?"

"Far too much."

Graham did not quite follow all this, but it seemed part of the general inversion of the new age. He bowed condescendingly to his first introduction. It was evident that subtle distinctions of class prevailed even in this assembly, that only to a small proportion of the guests, to an inner group, did Lincoln consider it appropriate to introduce him. This first introduction was the Master Aëronaut, a man whose sunface contrasted oddly with the delicate com-

plexions about him. Just at present his critical defection from the Council made him a very important person indeed.

His manner contrasted very favourably, according to Graham's ideas, with the general bearing. He made a few commonplace remarks, assurances of loyalty and frank inquiries about the Master's health. His manner was breezy, his accent lacked the easy staccato of latter-day English. He made it admirably clear to Graham that he was a bluff "aerial dog"—he used that phrase—that there was no nonsense about him, that he was a thoroughly manly fellow and old-fashioned at that, that he didn't profess to know much, and that what he did not know was not worth knowing. He made a manly bow, ostentatiously free from obsequiousness, and passed.

"I am glad to see that type endures," said Graham.

"Phonographs and kinematographs," said Lincoln, a little spitefully. "He has studied from the life." Graham glanced at the burly form again. It was oddly reminiscent.

"As a matter of fact we bought him," said Lincoln "Partly. And partly he was afraid of Ostrog. Everything rested with him."

He turned sharply to introduce the Surveyor-General of the Public School Trust. This person was a willowy figure in a blue-grey academic gown, he beamed down upon Graham through *pince-nez* of a Victorian pattern, and illustrated his remarks by gestures of a beautifully manicured hand. Graham was immediately interested in this gentleman's functions, and asked him a number of singularly direct questions.

The Surveyor-General seemed quietly amused at the Master's fundamental bluntness. He was a little vague as to the monopoly of education his Company possessed; it was done by contract with the syndicate that run the numerous London Municipalities, but he waxed enthusiastic over educational progress since the Victorian times. "We have conquered Cram," he said, "completely conquered Cram—there is not an examination left in the world. Aren't you glad?"

"How do you get the work done?" asked Graham.

"We make it attractive—as attractive as possible. And if it does not attract then—we let it go. We cover an immense field."

He proceeded to details, and they had a lengthy conversation. The Surveyor-General mentioned the names of Pestalozzi and Froebel with profound respect, although he displayed no intimacy with their epoch-making works. Graham learnt that University Extension still existed in a modified form. "There is a certain type of girl, for example," said the Surveyor-General, dilating with a sense of his usefulness, "with a perfect passion for severe studies—when they are not too difficult you know. We cater for them by the thousand. At this moment," he said with a Napoleonic touch, "nearly five hundred phonographs are lecturing in different parts of London on the influence exercised by Plato and Swift on the love affairs of Shelley, Hazlitt, and Burns. And afterwards they write essays on the lectures, and the names in order of merit are put in conspicuous places. You see how your little germ has grown? The illiterate middle-class of your days has quite passed away."

"About the public elementary schools," said Graham. "Do you control them?"

The Surveyor-General did, "entirely." Now, Graham, in his later democratic days, had taken a keen interest in these and his questioning quickened. Certain casual phrases that had fallen from the old man with whom he had talked in the darkness recurred to him. The Surveyor-General, in effect, endorsed the old man's words. "We have abolished Cram," he said, a phrase Graham was beginning to interpret as the abolition of all sustained work. The Surveyor-General became sentimental. "We try and make the elementary schools very pleasant for the little children. They will have to work so soon. Just a few simple principles—obedience—industry."

"You teach them very little?"

"Why should we? It only leads to trouble and discontent. We amuse them. Even as it is—there are troubles—agitations. Where the labourers get the ideas, one cannot tell. They tell one another. There are socialistic dreams—anarchy even! Agitators *will* get to work among them. I take it—I have always taken it—that my foremost duty is to fight against popular discontent. Why should people be made unhappy?"

"I wonder," said Graham thoughtfully. "But there are a great many things I want to know."

Lincoln, who had stood watching Graham's face throughout the conversation, intervened. "There are others," he said in an undertone.

The Surveyor-General of schools gesticulated himself away. "Perhaps," said Lincoln, intercepting a

casual glance, "you would like to know some of these ladies?"

The daughter of the Manager of the Piggeries of the European Food Trust was a particularly charming little person with red hair and animated blue eyes. Lincoln left him awhile to converse with her, and she displayed herself as quite an enthusiast for the "dear old times," as she called them, that had seen the beginning of his trance. As she talked she smiled, and her eyes smiled in a manner that demanded reciprocity.

"I have tried," she said, "countless times—to imagine those old romantic days. And to you—they are memories. How strange and crowded the world must seem to you! I have seen photographs and pictures of the old times, the little isolated houses built of bricks made out of burnt mud and all black with soot from your fires, the railway bridges, the simple advertisements, the solemn savage Puritanical men in strange black coats and those tall hats of theirs, iron railway trains on iron bridges overhead, horses and cattle, and even dogs running half wild about the streets. And suddenly, you have come into this!"

"Into this," said Graham.

"Out of your life—out of all that was familiar."

"The old life was not a happy one," said Graham. "I do not regret that."

She looked at him quickly. There was a brief pause. She sighed encouragingly. "No?"

"No," said Graham. "It was a little life—and unmeaning. But this—. We thought the world complex and crowded and civilised enough. Yet I see—although in this world I am barely four days old—

looking back on my own time, that it was a queer, barbaric time—the mere beginning of this new order. The mere beginning of this new order. You will find it hard to understand how little I know."

"You may ask me what you like," she said, smiling at him.

"Then tell me who these people are. I'm still very much in the dark about them. It's puzzling. Are there any Generals?"

"Men in hats and feathers?"

"Of course not. No. I suppose they are the men who control the great public businesses. Who is that distinguished looking man?"

"That? He's a most important officer. That is Morden. He is managing director of the Antibilious Pill Company. I have heard that his workers sometimes turn out a myriad myriad pills a day in the twenty-four hours. Fancy a myriad myriad!"

"A myriad myriad. No wonder he looks proud," said Graham. "Pills! What a wonderful time it is! That man in purple?"

"He is not quite one of the inner circle, you know. But we like him. He is really clever and very amusing. He is one of the heads of the Medical Faculty of our London University. All medical men, you know, are shareholders in the Medical Faculty Company, and wear that purple. You have to be—to be qualified. But of course, people who are paid by fees for *doing* something—" She smiled away the social pretensions of all such people.

"Are any of your great artists or authors here?"

"No authors. They are mostly such queer people—

and so preoccupied about themselves. And they quarrel so dreadfully! They will fight, some of them, for precedence on staircases! Dreadful isn't it? But I think Wraysbury, the fashionable capillotomist, is here. From Capri."

"Capillotomist," said Graham. "Ah! I remember. An artist! Why not?"

"We have to cultivate him," she said apologetically. "Our heads are in his hands." She smiled.

Graham hesitated at the invited compliment, but his glance was expressive. "Have the arts grown with the rest of civilised things?" he said. "Who are your great painters?"

She looked at him doubtfully. Then laughed. "For a moment," she said, "I thought you meant—" She laughed again. "You mean, of course, those good men you used to think so much of because they could cover great spaces of canvas with oil-colours? Great oblongs. And people used to put the things in gilt frames and hang them up in rows in their square rooms. We haven't any. People grew tired of that sort of thing."

"But what did you think I meant?"

She put a finger significantly on a cheek whose glow was above suspicion, and smiled and looked very arch and pretty and inviting. "And here," and she indicated her eyelid.

Graham had an adventurous moment. Then a grotesque memory of a picture he had somewhere seen of Uncle Toby and the Widow flashed across his mind. An archaic shame came upon him. He became acutely aware that he was visible to a great

number of interested people. "I see," he remarked inadequately. He turned awkwardly away from her fascinating facility. He looked about him to meet a number of eyes that immediately occupied themselves with other things. Possibly he coloured a little. "Who is that talking with the lady in saffron?" he asked, avoiding her eyes.

The person in question he learnt was one of the great organisers of the American theatres just fresh from a gigantic production at Mexico. His face reminded Graham of a bust of Caligula. Another striking looking man was the Black Labour Master. The phrase at the time made no deep impression, but afterwards it recurred;—the Black Labour Master? The little lady, in no degree embarrassed, pointed out to him a charming little woman as one of the subsidiary wives of the Anglican Bishop of London. She added encomiums on the episcopal courage—hitherto there had been a rule of clerical monogamy—"neither a natural nor an expedient condition of things. Why should the natural development of the affections be dwarfed and restricted because a man is a priest?"

"And, bye the bye," she added, "are you an Anglican?" Graham was on the verge of hesitating inquiries about the status of a "subsidiary wife," apparently an euphemistic phrase, when Lincoln's return broke off this very suggestive and interesting conversation. They crossed the aisle to where a tall man in crimson, and two charming persons in Burmese costume (as it seemed to him) awaited him diffidently. From their civilities he passed to other presentations.

In a little while his multitudinous impressions

began to organise themselves into a general effect. At first the glitter of the gathering had raised all the democrat in Graham; he had felt hostile and satirical. But it is not in human nature to resist an atmosphere of courteous regard. Soon the music, the light, the play of colours, the shining arms and shoulders about him, the touch of hands, the transient interest of smiling faces, the frothing sound of skilfully modulated voices, the atmosphere of compliment, interest and respect, had woven together into a fabric of indisputable pleasure. Graham for a time forgot his spacious resolutions. He gave way insensibly to the intoxication of the position that was conceded him, his manner became less conscious, more convincingly regal, his feet walked assuredly, the black robe fell with a bolder fold and pride ennobled his voice. After all this was a brilliant interesting world.

His glance went approvingly over the shifting colours of the people, it rested here and there in kindly criticism upon a face. Presently it occurred to him that he owed some apology to the charming little person with the red hair and blue eyes. He felt guilty of a clumsy snub. It was not princely to ignore her advances, even if his policy necessitated their rejection. He wondered if he should see her again. And suddenly a little thing touched all the glamour of this brilliant gathering and changed its quality.

He looked up and saw passing across a bridge of porcelain and looking down upon him, a face that was almost immediately hidden, the face of the girl he had seen overnight in the little room beyond the theatre after his escape from the Council. And she was look-

ing with much the same expression of curious expectation, of uncertain intentness, upon his proceedings. For the moment he did not remember when he had seen her, and then with recognition came a vague memory of the stirring emotions of their first encounter. But the dancing web of melody about him kept the air of that great marching song from his memory.

The lady to whom he was talking repeated her remark, and Graham recalled himself to the quasi-regal flirtation upon which he was engaged.

But from that moment a vague restlessness, a feeling that grew to dissatisfaction, came into his mind. He was troubled as if by some half forgotten duty, by the sense of things important slipping from him amidst this light and brilliance. The attraction that these bright ladies who crowded about him were beginning to exercise ceased. He no longer made vague and clumsy responses to the subtly amorous advances that he was now assured were being made to him, and his eyes wandered for another sight of that face that had appealed so strongly to his sense of beauty. But he did not see her again until he was awaiting Lincoln's return to leave this assembly. In answer to his request Lincoln had promised that an attempt should be made to fly that afternoon, if the weather permitted. He had gone to make certain necessary arrangements.

Graham was in one of the upper galleries in conversation with a bright-eyed lady on the subject of Eadhamite—the subject was his choice and not hers. He had interrupted her warm assurances of personal devotion with a matter-of-fact inquiry. He found her, as he had already found several other latter-day

women that night, less well informed than charming. Suddenly, struggling against the eddying drift of nearer melody, the song of the Revolt, the great song he had heard in the Hall, hoarse and massive, came beating down to him.

He glanced up startled, and perceived above him an *œil de boeuf* through which this song had come, and beyond, the upper courses of cable, the blue haze, and the pendant fabric of the lights of the public ways. He heard the song break into a tumult of voices and cease. But now he perceived quite clearly the drone and tumult of the moving platforms and a murmur of many people. He had a vague persuasion that he could not account for, a sort of instinctive feeling that outside in the ways a huge crowd must be watching this place in which their Master amused himself. He wondered what they might be thinking.

Though the song had stopped so abruptly, though the special music of this gathering reasserted itself, the *motif* of the marching song, once it had begun, lingered in his mind.

The bright-eyed lady was still struggling with the mysteries of Eadhamite when he perceived the girl he had seen in the theatre again. She was coming now along the gallery towards him; he saw her first before she saw him. She was dressed in a faintly luminous grey, her dark hair about her brows was like a cloud, and as he saw her the cold light from the circular opening into the ways fell upon her downcast face.

The lady in trouble about the Eadhamite saw the change in his expression, and grasped her opportunity to escape. "Would you care to know that girl, Sire?"

she asked boldly. "She is Helen Wotton—a niece of Ostrog's. She knows a great many serious things. She is one of the most serious persons alive. I am sure you will like her."

In another moment Graham was talking to the girl, and the bright-eyed lady had fluttered away.

"I remember you quite well," said Graham. "You were in that little room. When all the people were singing and beating time with their feet. Before I walked across the Hall."

Her momentary embarrassment passed. She looked up at him, and her face was steady. "It was wonderful," she said, hesitated, and spoke with a sudden effort. "All those people would have died for you, Sire. Countless people did die for you that night."

Her face glowed. She glanced swiftly aside to see that no other heard her words.

Lincoln appeared some way off along the gallery, making his way through the press towards them. She saw him and turned to Graham strangely eager, with a swift change to confidence and intimacy. "Sire," she said quickly, "I cannot tell you now and here. But the common people are very unhappy; they are oppressed—they are misgoverned. Do not forget the people, who faced death—death that you might live."

"I know nothing—" began Graham.

"I cannot tell you now."

Lincoln's face appeared close to them. He bowed an apology to the girl.

"You find the new world pleasant, Sire?" asked Lincoln, with smiling deference, and indicating the space

and splendour of the gathering by one comprehensive gesture. "At any rate, you find it changed."

"Yes," said Graham, "changed. And yet, after all, not so greatly changed."

"Wait till you are in the air," said Lincoln. "The wind has fallen; even now an aëropile awaits you."

The girl's attitude awaited dismissal.

Graham glanced at her face, was on the verge of a question, found a warning in her expression, bowed to her and turned to accompany Lincoln.

CHAPTER XVI

THE AEROPILE

For a while, as Graham went through the passages of the Wind-Vane offices with Lincoln, he was preoccupied. But, by an effort, he attended to the things which Lincoln was saying. Soon his preoccupation vanished. Lincoln was talking of flying. Graham had a strong desire to know more of this new human attainment. He began to ply Lincoln with questions. He had followed the crude beginnings of aërial navigation very keenly in his previous life; he was delighted to find the familiar names of Maxim and Pilcher, Langley and Chanute, and, above all, of the aërial proto-martyr Lillienthal, still honoured by men.

Even during his previous life two lines of investigation had pointed clearly to two distinct types of contrivance as possible, and both of these had been realised. On the one hand was the great engine-driven aëroplane, a double row of horizontal floats with a big aërial screw behind, and on the other the nimbler aëropile. The aëroplanes flew safely only in a calm or moderate wind, and sudden storms, occurrences that were now accurately predictable, rendered them for all practical purposes useless. They were built of enormous size — the usual stretch of wing being six hundred feet or more, and the length of the fabric a thousand feet. They were for passenger

traffic alone. The lightly swung car they carried was from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet in length. It was hung in a peculiar manner in order to minimise the complex vibration that even a moderate wind produced, and for the same reason the little seats within the car — each passenger remained seated during the voyage — were slung with great freedom of movement. The starting of the mechanism was only possible from a gigantic car on the rail of a specially constructed stage. Graham had seen these vast stages, the flying stages, from the crow's nest very well. Six huge blank areas they were, with a giant "carrier" stage on each.

The choice of descent was equally circumscribed, an accurately plane surface being needed for safe grounding. Apart from the destruction that would have been caused by the descent of this great expanse of sail and metal, and the impossibility of its rising again, the concussion of an irregular surface, a tree-set hillside, for instance, or an embankment, would be sufficient to pierce or damage the framework, to smash the ribs of the body, and perhaps kill those aboard.

At first Graham felt disappointed with these cumbersome contrivances, but he speedily grasped the fact that smaller machines would have been unremunerative, for the simple reason that their carrying power would be disproportionately diminished with diminished size. Moreover, the huge size of these things enabled them — and it was a consideration of primary importance — to traverse the air at enormous speeds, and so run no risks of unanticipated weather. The briefest journey performed, that from London to

Paris, took about three-quarters of an hour, but the velocity attained was not high; the leap to New York occupied about two hours, and by timing oneself carefully at the intermediate stations it was possible in quiet weather to go around the world in a day.

The little aëropiles (as for no particular reason they were distinctively called) were of an altogether different type. Several of these were going to and fro in the air. They were designed to carry only one or two persons, and their manufacture and maintenance was so costly as to render them the monopoly of the richer sort of people. Their sails, which were brilliantly coloured, consisted only of two pairs of lateral air floats in the same plane, and of a screw behind. Their small size rendered a descent in any open space neither difficult nor disagreeable, and it was possible to attach pneumatic wheels or even the ordinary motors for terrestrial traffic to them, and so carry them to a convenient starting place. They required a special sort of swift car to throw them into the air, but such a car was efficient in any open place clear of high buildings or trees. Human aëronautics, Graham perceived, were evidently still a long way behind the instinctive gift of the albatross or the fly-catcher. One great influence that might have brought the aëropile to a more rapid perfection had been withheld; these inventions had never been used in warfare. The last great international struggle had occurred before the usurpation of the Council.

The Flying Stages of London were collected together in an irregular crescent on the southern side of the river. They formed three groups of two each

and retained the names of ancient suburban hills or villages. They were named in order, Roehampton, Wimbledon Park, Streatham, Norwood, Blackheath, and Shooter's Hill. They were uniform structures rising high above the general roof surfaces. Each was about four thousand yards long and a thousand broad, and constructed of the compound of aluminium and iron that had replaced iron in architecture. Their higher tiers formed an openwork of girders through which lifts and staircases ascended. The upper surface was a uniform expanse, with portions — the starting carriers — that could be raised and were then able to run on very slightly inclined rails to the end of the fabric. Save for any aëropiles or aëroplanes that were in port these open surfaces were kept clear for arrivals.

During the adjustment of the aëroplanes it was the custom for passengers to wait in the system of theatres, restaurants, news-rooms, and places of pleasure and indulgence of various sorts that interwove with the prosperous shops below. This portion of London was in consequence commonly the gayest of all its districts, with something of the meretricious gaiety of a seaport or city of hotels. And for those who took a more serious view of aëronautics, the religious quarters had flung out an attractive colony of devotional hotels, while a host of brilliant medical establishments competed to supply physical preparatives for the journey. At various levels through the mass of chambers and passages beneath these, ran, in addition to the main moving ways of the city which laced and gathered here, a complex system of special passages and lifts and slides, for the convenient interchange of

people and luggage between stage and stage. And a distinctive feature of the architecture of this section was the ostentatious massiveness of the metal piers and girders that everywhere broke the vistas and spanned the halls and passages, crowding and twining up to meet the weight of the stages and the weighty impact of the aëroplanes overhead.

Graham went to the flying stages by the public ways. He was accompanied by Asano, his Japanese attendant. Lincoln was called away by Ostrog, who was busy with his administrative concerns. A strong guard of the Wind-Vane police awaited the Master outside the Wind-Vane offices, and they cleared a space for him on the upper moving platform. His passage to the flying stages was unexpected, nevertheless a considerable crowd gathered and followed him to his destination. As he went along, he could hear the people shouting his name, and saw numberless men and women and children in blue come swarming up the staircases in the central path, gesticulating and shouting. He could not hear what they shouted. He was struck again by the evident existence of a vulgar dialect among the poor of the city. When at last he descended, his guards were immediately surrounded by a dense excited crowd. Afterwards it occurred to him that some had attempted to reach him with petitions. His guards cleared a passage for him with difficulty.

He found an aëropile in charge of an aëronaut awaiting him on the westward stage. Seen close this mechanism was no longer small. As it lay on its launching carrier upon the wide expanse of the flying

stage, its aluminium body skeleton was as big as the hull of a twenty-ton yacht. Its lateral supporting sails braced and stayed with metal nerves almost like the nerves of a bee's wing, and made of some sort of glassy artificial membrane, cast their shadow over many hundreds of square yards. The chairs for the engineer and his passenger hung free to swing by a complex tackle, within the protecting ribs of the frame and well abaft the middle. The passenger's chair was protected by a wind-guard and guarded about with metallic rods carrying air cushions. It could, if desired, be completely closed in, but Graham was anxious for novel experiences, and desired that it should be left open. The aëronaut sat behind a glass that sheltered his face. The passenger could secure himself firmly in his seat, and this was almost unavoidable on landing, or he could move along by means of a little rail and rod to a locker at the stem of the machine, where his personal luggage, his wraps and restoratives were placed, and which also with the seats, served as a makeweight to the parts of the central engine that projected to the propeller at the stern.

The engine was very simple in appearance. Asano, pointing out the parts of this apparatus to him, told him that, like the gas-engine of Victorian days, it was of the explosive type, burning a small drop of a substance called "fomile" at each stroke. It consisted simply of reservoir and piston about the long fluted crank of the propeller shaft. So much Graham saw of the machine.

The flying stage about him was empty save for Asano and their suite of attendants. Directed by the

aëronaut he placed himself in his seat. He then drank a mixture containing ergot — a dose, he learnt, invariably administered to those about to fly, and designed to counteract the possible effect of diminished air pressure upon the system. Having done so, he declared himself ready for the journey. Asano took the empty glass from him, stepped through the bars of the hull, and stood below on the stage waving his hand. Suddenly he seemed to slide along the stage to the right and vanish.

The engine was beating, the propeller spinning, and for a second the stage and the buildings beyond were gliding swiftly and horizontally past Graham's eye; then these things seemed to tilt up abruptly. He gripped the little rods on either side of him instinctively. He felt himself moving upward, heard the air whistle over the top of the wind screen. The propeller screw moved round with powerful rhythmic impulses — one, two, three, pause; one, two, three — which the engineer controlled very delicately. The machine began a quivering vibration that continued throughout the flight, and the roof areas seemed running away to starboard very quickly and growing rapidly smaller. He looked from the face of the engineer through the ribs of the machine. Looking sideways, there was nothing very startling in what he saw — a rapid funicular railway might have given the same sensations. He recognised the Council House and the Highgate Ridge. And then he looked straight down between his feet.

For a moment physical terror possessed him, a passionate sense of insecurity. He held tight. For a sec-

ond or so he could not lift his eyes. Some hundred feet or more sheer below him was one of the big wind-vanes of south-west London, and beyond it the southernmost flying stage crowded with little black dots. These things seemed to be falling away from him. For a second he had an impulse to pursue the earth. He set his teeth, he lifted his eyes by a muscular effort, and the moment of panic passed.

He remained for a space with his teeth set hard, his eyes staring into the sky. Throb, throb, throb — beat, went the engine; throb, throb, throb,— beat. He gripped his bars tightly, glanced at the aëronaut, and saw a smile upon his sun-tanned face. He smiled in return — perhaps a little artificially. "A little strange at first," he shouted before he recalled his dignity. But he dared not look down again for some time. He stared over the aëronaut's head to where a rim of vague blue horizon crept up the sky. For a little while he could not banish the thought of possible accidents from his mind. Throb, throb, throb — beat; suppose some trivial screw went wrong in that supporting engine! Suppose —! He made a grim effort to dismiss all such suppositions. After a while they did at least abandon the foreground of his thoughts. And up he went steadily, higher and higher into the clear air.

Once the mental shock of moving unsupported through the air was over, his sensations ceased to be unpleasant, became very speedily pleasurable. He had been warned of air sickness. But he found the pulsating movement of the aëropile as it drove up the faint south-west breeze was very little in excess of the pitch-

ing of a boat head on to broad rollers in a moderate gale, and he was constitutionally a good sailor. And the keenness of the more rarefied air into which they ascended produced a sense of lightness and exhilaration. He looked up and saw the blue sky above fretted with cirrus clouds. His eye came cautiously down through the ribs and bars to a shining flight of white birds that hung in the lower sky. For a space he watched these. Then going lower and less apprehensively, he saw the slender figure of the Wind-Vane keeper's crow's nest shining golden in the sunlight and growing smaller every moment. As his eye fell with more confidence now, there came a blue line of hills, and then London, already to leeward, an intricate space of roofing. Its near edge came sharp and clear, and banished his last apprehensions in a shock of surprise. For the boundary of London was like a wall, like a cliff, a steep fall of three or four hundred feet, a frontage broken only by terraces here and there, a complex decorative façade.

That gradual passage of town into country through an extensive sponge of suburbs, which was so characteristic a feature of the great cities of the nineteenth century, existed no longer. Nothing remained of it but a waste of ruins here, variegated and dense with thickets of the heterogeneous growths that had once adorned the gardens of the belt, interspersed among levelled brown patches of sown ground, and verdant stretches of winter greens. The latter even spread among the vestiges of houses. But for the most part the reefs and skerries of ruins, the wreckage of suburban villas, stood among their streets and roads, queer

islands amidst the levelled expanses of green and brown, abandoned indeed by the inhabitants years since, but too substantial, it seemed, to be cleared out of the way of the wholesale horticultural mechanisms of the time.

The vegetation of this waste undulated and frothed amidst the countless cells of crumbling house walls, and broke along the foot of the city wall in a surf of bramble and holly and ivy and teazle and tall grasses. Here and there gaudy pleasure palaces towered amidst the puny remains of Victorian times, and cable ways slanted to them from the city. That winter day they seemed deserted. Deserted, too, were the artificial gardens among the ruins. The city limits were indeed as sharply defined as in the ancient days when the gates were shut at nightfall and the robber foeman prowled to the very walls. A huge semi-circular throat poured out a vigorous traffic upon the Eadhamite Bath Road. So the first prospect of the world beyond the city flashed on Graham, and dwindled. And when at last he could look vertically downward again, he saw below him the vegetable fields of the Thames valley — innumerable minute oblongs of ruddy brown, intersected by shining threads, the sewage ditches.

His exhilaration increased rapidly, became a sort of intoxication. He found himself drawing deep breaths of air, laughing aloud, desiring to shout. After a time that desire became too strong for him, and he shouted.

The machine had now risen as high as was customary with aëropiles, and they began to curve about towards the south. Steering, Graham perceived, was effected by the opening or closing of one or two thin

strips of membrane in one or other of the otherwise rigid wings, and by the movement of the whole engine backward or forward along its supports. The aëronaut set the engine gliding slowly forward along its rail and opened the valve of the leeward wing until the stem of the aëropile was horizontal and pointing southward. And in that direction they drove with a slight list to leeward, and with a slow alternation of movement, first a short, sharp ascent and then a long downward glide that was very swift and pleasing. During these downward glides the propellor was inactive altogether. These ascents gave Graham a glorious sense of successful effort; the descents through the rarefied air were beyond all experience. He wanted never to leave the upper air again.

For a time he was intent upon the minute details of the landscape that ran swiftly northward beneath him. Its minute, clear detail pleased him exceedingly. He was impressed by the ruin of the houses that had once dotted the country, by the vast treeless expanse of country from which all farms and villages had gone, save for crumbling ruins. He had known the thing was so, but seeing it so was an altogether different matter. He tried to make out places he had known within the hollow basin of the world below, but at first he could distinguish no data now that the Thames valley was left behind. Soon, however, they were driving over a sharp chalk hill that he recognised as the Guildford Hog's Back, because of the familiar outline of the gorge at its eastward end, and because of the ruins of the town that rose steeply on either lip of this gorge. And from that he made out other points, Leith Hill,

the sandy wastes of Aldershot, and so forth. The Downs escarpment was set with gigantic slow-moving wind-wheels. Save where the broad Eadhamite Portsmouth Road, thickly dotted with rushing shapes, followed the course of the old railway, the gorge of the Wey was choked with thickets.

The whole expanse of the Downs escarpment, so far as the grey haze permitted him to see, was set with wind-wheels to which the largest of the city was but a younger brother. They stirred with a stately motion before the south-west wind. And here and there were patches dotted with the sheep of the British Food Trust, and here and there a mounted shepherd made a spot of black. Then rushing under the stern of the aëropile came the Wealden Heights, the line of Hindhead, Pitch Hill, and Leith Hill, with a second row of wind-wheels that seemed striving to rob the downland whirlers of their share of breeze. The purple heather was speckled with yellow gorse, and on the further side a drove of black oxen stampeded before a couple of mounted men. Swiftly these swept behind, and dwindled and lost colour, and became scarce moving specks that were swallowed up in haze.

And when these had vanished in the distance Graham heard a peewit wailing close at hand. He perceived he was now above the South Downs, and staring over his shoulder saw the battlements of Portsmouth Landing Stage towering over the ridge of Portsdown Hill. In another moment there came into sight a spread of shipping like floating cities, the little white cliffs of the Needles dwarfed and sunlit, and the grey and glittering waters of the nar-

row sea. They seemed to leap the Solent in a mc and in a few seconds the Isle of Wight was ru past, and then beneath him spread a wider and extent of sea, here purple with the shadow of a here grey, here a burnished mirror, and here a s of cloudy greenish blue. The Isle of Wight smaller and smaller. In a few more minutes a s grey haze detached itself from other strips that clouds, descended out of the sky and became a line — sunlit and pleasant — the coast of no France. It rose, it took colour, became definit detailed, and the counterpart of the Downland of land was speeding by below.

In a little time, as it seemed, Paris came abo horizon, and hung there for a space, and sank sight again as the aëropile circled about to the again. But he perceived the Eiffel Tower still ing, and beside it a huge dome surmounted by point Colossus. And he perceived, too, though not understand it at the time, a slanting drift of s The aeronaut said something about "trouble underways," that Graham did not heed at the But he marked the minarets and towers and s masses that streamed skyward above the city vanes, and knew that in the mattter of grace a Paris still kept in front of her larger rival. And as he looked a pale blue shape ascended very s from the city like a dead leaf driving up before s It curved round and soared towards them gr rapidly larger and larger. The aëronaut was s something. "What?" said Graham, loth to ta

eyes from this. "Aëroplane, Sire," bawled the aëronaut pointing.

They rose and curved about northward as it drew nearer. Nearer it came and nearer, larger and larger. The throb, throb, throb — beat, of the aëropile's flight, that had seemed so potent and so swift, suddenly appeared slow by comparison with this tremendous rush. How great the monster seemed, how swift and steady! It passed quite closely beneath them, driving along silently, a vast spread of wire-netted translucent wings, a thing alive. Graham had a momentary glimpse of the rows and rows of wrapped-up passengers, slung in their little cradles behind wind-screens, of a white-clothed engineer crawling against the gale along a ladder way, of spouting engines beating together, of the whirling wind screw, and of a wide waste of wing. He exulted in the sight. And in an instant the thing had passed.

It rose slightly and their own little wings swayed in the rush of its flight. It fell and grew smaller. Scarcely had they moved, as it seemed, before it was again only a flat blue thing that dwindled in the sky. This was the aëroplane that went to and fro between London and Paris. In fair weather and in peaceful times it came and went four times a day.

They beat across the Channel, slowly as it seemed now, to Graham's enlarged ideas, and Beachy Head rose greyly to the left of them.

"Land," called the aëronaut, his voice small against the whistling of the air over the wind-screen.

"Not yet," bawled Graham, laughing. "Not land yet. I want to learn more of this machine."

"I meant—" said the aëronaut.

"I want to learn more of this machine," s
Graham.

"I'm coming to you," he said, and had flu
self free of his chair and taken a step along the
rail between them. He stopped for a mom
his colour changed and his hands tightened.
step and he was clinging close to the aërona
felt a weight on his shoulder, the pressure of
His hat was a whirling speck behind. The wi
in gusts over his wind-screen and blew his
streamers past his cheek. The aëronaut ma
hasty adjustments for the shifting of the ce
gravity and pressure.

"I want to have these things explained," s
ham. "What do you do when you move tha
forward?"

The aëronaut hesitated. Then he answered
are complex, Sire."

"I don't mind," shouted Graham. "I don'

There was a moment's pause. "Aëronauti
secret — the privilege —"

"I know. But I'm the Master, and I
know." He laughed, full of this novel realis
power that was his gift from the upper air.

The aëropile curved about, and the keen fr
cut across Graham's face and his garment l
his body as the stem pointed round to the we
two men looked into each other's eyes.

"Sire, there are rules —"

"Not where I am concerned," said Graham.
seem to forget."

The aëronaut scrutinised his face. "No," he said. "I do not forget, Sire. But in all the earth — no man who is not a sworn aëronaut — has ever a chance. They come as passengers —"

"I have heard something of the sort. But I'm not going to argue these points. Do you know why I have slept two hundred years? To fly!"

"Sire," said the aëronaut, "the rules — if I break the rules —"

Graham waved the penalties aside.

"Then if you will watch me —"

"No," said Graham, swaying and gripping tight as the machine lifted its nose again for an ascent. "That's not my game. I want to do it myself. Do it myself if I smash for it! No! I will. See. I am going to clamber by this — to come and share your seat. Steady! I mean to fly of my own accord if I smash at the end of it. I will have something to pay for my sleep. Of all other things —. In my past it was my dream to fly. Now — keep your balance."

"A dozen spies are watching me, Sire!"

Graham's temper was at end. Perhaps he chose it should be. He swore. He swung himself round the intervening mass of levers and the aëropile swayed.

"Am I Master of the earth?" he said. "Or is your Society? Now. Take your hands off those levers, and hold my wrists. Yes — so. And now, how do we turn her nose down to the glide?"

"Sire," said the aëronaut.

'What is it?"

"You will protect me?"

"Lord! Yes! If I have to burn London. Now!"

And with that promise Graham bought his fi
son in aërial navigation. "It's clearly to your adv
this journey," he said with a loud laugh — for
was like strong wine — " to teach me quickly a
Do I pull this? Ah! So! Hullo!"

" Back, Sire! Back!"

" Back — right. One — two — three —
God! Ah! Up she goes! But this is living!'

And now the machine began to dance the st
figures in the air. Now it would sweep round
of scarcely a hundred yards diameter, now it
rush up into the air and swoop down again,
swiftly, falling like a hawk, to recover in a rushi
that swept it high again. In one of these d
it seemed driving straight at the drifting park
loons in the southeast, and only curved abo
cleared them by a sudden recovery of dexterity
extraordinary swiftness and smoothness of the
the extraordinary effect of the rarefied air u
constitution, threw Graham into a careless fi

But at last a queer incident came to sober
send him flying down once more to the crow
below with all its dark insoluble riddles.
swooped, came a tap and something flying pa
a drop like a drop of rain. Then as he went o
he saw something like a white rag whirling d
his wake. " What was that?" he asked. " I
see."

The aëronaut glanced, and then clutched
lever to recover, for they were sweeping down.
the aëropile was rising again he drew a deep

and replied. "That," and he indicated the white thing still fluttering down, "was a swan."

"I never saw it," said Graham.

The aëronaut made no answer, and Graham saw little drops upon his forehead.

They drove horizontally while Graham clambered back to the passenger's place out of the lash of the wind. And then came a swift rush down, with the wind-screw whirling to check their fall, and the flying stage growing broad and dark before them. The sun, sinking over the chalk hills in the west, fell with them, and left the sky a blaze of gold.

Soon men could be seen as little specks. He heard a noise coming up to meet him, a noise like the sound of waves upon a pebbly beach, and saw that the roofs about the flying stage were dark with his people rejoicing over his safe return. A dark mass was crushed together under the stage, a darkness stippled with innumerable faces, and quivering with the minute oscillation of waved white handkerchiefs and waving hands.

CHAPTER XVII

THREE DAYS

Lincoln awaited Graham in an apartment t
the flying stages. He seemed curious to learn
had happened, pleased to hear of the extrao
delight and interest which Graham took in
Graham was in a mood of enthusiasm. "I mu
to fly," he cried. "I must master that. I pity a
souls who have died without this opportunity
sweet swift air! It is the most wonderful exp
in the world."

"You will find our new times full of wo
experiences," said Lincoln. "I do not know wl
will care to do now. We have music that ma
novel."

"For the present," said Graham, "flying ho
Let me learn more of that. Your aëronaut was
there is some trades union objection to one's lea

"There is, I believe," said Lincoln. "I
you — ! If you would like to occupy yourse
that, we can make you a sworn aëronaut tomorr

Graham expressed his wishes vividly and ta
his sensations for a while. "And as for affai
asked abruptly. "How are things going on?"

Lincoln waved affairs aside. "Ostrog will t
that tomorrow," he said. "Everything is
down. The Revolution accomplishes itself a

the world. Friction is inevitable here and there, of course; but your rule is assured. You may rest secure with things in Ostrog's hands."

"Would it be possible for me to be made a sworn aëronaut, as you call it, forthwith — before I sleep?" said Graham, pacing. "Then I could be at it the very first thing tomorrow again. . . .

"It would be possible," said Lincoln thoughtfully. "Quite possible. Indeed, it shall be done." He laughed. "I came prepared to suggest amusements, but you have found one for yourself. I will telephone to the aëronautical offices from here and we will return to your apartments in the Wind-Vane Control. By the time you have dined the aëronauts will be able to come. You don't think that after you have dined, you might prefer —?" He paused.

"Yes," said Graham.

"We had prepared a show of dancers — they have been brought from the Capri theatre."

"I hate ballets," said Graham, shortly. "Always did. That other —. That's not what I want to see. We had dancers in the old days. For the matter of that, they had them in ancient Egypt. But flying —"

"True," said Lincoln. "Though our dancers —"

"They can afford to wait," said Graham; "they can afford to wait. I know. I'm not a Latin. There's questions I want to ask some expert — about your machinery. I'm keen. I want no distractions."

"You have the world to choose from," said Lincoln; "whatever you want is yours."

Asano appeared, and under the escort of a strong guard they returned through the city streets to Gra-

ham's apartments. Far larger crowds had witness his return than his departure had g the shouts and cheering of these mass sometimes drowned Lincoln's answers to questions Graham's aërial journey had su first Graham had acknowledged the cheeri of the crowd by bows and gestures, warned him that such a recognition wo sidered incorrect behaviour. Graham, alr wearied by rhythmic civilities, ignored his the remainder of his public progress.

Directly they arrived at his apartments parted in search of kinematographic ren machinery in motion, and Lincoln despa ham's commands for models of machines machines to illustrate the various mechanic of the last two centuries. The little grou ances for telegraphic communication att Master so strongly that his delightfully pre ner, served by a number of charmingly girls, waited for a space. The habit of sm almost ceased from the face of the earth, bu expressed a wish for that indulgence, inqu made and some excellent cigars were disc Florida, and sent to him by pneumatic desp the dinner was still in progress. Afterwards aëronauts, and a feast of ingenious wond hands of a latter-day engineer. For the tin rate, the neat dexterity of counting and n machines, building machines, spinning en tent doorways, explosive motors, grain and vators, slaughter-house machines and harvest

ces, was more fascinating to Graham than any yadere. "We were savages," was his refrain, "we re savages. We were in the stone age — compared th this. . . . And what else have you?"

There came also practical psychologists with some ry interesting developments in the art of hypnotism. he names of Milne Bramwell, Fechner, Liebault, illiam James, Myers and Gurney, he found, bore a lue now that would have astonished their contemoraries. Several practical applications of psychology were now in general use; it had largely superseded drugs, antiseptics and anaesthetics in medicine; was employed by almost all who had any need of mental concentration. A real enlargement of human faculty seemed to have been effected in this direction. The feats of "calculating boys," the wonders, as Graham had been wont to regard them, of mesmerisers, were now within the range of anyone who could afford the services of a skilled hypnotist. Long ago the old examination methods in education had been destroyed by these expedients. Instead of years of study, candidates had substituted a few weeks of trances, and during the trances expert coaches had simply to repeat all the points necessary for adequate answering, adding a suggestion of the post hypnotic recollection of these points. In process mathematics particularly, this aid had been of singular service, and it was now invariably invoked by such players of chess and games of manual dexterity as were still to be found. In fact, all operations conducted under finite rules, of a quasi-mechanical sort that is, were now systematically relieved from the wanderings of imagination and emo-

tion, and brought to an unexampled pitch of acc
Little children of the labouring classes, so soon a
were of sufficient age to be hypnotised, were thu
verted into beautifully punctual and trustw
machine minders, and released forthwith fro
long, long thoughts of youth. Aëronautical p
who gave way to giddiness, could be relieved
their imaginary terrors. In every street were h
tists ready to print permanent memories upo
mind. If anyone desired to remember a name, a
of numbers, a song or a speech, it could be do
this method, and conversely memories coul
effaced, habits removed, and desires eradicate
sort of psychic surgery was, in fact, in genera
Indignities, humbling experiences, were thus f
ten, amorous widows would obliterate their pre
husbands, angry lovers release themselves from
slavery. To graft desires, however, was still impo
and the facts of thought transference were yet u
tematised. The psychologists illustrated their e
tions with some astounding experiments in mnem
made through the agency of a troupe of pale
children in blue.

Graham, like most of the people of his former
distrusted the hypnotist, or he might then and
have eased his mind of many painful preoccupa
But in spite of Lincoln's assurances he held to th
theory that to be hypnotised was in some way th
render of his personality, the abdication of his wil
the banquet of wonderful experiences that was l
ning, he wanted very keenly to remain absc
himself.

The next day, and another day, and yet another day passed in such interests as these. Each day Graham spent many hours in the glorious entertainment of flying. On the third day he soared across middle France, and within sight of the snow-clad Alps. These vigorous exercises gave him restful sleep, and each day saw a great stride in his health from the spiritless anaemia of his first awakening. And whenever he was not in the air, and awake, Lincoln was assiduous in the cause of his amusement; all that was novel and curious in contemporary invention was brought to him, until at last his appetite for novelty was well-nigh glutted. One might fill a dozen inconsecutive volumes with the strange things they exhibited. Each afternoon he held his court for an hour or so. He speedily found his interest in his contemporaries becoming personal and intimate. At first he had been alert chiefly for unfamiliarity and peculiarity; any foppishness in their dress, any discordance with his preconceptions of nobility in their status and manners had jarred upon him, and it was remarkable to him how soon that strangeness and the faint hostility that arose from it, disappeared; how soon he came to appreciate the true perspective of his position, and see the old Victorian days remote and quaint. He found himself particularly amused by the red-haired daughter of the Manager of the European Piggeries. On the second day after dinner he made the acquaintance of a latter-day dancing girl, and found her an astonishing artist. And after that, more hypnotic wonders. On the third day Lincoln was moved to suggest that the Master should repair to a Pleasure City, but this Graham declined,

nor would he accept the services of the hypnc his aëronautical experiments. The link of local him to London; he found a perpetual wonder i graphical identifications that he would have abroad. "Here — or a hundred feet below h could say, "I used to eat my midday cutlets my London University days. Underneath h Waterloo and the perpetual hunt for confusing Often have I stood waiting down there, bag i and stared up into the sky above the forest of little thinking I should walk some day a hundre in the air. And now in that very sky that was grey smoke canopy, I circle in an aëropile."

During those three days Graham was so o with such distractions that the vast political ments in progress outside his quarters had but share of his attention. Those about him to little. Daily came Ostrog, the Boss, his Grand his mayor of the palace, to report in vague te steady establishment of his rule; "a little t soon to be settled in this city, "a slight distur in that. The song of the social revolt came to more; he never learned that it had been forbi the municipal limits; and all the great emotion crow's nest slumbered in his mind.

But on the second and third of the thr he found himself, in spite of his interest daughter of the Pig Manager, or it may reason of the thoughts her conversation su remembering the girl Helen Wotton, wl spoken to him so oddly at the Wind-Vane er's gathering. The impression she had mad

deep one, albeit the incessant surprise of novel circumstances had kept him from brooding upon it for a space. But now her memory was coming to its own. He wondered what she had meant by those broken half-forgotten sentences; the picture of her eyes and the earnest passion of her face became more vivid as his mechanical interests faded. Her beauty came compellingly between him and certain immediate temptations of ignoble passion. But he did not see her again until three full days were past.

CHAPTER XVIII

GRAHAM REMEMBERS

She came upon him at last in a little gallei ran from the Wind Vane Offices toward his apartments. The gallery was long and narrow, series of recesses, each with an arched fenestrati looked upon a court of palms. He came up suddenly in one of these recesses. She was She turned her head at the sound of his footste started at the sight of him. Every touch of vanished from her face. She rose instantly, n step toward him as if to address him, and he He stopped and stood still, expectant. Then l ceived that a nervous tumult silenced her, pe too, that she must have sought speech with hin waiting for him in this place.

He felt a regal impulse to assist her. "I have to see you," he said. "A few days ago you to tell me something — you wanted to tell me people. What was it you had to tell me?"

She looked at him with troubled eyes.

"You said the people were unhappy?"

For a moment she was silent still.

"It must have seemed strange to you," sl abruptly.

"It did. And yet —"

"It was an impulse."

"Well?"

"That is all."

She looked at him with a face of hesitation. She spoke with an effort. "You forget," she said, drawing a deep breath.

"What?"

"The people —"

"Do you mean —?"

"You forget the people."

He looked interrogative.

"Yes. I know you are surprised. For you do not understand what you are. You do not know the things that are happening."

"Well?"

"You do not understand."

"Not clearly, perhaps. But — tell me."

She turned to him with sudden resolution. "It is so hard to explain. I have meant to, I have wanted to. And now — I cannot. I am not ready with words. But about you — there is something. It is Wonder. Your sleep — your awakening. These things are miracles. To me at least — and to all the common people. You who lived and suffered and died, you who were a common citizen, wake again, live again, to find yourself Master almost of the earth."

"Master of the earth," he said. "So they tell me. But try and imagine how little I know of it."

"Cities — Trusts — the Labour Company —"

"Principalities, powers, dominions — the power and the glory. Yes, I have heard them shout. I know. I am Master. King, if you wish. With Ostrog, the Boss —"

He paused.

She turned upon him and surveyed his face curious scrutiny. "Well?"

He smiled. "To take the responsibility."

"That is what we have begun to fear." For am she said no more. "No," she said slowly. "Y take the responsibility. You will take the res bility. The people look to you."

She spoke softly. "Listen! For at least h years of your sleep — in every generation — tudes of people, in every generation greater mul of people, have prayed that you might aw *prayed.*"

Graham moved to speak and did not.

She hesitated, and a faint colour crept back cheek. "Do you know that you have been to n — King Arthur, Barbarossa — the King who come in his own good time and put the world ri them?"

"I suppose the imagination of the people –

"Have you not heard our proverb, 'Wh Sleeper wakes?' While you lay insensible ar tionless there — thousands came. Thousands. first of the month you lay in state with a whi upon you and the people filed by you. When little girl I saw you like that, with your face wh calm."

She turned her face from him and looked ste at the painted wall before her. Her voice fell. I was a little girl I used to look at your face. . seemed to me fixed and waiting, like the pati God."

"That is what we thought of you," she said. "That how you seemed to us."

She turned shining eyes to him, her voice was clear id strong. "In the city, in the earth, a myriad yriad men and women are waiting to see what you ill do, full of strange incredible expectations."

"Yes?"

"Ostrog — no one — can take that responsibility."

Graham looked at her in surprise, at her face lit ith emotion. She seemed at first to have spoken with i effort, and to have fired herself by speaking.

"Do you think," she said, "that you who have lived at little life so far away in the past, you who have llen into and risen out of this miracle of sleep — do ou think that the wonder and reverence and hope of lf the world has gathered about you only that you ay live another little life? . . . That you may ift the responsibility to any other man?"

"I know how great this kingship of mine is," he id haltingly. "I know how great it seems. But is it al? It is incredible — dreamlike. Is it real, or is only a great delusion?"

"It is real," she said; "if you dare."

"After all, like all kingship, my kingship is Belief. is an illusion in the minds of men."

"If you dare!" she said.

"But —"

"Countless men," she said, "and while it is in their nds — they will obey."

"But I know nothing. That is what I had in mind. cnow nothing. And these others — the Councillors, strog. They are wiser, cooler, they know so much,

every detail. And, indeed, what are these mi
which you speak? What am I to know?
mean —"

He stopped blankly.

"I am still hardly more than a girl," she sai
to me the world seems full of wretchedness. T
has altered since your day, altered very stra
have prayed that I might see you and tell y
things. The world has changed. As if a ca
seized it — and robbed life of — everythin
having."

She turned a flushed face upon him, mov
denly. "Your days were the days of freedom.
I have thought. I have been made to think
life — has not been happy. Men are no longe
no greater, no better than the men of your tin
is not all. This city — is a prison. Every cit
a prison. Mammon grips the key in h
Myriads, countless myriads, toil from the
the grave. Is that right? Is that to be —
Yes, far worse than in your time. All abou
neath us, sorrow and pain. All the shallow c
such life as you find about you, is separated
little from a life of wretchedness beyond an
Yes, the poor know it — they know they suffe
countless multitudes who faced death for
nights since — ! You owe your life to then

"Yes," said Graham, slowly. "Yes. I
life to them."

"You come," she said, "from the days v
new tyranny of the cities was scarcely b
It is a tyranny — a tyranny. In your

udal war lords had gone, and the new lordship of ealth had still to come. Half the men in the world ill lived out upon the free countryside. The cities ad still to devour them. I have heard the stories ut of the old books — there was nobility! Common ien led lives of love and faithfulness then — they id a thousand things. And you — you come from iat time."

"It was not —. But never mind. How is it ow —?"

"Gain and the Pleasure Cities! Or slavery — unanked, unhonoured, slavery."

"Slavery!" he said.

"Slavery."

"You don't mean to say that human beings are hattels."

"Worse. That is what I want you to know, what want you to see. I know you do not know. They ill keep things from you, they will take you presently) a Pleasure City. But you have noticed men and omen and children in pale blue canvas, with thin ellow faces and dull eyes?"

"Everywhere."

"Speaking a horrible dialect, coarse and weak."

"I have heard it."

"They are the slaves — your slaves. They are the aves of the Labour Company you own."

"The Labour Company! In some way — that is miliar. Ah! now I remember. I saw it when I was andering about the city, after the lights returned, reat fronts of buildings coloured pale blue. Do you eally mean —?"

"Yes. How can I explain it to you? O the blue uniform struck you. Nearly a thir people wear it — more assume it now every d Labour Company has grown imperceptibly."

"What *is* this Labour Company?" asked

"In the old times, how did you manage wi ing people?"

"There was the workhouse — which the maintained."

"Workhouse! Yes — there was someth our history lessons. I remember now. The Company ousted the workhouse. It grew — out of something — you, perhaps, may remem an emotional religious organisation called th tion Army — that became a business company first place it was almost a charity. To sav from workhouse rigours. Now I come to th it was one of the earliest properties your Tru quired. They bought the Salvation Army an structed it as this. The idea in the first plac give work to starving homeless people."

"Yes."

"Nowadays there are no workhouses, no and charities, nothing but that Company. I are everywhere. That blue is its colour. man, woman or child who comes to be hur weary and with neither home nor friend no must go to the Company in the end — or se way of death. The Euthanasy is beyond the — for the poor there is no easy death. An hour in the day or night there is food, shelt blue uniform for all comers — that is the firs

tion of the Company's incorporation — and in return for a day's shelter the Company extracts a day's work, and then returns the visitor's proper clothing and sends him or her out again."

"Yes?"

"Perhaps that does not seem so terrible to you. In your days men starved in your streets. That was bad. But they died — men. These people in blue —. The proverb runs: 'Blue canvas once and ever.' The Company trades in their labour, and it has taken care to assure itself of the supply. People come to it starving and helpless — they eat and sleep for a night and day, they work for a day, and at the end of the day they go out again. If they have worked well they have a penny or so — enough for a theatre or a cheap dancing place, or a kinematograph story, or a dinner or a bet. They wander about after that is spent. Begging is prevented by the police of the ways. Besides, no one gives. They come back again the next day or the day after — brought back by the same incapacity that brought them first. At last their proper clothing wears out, or their rags get so shabby that they are ashamed. Then they must work for months to get fresh. If they want fresh. A great number of children are born under the Company's care. The mother owes them a month thereafter — the children they cherish and educate until they are fourteen, and they pay two years' service. You may be sure these children are educated for the blue canvas. And so it is the Company works."

"And none are destitute in the city?"

"None. They are either in blue canva
prison."

"If they will not work?"

"Most people will work at that pitch, and th
pany has powers. There are stages of unplea
in the work — stoppage of food — and a
woman who has refused to work once is kno
thumb-marking system in the Company's of
over the world. Besides, who can leave t
poor? To go to Paris costs two Lions. And
subordination there are the prisons — dark and
able — out of sight below. There are prisons
many things."

"And a third of the people wear this blue ca

"More than a third. Toilers, living without
delight or hope, with the stories of Pleasure Citi
ing in their ears, mocking their shameful liv
privations and hardships. Too poor even
Euthanasy, the rich man's refuge from life.
crippled millions, countless millions, all th
about, ignorant of anything but limitations an
isfied desires. They are born, they are thwa
they die. That is the state to which we hav

For a space Graham sat downcast.

"But there has been a revolution," he sai
these things will be changed. "Ostrog —"

"That is our hope. That is the hope of th
But Ostrog will not do it. He is a politician.
it seems things must be like this. He does n
He takes it for granted. All the rich, all the
tial, all who are happy, come at last to take t
eries for granted. They use the people in t

itics, they live in ease by their degradation. But you — you who come from a happier age — it is to you the people look. To you."

He looked at her face. Her eyes were bright with unshed tears. He felt a rush of emotion. For a moment he forgot this city, he forgot the race, and all those vague remote voices, in the immediate humanity of her beauty.

"But what am I to do?" he said with his eyes upon her.

"Rule," she answered, bending towards him and speaking in a low tone. "Rule the world as it has never been ruled, for the good and happiness of men. For you might rule it — you could rule it.

"The people are stirring. All over the world the people are stirring. It wants but a word — but a word from you — to bring them all together. Even the middle sort of people are restless — unhappy.

"They are not telling you the things that are happening. The people will not go back to their drudgery — they refuse to be disarmed. Ostrog has awakened something greater than he dreamt of — he has awakened hopes."

His heart was beating fast. He tried to seem judicial, to weigh considerations.

"They only want their leader," she said.

"And then?"

"You could do what you would; — the world is yours."

He sat, no longer regarding her. Presently he spoke. "The old dreams, and the thing I have

dreamt, liberty, happiness. Are they dreams? one man — *one man* —?" His voice sank and c

"Not one man, but all men — give them o leader to speak the desire of their hearts."

He shook his head, and for a time there was si

He looked up suddenly, and their eyes met have not your faith," he said. "I have not your I am here with power that mocks me. No — speak. I want to do — not right — I have n strength for that — but something rather right wrong. It will bring no millenium, but I am re now that I will rule. What you have said awakened me. . . . You are right. Ostrog know his place. And I will learn —. . . . thing I promise you. This Labour slavery shall

"And you will rule?"

"Yes. Provided —. There is one thing."

"Yes?"

"That you will help me."

"*I!* — a girl!"

"Yes. Does it not occur to you I am abso alone?"

She started and for an instant her eyes had "Need you ask whether I will help you?" she

She stood before him, beautiful, worshipful, a enthusiasm and the greatness of their theme wa a great gulf fixed between them. To touch h clasp her hand, was a thing beyond hope. " I will rule indeed," he said slowly. "I will ru He paused. "With you."

There came a tense silence, and then the beat

a clock striking the hour. She made him no answer. Graham rose.

"Even now," he said, "Ostrog will be waiting." He hesitated, facing her. "When I have asked him certain questions —. There is much I do not know. It may be, that I will go to see with my own eyes the things of which you have spoken. And when I return —?"

"I shall know of your going and coming. I will wait for you here again."

He stood for a moment regarding her.

"I knew," she said, and stopped.

He waited, but she said no more. They regarded one another steadfastly, questioningly, and then he turned from her towards the Wind Vane office.

CHAPTER XIX

OSTROG'S POINT OF VIEW

Graham found Ostrog waiting to give a forn
count of his day's stewardship. On previous occas
had passed over this ceremony as speedily as pc
in order to resume his aërial experiences, but n
began to ask quick short questions. He wa:
anxious to take up his empire forthwith. (
brought flattering reports of the developm
affairs abroad. In Paris and Berlin, G
perceived that he was saying, there had
trouble, not organised resistance indeed, b
subordinate proceedings. "After all these
said Ostrog, when Graham pressed enq
"the Commune has lifted its head again.
is the real nature of the struggle, to be ex
But order had been restored in these cities. Gr
the more deliberately judicial for the stirring em
he felt, asked if there had been any fighting.
little," said Ostrog. "In one quarter only. B
Senegalese division of our African agricultural pc
the Consolidated African Companies have a ver
drilled police — was ready, and so were the aëro
We expected a little trouble in the continental
and in America. But things are very quiet in An
They are satisfied with the overthrow of the C
For the time."

"Why should you expect trouble?" asked Graham abruptly.

"There is a lot of discontent — social discontent."

"The Labour Company?"

"You are learning," said Ostrog with a touch of surprise. "Yes. It is chiefly the discontent with the Labour Company. It was that discontent supplied the motive force of this overthrow — that and your awakening."

"Yes?"

Ostrog smiled. He became explicit. "We had to stir up their discontent, we had to revive the old ideals of universal happiness — all men equal — all men happy — no luxury that everyone may not share — ideas that have slumbered for two hundred years. You know that? We had to revive these ideals, impossible as they are — in order to overthrow the Council. And now —"

"Well?"

"Our revolution is accomplished, and the Council is overthrown, and people whom we have stirred up — remain surging. There was scarcely enough fighting . . . We made promises, of course. It is extraordinary how violently and rapidly this vague out-of-date humanitarianism has revived and spread. We who sowed the seed even, have been astonished. In Paris, as I say — we have had to call in a little external help."

"And here?"

"There is trouble. Multitudes will not go back to work. There is a general strike. Half the factories are empty and the people are swarming in the

Ways. They are talking of a Commune. Men i and satin have been insulted in the streets. Th canvas is expecting all sorts of things from you. Of course there is no need for you to trouble. are setting the Babble Machines to work with c suggestions in the cause of law and order. We keep the grip tight; that is all."

Graham thought. He perceived a way of ass himself. But he spoke with restraint.

"Even to the pitch of bringing a negro polic said.

"They are useful," said Ostrog. "They a loyal brutes, with no wash of ideas in their he such as our rabble has. The Council should ha them as police of the Ways, and things might hav different. Of course, there is nothing to fear rioting and wreckage. You can manage you wings now, and you can soar away to Capri i is any smoke or fuss. We have the pull of great things; the aëronauts are privileged and ri closest trades union in the world, and so are the eers of the wind vanes. We have the air, and th tery of the air is the mastery of the earth. No any ability is organising against us. They h leaders — only the sectional leaders of the society we organised before your very opp awakening. Mere busybodies and sentimentalis are and bitterly jealous of each other. None of t man enough for a central figure. The only tou be a disorganised upheaval. To be frank — th happen. But it won't interrupt your aëron

"The days when the People could make revolutions are past."

"I suppose they are," said Graham. "I suppose they are." He mused. "This world of yours has been full of surprises to me. In the old days we dreamt of a wonderful democratic life, of a time when all men would be equal and happy."

Ostrog looked at him steadfastly. "The day of democracy is past," he said. "Past for ever. That day began with the bowmen of Creçy, it ended when marching infantry, when common men in masses ceased to win the battles of the world, when costly cannon, great ironclads, and strategic railways became the means of power. To-day is the day of wealth. Wealth now is power as it never was power before — it commands earth and sea and sky. All power is for those who can handle wealth. . . . You must accept facts, and these are facts. The world for the Crowd! The Crowd as Ruler! Even in your days that creed had been tried and condemned. To-day it has only one believer — a multiplex, silly one — the man in the Crowd."

Graham did not answer immediately. He stood lost in sombre preoccupations.

"No," said Ostrog. "The day of the common man is past. On the open countryside one man is as good as another, or nearly as good. The earlier aristocracy had a precarious tenure of strength and audacity. They were tempered — tempered. There were insurrections, duels, riots. The first real aristocracy, the first permanent aristocracy, came in with castles and armour, and vanished before the musket and bow.

But this is the second aristocracy. The re
Those days of gunpowder and democracy we
an eddy in the stream. The common man n
helpless unit. In these days we have thi
machine of the city, and an organisation c
beyond his understanding."

"Yet," said Graham, "there is something
something you are holding down — somethi
stirs and presses."

"You will see," said Ostrog, with a forced sm
would brush these difficult questions aside. "
not roused the force to destroy myself — trust

"I wonder," said Graham.

Ostrog stared.

"*Must* the world go this way?" said Graha
his emotions at the speaking point. "Must it
go in this way? Have all our hopes been vain

"What do you mean?" said Ostrog. "Ho

"I came from a democratic age. And I
aristocratic tyranny!"

"Well,— but you are the chief tyrant."

Graham shook his head.

"Well," said Ostrog, "take the general q
It is the way that change has always travelled.
tocracy, the prevalence of the best — the suffer
extinction of the unfit, and so to better things

"But aristocracy! those people I met —"

"Oh! not *those!*" said Ostrog. "But for t
part they go to their death. Vice and pleasure
have no children. That sort of stuff will die
the world keeps to one road, that is, if ther
turning back. An easy road to excess, con

Euthanasia for the pleasure seekers singed in the flame, that is the way to improve the race!"

"Pleasant extinction," said Graham. "Yet—." He thought for an instant. "There is that other thing — the Crowd, the great mass of poor men. Will that die out? That will not die out. And it suffers, its suffering is a force that even you—"

Ostrog moved impatiently, and when he spoke, he spoke rather less evenly than before.

"Don't you trouble about these things," he said. "Everything will be settled in a few days now. The Crowd is a huge foolish beast. What if it does not die out? Even if it does not die, it can still be tamed and driven. I have no sympathy with servile men. You heard those people shouting and singing two nights ago. They were taught that song. If you had taken any man there in cold blood and asked why he shouted, he could not have told you. They think they are shouting for you, that they are loyal and devoted to you. Just then they were ready to slaughter the Council. To-day — they are already murmuring against those who have overthrown the Council."

"No, no," said Graham. "They shouted because their lives were dreary, without joy or pride, and because in me — in me — they hoped."

"And what was their hope? What is their hope? What right have they to hope? They work ill and they want the reward of those who work well. The hope of mankind — what is it? That some day the Over-man may come, that some day the inferior, the weak and the bestial may be subdued or eliminated.

Subdued if not eliminated. The world is no
the bad, the stupid, the enervated. Their d
a fine duty too! — is to die. The death of th
That is the path by which the beast rose to r
by which man goes on to higher things."

Ostrog took a pace, seemed to think, and t
Graham. "I can imagine how this great wo
of ours seems to a Victorian Englishman. Y
all the old forms of representative governmen
spectres still haunt the world, the voting cou
parliaments and all that eighteenth century to
You feel moved against our Pleasure Cities.
have thought of that,— had I not been busy.
will learn better. The people are mad with en
would be in sympathy with you. Even in th
now, they clamour to destroy the Pleasur
But the Pleasure Cities are the excretory
of the State, attractive places that year after y
together all that is weak and vicious, all that i
ous and lazy, all the easy roguery of the wo
graceful destruction. They go there, they h
time, they die childless, all the pretty silly l
women die childless, and mankind is the b
the people were sane they would not envy
their way of death. And you would emanci
silly brainless workers that we have enslaved,
to make their lives easy and pleasant aga
as they have sunk to what they are fit f
smiled a smile that irritated Graham oddly.
will learn better. I know those ideas; in my
I read your Shelley and dreamt of Liberty.
no liberty, save wisdom and self-control. I

within — not without. It is each man's own affair. Suppose — which is impossible — that these swarming yelping fools in blue get the upper hand of us, what then? They will only fall to other masters. So long as there are sheep Nature will insist on beasts of prey. It would mean but a few hundred years' delay. The coming of the aristocrat is fatal and assured. The end will be the Over-man — for all the mad protests of humanity. Let them revolt, let them win and kill me and my like. Others will arise — other masters. The end will be the same."

"I wonder," said Graham doggedly.

For a moment he stood downcast.

"But I must see these things for myself," he said, suddenly assuming a tone of confident mastery. "Only by seeing can I understand. I must learn. That is what I want to tell you, Ostrog. I do not want to be King in a Pleasure City; that is not my pleasure. I have spent enough time with aëronautics — and those other things. I must learn how people live now, how the common life has developed. Then I shall understand these things better. I must learn how common people live — the labour people more especially — how they work, marry, bear children, die —"

"You get that from our realistic novelists," suggested Ostrog, suddenly preoccupied.

"I want reality," said Graham, "not realism."

"There are difficulties," said Ostrog, and thought. "On the whole perhaps —

"I did not expect —.

"I had thought —. And yet, perhaps —. You say

you want to go through the Ways of the city
the common people."

Suddenly he came to some conclusion.
would need to go disguised," he said. "The
intensely excited, and the discovery of your p
among them might create a fearful tumult. S
wish of yours to go into this city — this
yours —. Yes, now I think the thing over it s
me not altogether —. It can be contrived.
would really find an interest in that! You
course, Master. You can go soon if you like.
guise for this excursion Asano will be able to n
He would go with you. After all it is not a b
of yours."

"You will not want to consult me in any m
asked Graham suddenly, struck by an odd su

"Oh, dear no! No! I think you may trus
to me for a time, at any rate," said Ostrog,
"Even if we differ —"

Graham glanced at him sharply.

"There is no fighting likely to happen soo
asked abruptly.

"Certainly not."

"I have been thinking about these negroes.
believe the people intend any hostility to me, ar
all, I am the Master. I do not want any
brought to London. It is an archaic prejud
haps, but I have peculiar feelings about Europe
the subject races. Even about Paris —"

Ostrog stood watching him from under his
ing brows. "I am not bringing negroes to L
he said slowly. "But if —"

"You are not to bring armed negroes to London, whatever happens," said Graham. "In that matter I am quite decided."

Ostrog, after a pause, decided not to speak, and bowed deferentially.

CHAPTER XX

IN THE CITY WAYS

'And that night, unknown and unsuspected, dressed in the costume of an inferior wind-v cial keeping holiday, and accompanied by / Labour Company canvas, surveyed the city which he had wandered when it was veiled in (But now he saw it lit and waking, a whirlpo In spite of the surging and swaying of the revolution, in spite of the unusual discontent, terings of the greater struggle of which the fi was but the prelude, the myriad streams of c still flowed wide and strong. He knew no thing of the dimensions and quality of the new he was not prepared for the infinite surpris detailed view, for the torrent of colour a impressions that poured past him.

This was his first real contact with the p these latter days. He realised that all that h before, saving his glimpses of the public the markets, had had its element of seclusion, ha movement within the comparatively narrow quarter, that all his previous experiences had immediately about the question of his own But here was the city at the busiest hours of r people to a large extent returned to their ow

iate interests, the resumption of the real informal life, ıe common habits of the new time.

They emerged at first into a street whose opposite ays were crowded with the blue canvas liveries. This varm Graham saw was a portion of a procession — was odd to see a procession parading the city *seated.* hey carried banners of coarse red stuff with red let- rs. "No disarmament," said the banners, for the ost part in crudely daubed letters and with variant elling, and "Why should we disarm?" "No dis- ming." "No disarming." Banner after banner ent by, a stream of banners flowing past, and at last the end, the song of the revolt and a noisy band of range instruments. "They all ought to be at work," id Asano. "They have had no food these two days, they have stolen it."

Presently Asano made a detour to avoid the con- sted crowd that gaped upon the occasional passage dead bodies from hospital to a mortuary, the glean- gs after death's harvest of the first revolt.

That night few people were sleeping, everyone was road. A vast excitement, perpetual crowds perpetu- ly changing, surrounded Graham; his mind was con- sed and darkened by an incessant tumult, by the ies and enigmatical fragments of the social struggle at was as yet only beginning. Everywhere fes- ons and banners of black and strange decora- ns, intensified the quality of his popularity. verywhere he caught snatches of that crude thick alect that served the illiterate class, the class, that is, yond the reach of phonograph culture, in their com- on-place intercourse. Everywhere this trouble of

disarmament was in the air, with a quality c
diate stress of which he had no inkling du
seclusion in the Wind-Vane quarter. He p
that as soon as he returned he must discuss t
Ostrog, this and the greater issues of which it
expression, in a far more conclusive way thai
so far done. Perpetually that night, even in tl
hours of their wanderings about the city, t
of unrest and revolt swamped his attention
exclusion of countless strange things he migl
wise have observed.

This preoccupation made his impressions fi
ary. Yet amidst so much that was strange a
no subject, however personal and insistent, co
undivided sway. There were spaces when th
tionary movement passed clean out of his m
drawn aside like a curtain from before some
new aspect of the time. Helen had swayed
to this intense earnestness of enquiry, but th
times when she, even, receded beyond his c
thoughts. At one moment, for example, I
they were traversing the religious quarter, for
transit about the city afforded by the movi
rendered sporadic churches and chapels n
necessary — and his attention was vividly ar
the façade of one of the Christian sects.

They were travelling seated on one of the sw
ways, the place leapt upon them at a bend and
rapidly towards them. It was covered with ins
from top to base, in vivid white and blue, save
vast and glaring kinematograph transpare
sented a realistic New Testament scene, and

"A REALISTIC CRUCIFIXION"

ıst festoon of black to show that the popular religion ·llowed the popular politics, hung across the lettering. raham had already become familiar with the phono- ·pe writing and these inscriptions arrested him, being · his sense for the most part almost incredible blas- ıemy. Among the less offensive were "Salvation on ıe First Floor and turn to the Right." "Put your [oney on your Maker." "The Sharpest Conversion · London, Expert Operators! Look Slippy!" What Christ would say to the Sleeper; — Join the ·p-to-date Saints!" "Be a Christian — without hin- ·ance to your present Occupation." "All the Bright- ·t Bishops on the Bench to-night and Prices as Usual." Brisk Blessings for Busy Business Men."

"But this is appalling!" said Graham, as that deaf- ıing scream of mercantile piety towered above them.

"What is appalling?" asked his little officer, appar- ıtly seeking vainly for anything unusual in this ırieking enamel.

"*This!* Surely the essence of religion is reverence."

"Oh *that!*" Asano looked at Graham. "Does it ıock you?" he said in the tone of one who makes a ·scovery. "I suppose it would, of course. I had for- ɔtten. Nowadays the competition for attention is so ·en, and people simply haven't the leisure to attend to ıeir souls, you know, as they used to do." He smiled. In the old days you had quiet Sabbaths and the ɔuntryside. Though somewhere I've read of Sunday ·ternoons that —"

"But, *that*," said Graham, glancing back at the ·ceding blue and white. "That is surely not the nly —"

"There are hundreds of different ways. course, if a sect doesn't *tell* it doesn't pay. V has moved with the times. There are high cla with quieter ways — costly incense and persona tions and all that. These people are extremel lar and prosperous. They pay several dozen li those apartments to the Council — to you, I say."

Graham still felt a difficulty with the coina this mention of a dozen lions brought him a to that matter. In a moment the screaming and their swarming touts were forgotten in tl interest. A turn of a phrase suggested, and an confirmed the idea that gold and silver wei demonetised, that stamped gold which had be reign amidst the merchants of Phoenicia was dethroned. The change had been graduated bu brought about by an extension of the sys cheques that had even in his previous life alread tically superseded gold in all the larger busines actions. The common traffic of the city, the c currency indeed of all the world, was conduc means of the little brown, green and pink cheques for small amounts, printed with a blank Asano had several with him, and at the first tunity he supplied the gaps in his set. The printed not on tearable paper, but on a sem parent fabric of silken flexibility, interwoven wi Across them all sprawled a fac-simile of Grahar nature, his first encounter with the curves and t that familiar autograph for two hundred anc years.

Some intermediary experiences made no impression sufficiently vivid to prevent the matter of the disarmament claiming his thoughts again; a blurred picture of a Theosophist temple that promised MIRACLES in enormous letters of unsteady fire was least submerged perhaps, but then came the view of the dining hall in Northumberland Avenue. That interested him very greatly.

By the energy and thought of Asano he was able to view this place from a little screened gallery reserved for the attendants of the tables. The building was pervaded by a distant muffled hooting, piping and bawling, of which he did not at first understand the import, but which recalled a certain mysterious leathery voice he had heard after the resumption of the lights on the night of his solitary wandering.

He had grown accustomed now to vastness and great numbers of people, nevertheless this spectacle held him for a long time. It was as he watched the table service more immediately beneath, and interspersed with many questions and answers concerning details, that the realisation of the full significance of the feast of several thousand people came to him.

It was his constant surprise to find that points that one might have expected to strike vividly at the very outset never occurred to him until some trivial detail suddenly shaped as a riddle and pointed to the obvious thing he had overlooked. In this matter, for instance, it had not occurred to him that this continuity of the city, this exclusion of weather, these vast halls and ways, involved the disappearance of the household; that the typical Victorian " Home," the little brick cell

containing kitchen and scullery, living rooms an rooms, had, save for the ruins that diversifie countryside, vanished as surely as the wattle hut. now he saw what had indeed been manifest fro first, that London, regarded as a living place, w longer an aggregation of houses but a prodigious an hotel with a thousand classes of accommod thousands of dining halls, chapels, theatres, m and places of assembly, a synthesis of enterpris which he chiefly was the owner. People had sleeping rooms, with, it might be, antechar rooms that were always sanitary at least whatev degree of comfort and privacy, and for the rest lived much as many people had lived in the new- giant hotels of the Victorian days, eating, re thinking, playing, conversing, all in places of resort, going to their work in the industrial qu of the city or doing business in their offices i trading section.

He perceived at once how necessarily this st affairs had developed from the Victorian city. fundamental reason for the modern city had ever the economy of co-operation. The chief thing t vent the merging of the separate households i own generation was simply the still imperfect ci tion of the people, the strong barbaric pride, pas and prejudices, the jealousies, rivalries, and vic of the middle and lower classes, which had necess the entire separation of contiguous households. the change, the taming of the people, had be rapid progress even then. In his brief thirty ye previous life he had seen an enormous extensi

the habit of consuming meals from home, the casually patronised horse-box coffee-house had given place to the open and crowded Aërated Bread Shop for instance, women's clubs had had their beginning, and an immense development of reading rooms, lounges and libraries had witnessed to the growth of social confidence. These promises had by this time attained to their complete fulfilment. The locked and barred household had passed away.

These people below him belonged, he learnt, to the lower middle class, the class just above the blue labourers, a class so accustomed in the Victorian period to feed with every precaution of privacy that its members, when occasion confronted them with a public meal, would usually hide their embarrassment under horseplay or a markedly militant demeanour. But these gaily, if lightly dressed people below, albeit vivacious, hurried and uncommunicative, were dexterously mannered and certainly quite at their ease with regard to one another.

He noted a slight significant thing; the table, as far as he could see, was and remained delightfully neat, there was nothing to parallel the confusion, the broadcast crumbs, the splashes of viand and condiment, the overturned drink and displaced ornaments, which would have marked the stormy progress of the Victorian meal. The table furniture was very different. There were no ornaments, no flowers, and the table was without a cloth, being made, he learnt, of a solid substance having the texture and appearance of damask. He discerned that this damask substance was patterned with gracefully designed trade advertisements.

In a sort of recess before each diner was a co apparatus of porcelain and metal. There wa plate of white porcelain, and by means of taps f and cold volatile fluids the diner washed this h between the courses; he also washed his elegant metal knife and fork and spoon as occasion rec

Soup and the chemical wine that was the co: drink were delivered by similar taps, and the rem covers travelled automatically in tastefully arr dishes down the table along silver rails. The stopped these and helped himself at his disc They appeared at a little door at one end of the and vanished at the other. That turn of demc sentiment in decay, that ugly pride of menial which renders equals loth to wait on one anothe very strong he found among these people. He v preoccupied with these details that it was only j he was leaving the place that he remarked the advertisement dioramas that marched majes along the upper walls and proclaimed the most re able commodities.

Beyond this place they came into a crowdec and he discovered the cause of the noise that ha plexed him. They paused at a turnstile at wl payment was made.

Graham's attention was immediately arrestec violent, loud hoot, followed by a vast leathery "The Master is sleeping peacefully," it vocif "He is in excellent health. He is going to devc rest of his life to aëronautics. He says wom more beautiful than ever. Galloop! Wow! wonderful civilisation astonishes him beyond me

Beyond all measure. Galloop. He puts great trust in Boss Ostrog, absolute confidence in Boss Ostrog. Ostrog is to be his chief minister; is authorised to remove or reinstate public officers — all patronage will be in his hands. All patronage in the hands of Boss Ostrog! The Councillors have been sent back to their own prison above the Council House."

Graham stopped at the first sentence, and, looking up, beheld a foolish trumpet face from which this was brayed. This was the General Intelligence Machine. For a space it seemed to be gathering breath, and a regular throbbing from its cylindrical body was audible. Then it trumpeted "Galloop, Galloop," and broke out again.

"Paris is now pacified. All resistance is over. Galloop! The black police hold every position of importance in the city. They fought with great bravery, singing songs written in praise of their ancestors by the poet Kipling. Once or twice they got out of hand, and tortured and mutilated wounded and captured insurgents, men and women. Moral — don't go rebelling. Haha! Galloop, Galloop! They are lively fellows. Lively brave fellows. Let this be a lesson to the disorderly banderlog of this city. Yah! Banderlog! Filth of the earth! Galloop, Galloop!"

The voice ceased. There was a confused murmur of disapproval among the crowd. "Damned niggers." A man began to harangue near them. "Is this the Master's doing, brothers? Is this the Master's doing?"

"Black police!" said Graham. "What is that? You don't mean —"

Asano touched his arm and gave him a w look, and forthwith another of these mech screamed deafeningly and gave tongue in a shril "Yahaha, Yahah, Yap! Hear a live paper Live paper. Yaha! Shocking outrage in Yahahah! The Parisians exasperated by the police to the pitch of assassination. Dreadful sals. Savage times come again. Blood! Yaha!" The nearer Babble Machine hooted dously, "Galloop, Galloop," drowned the end sentence, and proceeded in a rather flatter no before with novel comments on the horrors of di "Law and order must be maintained," said the Babble Machine.

"But," began Graham.

"Don't ask questions here," said Asano, "I will be involved in an argument."

"Then let us go on," said Graham, "for I w know more of this."

As he and his companion pushed their way th the excited crowd that swarmed beneath these towards the exit, Graham conceived more clear proportion and features of this room. Altog great and small, there must have been nearly a sand of these erections, piping, hooting, bawlin gabbling in that great space, each with its cro excited listeners, the majority of them men di in blue canvas. There were all sizes of mac from the little gossipping mechanisms that chu out mechanical sarcasm in odd corners, throu number of grades to such fifty-foot giants as that had first hooted over Graham.

"THE GENERAL INTELLIGENCE MACHINE"

This place was unusually crowded, because of the intense public interest in the course of affairs in Paris. Evidently the struggle had been much more savage than Ostrog had represented it. All the mechanisms were discoursing upon that topic, and the repetition of the people made the huge hive buzz with such phrases as "Lynched policemen," "Women burnt alive," "Fuzzy Wuzzy." "But does the Master allow such things?" asked a man near him. "Is *this* the beginning of the Master's rule?"

Is *this* the beginning of the Master's rule? For a long time after he had left the place, the hooting, whistling and braying of the machines pursued him; "Galloop, Galloop," "Yahahah, Yaha, Yap! Yaha!" Is *this* the beginning of the Master's rule?

Directly they were out upon the ways he began to question Asano closely on the nature of the Parisian struggle. "This disarmament! What was their trouble? What does it all mean?" Asano seemed chiefly anxious to reassure him that it was "all right." "But these outrages!" "You cannot have an omelette," said Asano, "without breaking eggs. It is only the rough people. Only in one part of the city. All the rest is all right. The Parisian labourers are the wildest in the world, except ours."

"What! the Londoners?"

"No, the Japanese. They have to be kept in order."

"But burning women alive!"

"A Commune!" said Asano. "They would rob you of your property. They would do away with property and give the world over to mob rule. You are Master, the world is yours. But there will be no

Commune here. There is no need for black here.

"And every consideration has been shown. their own negroes — French speaking negroes. gal regiments, and Niger and Timbuctoo."

"Regiments?" said Graham, "I thought the only one —."

"No," said Asano, and glanced at him. "T more than one."

Graham felt unpleasantly helpless.

"I did not think," he began and stopped at He went off at a tangent to ask for in tion about these Babble Machines. For the part, the crowd present had been shabbily o raggedly dressed, and Graham learnt that so the more prosperous classes were concerned, the more comfortable private apartments of t were fixed Babble Machines that would speak c a lever was pulled. The tenant of the apa could connect this with the cables of any of th News Syndicates that he preferred. When he this presently, he demanded the reason o absence from his own suite of apartments. stared. "I never thought," he said. "Ostro have had them removed."

Graham stared. "How was I to know?" claimed.

"Perhaps he thought they would annoy you Asano.

"They must be replaced directly I return Graham after an interval.

He found a difficulty in understanding th

news room and the dining hall were not great central places, that such establishments were repeated almost beyond counting all over the city. But ever and again during the night's expedition his ears, in some new quarter would pick out from the tumult of the ways the peculiar hooting of the organ of Boss Ostrog, "Galloop, Galloop!" or the shrill "Yahaha, Yaha, Yap! — Hear a live paper yelp!" of its chief rival.

Repeated, too, everywhere, were such *crèches* as the one he now entered. It was reached by a lift, and by a glass bridge that flung across the dining hall and traversed the ways at a slight upward angle. To enter the first section of the place necessitated the use of his solvent signature under Asano's direction. They were immediately attended to by a man in a violet robe and gold clasp, the insignia of practising medical men. He perceived from this man's manner that his identity was known, and proceeded to ask questions on the strange arrangements of the place without reserve.

On either side of the passage, which was silent and padded, as if to deaden the footfall, were narrow little doors, their size and arrangement suggestive of the cells of a Victorian prison. But the upper portion of each door was of the same greenish transparent stuff that had enclosed him at his awakening, and within, dimly seen, lay, in every case, a very young baby in a little nest of wadding. Elaborate apparatus watched the atmosphere and rang a bell far away in the central office at the slightest departure from the optimum of temperature and moisture. A

system of such *crèches* had almost entirely r
the hazardous adventures of the old-world r
The attendant presently called Graham's atter
the wet nurses, a vista of mechanical figure
arms, shoulders and breasts of astonishingly i
modelling, articulation, and texture, but men
tripods below, and having in the place of fea
flat disc bearing advertisements likely to be of i
to mothers.

Of all the strange things that Graham cam
that night, none jarred more upon his hal
thought than this place. The spectacle of th
pink creatures, their feeble limbs swaying unce
in vague first movements, left alone, without e
or endearment, was wholly repugnant to him
attendant doctor was of a different opinion. H
tistical evidence showed beyond dispute that
Victorian times the most dangerous passage
was the arms of the mother, that there human
tality had ever been most terrible. On the
hand this *crèche* company, the International C
Syndicate, lost not one-half per cent of the r
babies or so that formed its peculiar care. Bu
ham's prejudice was too strong even for those fi

Along one of the many passages of the plac
presently came upon a young couple in the usua
canvas peering through the transparency and l
ing hysterically at the bald head of their first
Graham's face must have showed his estimate of
for their merriment ceased and they looked ab
But this little incident accentuated his sudden re
tion of the gulf between his habits of thought an

ways of the new age. He passed on to the crawling rooms and the Kindergarten, perplexed and distressed. He found the endless long playrooms were empty! the latter-day children at least still spent their nights in sleep. As they went through these, the little officer pointed out the nature of the toys, developments of those devised by that inspired sentimentalist Froebel. There were nurses here, but much was done by machines that sang and danced and dandled.

Graham was still not clear upon many points. "But so many orphans," he said perplexed, reverting to a first misconception, and learnt again that they were not orphans.

So soon as they had left the *crèche* he began to speak of the horror the babies in their incubating cases had caused him. "Is motherhood gone?" he said. "Was it a cant? Surely it was an instinct. This seems so unnatural — abominable almost."

"Along here we shall come to the dancing place," said Asano by way of reply. "It is sure to be crowded. In spite of all the political unrest it will be crowded. The women take no great interest in politics — except a few here and there. You will see the mothers — most young women in London are mothers. In that class it is considered a creditable thing to have one child — a proof of animation. Few middle class people have more than one. With the Labour Company it is different. As for motherhood! They still take an immense pride in the children. They come here to look at them quite often."

"Then do you mean that the population of the world —?"

"Is falling? Yes. Except among the peopl the Labour Company. They are reckless —.

The air was suddenly dancing with music, ar a way they approached obliquely, set with g pillars as it seemed of clear amethyst, flowed course of gay people and a tumult of merry c laughter. He saw curled heads, wreathed brc a happy intricate flutter of gamboge pass trit across the picture.

"You will see," said Asano with a fain "The world has changed. In a moment you the mothers of the new age. Come this wa shall see those yonder again very soon."

They ascended a certain height in a swift changed to a slower one. As they went on th grew upon them, until it was near and full an did, and, moving with its glorious intricaci could distinguish the beat of innumerable feet. They made a payment at a turnsti emerged upon the wide gallery that overloo dancing place, and upon the full enchantr sound and sight.

"Here," said Asano, "are the fathers and of the little ones you saw."

The hall was not so richly decorated as tha Atlas, but saving that, it was, for its size, tl splendid Graham had seen. The beautiful limbed figures that supported the galleries re him once more of the restored magnificence o ture; they seemed to writhe in engaging a their faces laughed. The source of the mu filled the place was hidden, and the whole va

ing floor was thick with dancing couples. "Look at them," said the little officer, "see how much they show of motherhood."

The gallery they stood upon ran along the upper edge of a huge screen that cut the dancing hall on one side from a sort of outer hall that showed through broad arches the incessant onward rush of the city ways. In this outer hall was a great crowd of less brilliantly dressed people, as numerous almost as those who danced within, the great majority wearing the blue uniform of the Labour Company that was now so familiar to Graham. Too poor to pass the turnstiles to the festival, they were yet unable to keep away from the sound of its seductions. Some of them even had cleared spaces, and were dancing also, fluttering their rags in the air. Some shouted as they danced, jests and odd allusions Graham did not understand. Once someone began whistling the refrain of the revolutionary song, but it seemed as though that beginning was promptly suppressed. The corner was dark and Graham could not see. He turned to the hall again. Above the caryatidæ were marble busts of men whom that age esteemed great moral emancipators and pioneers; for the most part their names were strange to Graham, though he recognised Grant Allen, Le Gallienne, Nietzsche, Shelley and Goodwin. Great black festoons and eloquent sentiments reinforced the huge inscription that partially defaced the upper end of the dancing place, and asserted that "The Festival of the Awakening" was in progress.

"Myriads are taking holiday or staying from work because of that, quite apart from the labourers who

refuse to go back," said Asano. "These pe always ready for holidays."

Graham walked to the parapet and stood over, looking down at the dancers. Save fo three remote whispering couples, who ha apart, he and his guide had the gallery to the A warm breath of scent and vitality came up Both men and women below were lightly cla armed, open-necked, as the universal warmt city permitted. The hair of the men was ofte of effeminate curls, their chins were always and many of them had flushed or coloured Many of the women were very pretty, and dressed with elaborate coquetry. As they s beneath, he saw ecstatic faces with eyes half c pleasure.

"What sort of people are these?" he abruptly.

"Workers — prosperous workers. Wh would have called the middle class. Inde tradesmen with little separate businesses ha ished long ago, but there are store servers, ers, engineers of a hundred sorts. Tonight is day of course, and every dancing place in will be crowded, and every place of worship."

"But — the women?"

"The same. There's a thousand forms of w women now. But you had the beginning of th pendent working-woman in your days. Most are independent now. Most of these are more or less — there are a number of methods

tract — and that gives them more money, and enables them to enjoy themselves."

"I see," said Graham looking at the flushed faces, the flash and swirl of movement, and still thinking of that nightmare of pink helpless limbs. "And these are — mothers."

"Most of them."

"The more I see of these things the more complex I find your problems. This, for instance, is a surprise. That news from Paris was a surprise."

In a little while he spoke again:

"These are mothers. Presently, I suppose, I shall get into the modern way of seeing things. I have old habits of mind clinging about me — habits based, I suppose, on needs that are over and done with. Of course, in our time, a woman was supposed not only to bear children, but to cherish them, to devote herself to them, to educate them — all the essentials of moral and mental education a child owed its mother. Or went without. Quite a number, I admit, went without. Nowadays, clearly, there is no more need for such care than if they were butterflies. I see that! Only there was an ideal — that figure of a grave, patient woman, silently and serenely mistress of a home, mother and maker of men — to love her was a sort of worship — "

He stopped and repeated, "A sort of worship."

"Ideals change," said the little man, "as needs change."

Graham awoke from an instant reverie and Asano repeated his words. Graham's mind returned to the thing at hand.

"Of course I see the perfect reasonableness Restraint, soberness, the matured thought, the fish act, they are necessities of the barbarous st life of dangers. Dourness is man's tribute to quered nature. But man has conquered natu for all practical purposes — his political affa managed by Bosses with a black police — and joyous."

He looked at the dancers again. "Joyo said.

"There are weary moments," said the little reflectively.

"They all look young. Down there I sho visibly the oldest man. And in my own time I have passed as middle-aged."

"They are young. There are few old people class in the work cities."

"How is that?"

"Old people's lives are not so pleasant as th to be, unless they are rich to hire lovers and And we have an institution called Euthanasy."

"Ah! that Euthanasy!" said Graham. "T death?"

"The easy death. It is the last pleasure. Euthanasy Company does it well. People will sum — it is a costly thing — long beforehand, g some pleasure city and return impoverishe weary, very weary."

"There is a lot left for me to understand Graham after a pause. "Yet I see the logic o Our array of angry virtues and sour restraints consequence of danger and insecurity. The St

'uritan, even in my time, were vanishing types. In ıe old days man was armed against Pain, now he is ager for Pleasure. There lies the difference. Civiliation has driven pain and danger so far off — for 'ell-to-do people. And only well-to-do people matter ow. I have been asleep two hundred years."

For a minute they leant on the balustrading, followıg the intricate evolution of the dance. Indeed the ɔene was very beautiful.

"Before God," said Graham, suddenly, "I would ıther be a wounded sentinel freezing in the snow than ne of these painted fools!"

"In the snow," said Asano, "one might think ifferently."

"I am uncivilised," said Graham, not heeding him. That is the trouble. I am primitive — Palæolithic. *Their* fountain of rage and fear and anger is sealed nd closed, the habits of a lifetime make them cheerful nd easy and delightful. You must bear with my ineteenth century shocks and disgusts. These eople, you say, are skilled workers and so forth. And 'hile these dance, men are fighting — men are dying ı Paris to keep the world — that they may dance."

Asano smiled faintly. "For that matter, men are ying in London," he said.

There was a moment's silence.

"Where do these sleep?" asked Graham.

"Above and below — an intricate warren."

"And where do they work? This is — the domestic fe."

"You will see little work to-night. Half the workers 'e out or under arms. Half these people are keeping

holiday. But we will go to the work places wish it."

For a time Graham watched the dancer suddenly turned away. "I want to see the w I have seen enough of these," he said.

Asano led the way along the gallery acr dancing hall. Presently they came to a tra passage that brought a breath of fresher, colder

Asano glanced at this passage as they wer stopped, went back to it, and turned to Graha a smile. "Here, Sire," he said, "is something be familiar to you at least — and yet —. But not tell you. Come!"

He led the way along a closed passage tha ently became cold. The reverberation of their fe that this passage was a bridge. They came circular gallery that was glazed in from the weather, and so reached a circular chamber seemed familiar, though Graham could not rec tinctly when he had entered it before. In this ladder — the first ladder he had seen sin awakening — up which they went, and came high, dark, cold place in which was another vertical ladder. This they ascended, Grahar perplexed.

But at the top he understood, and recogniz metallic bars to which he clung. He was in th under the ball of St. Paul's. The dome rose little way above the general contour of the into the still twilight, and sloped away, s greasily under a few distant lights, into a circu bient ditch of darkness.

Out between the bars he looked upon the wind-clear northern sky and saw the starry constellations all unchanged. Capella hung in the west, Vega was rising, and the seven glittering points of the Great Bear swept overhead in their stately circle about the Pole.

He saw these stars in a clear gap of sky. To the east and south the great circular shapes of complaining wind-wheels blotted out the heavens, so that the glare about the Council House was hidden. To the south-west hung Orion, showing like a pallid ghost through a tracery of iron-work and interlacing shapes above a dazzling coruscation of lights. A bellowing and siren screaming that came from the flying stages warned the world that one of the aëroplanes was ready to start. He remained for a space gazing towards the glaring stage. Then his eyes went back to the northward constellations.

For a long time he was silent. "This," he said at last, smiling in the shadow, "seems the strangest thing of all. To stand in the dome of Saint Paul's and look once more upon these familiar, silent stars!"

Thence Graham was taken by Asano along devious ways to the great gambling and business quarters where the bulk of the fortunes in the city were lost and made. It impressed him as a well-nigh interminable series of very high halls, surrounded by tiers upon tiers of galleries into which opened thousands of offices, and traversed by a complicated multitude of bridges, footways, aërial motor rails, and trapeze and cable leaps. And here more than anywhere the note of vehement vitality, of uncontrollable, hasty activity,

rose high. Everywhere was violent advertis until his brain swam at the tumult of light and And Babble Machines of a peculiarly rancid ton abundant and filled the air with strenuous squ and an idiotic slang. "Skin your eyes and "Gewhoop, Bonanza," "Gollipers come and hav

The place seemed to him to be dense with either profoundly agitated or swelling with c cunning, yet he learnt that the place was com tively empty, that the great political convulsion last few days had reduced transactions to a precedented minimum. In one huge place wer avenues of roulette tables, each with a cited, undignified crowd about it; in anot yelping Babel of white-faced women and necked leathery-lunged men bought and so shares of an absolutely fictitious business taking which, every five minutes, paid a divid ten per cent and cancelled a certain proportion shares by means of a lottery wheel.

These business activities were prosecuted w energy that readily passed into violence, and G approaching a dense crowd found at its centre a of prominent merchants in violent controversy teeth and nails on some delicate point of bu etiquette. Something still remained in life to be for. Further he had a shock at a vehement anno ment in phonetic letters of scarlet flame. each the height of a man, that "WE ASSURE PROPRAIET'R. WE ASSURE THE PRAIET'R."

"Who's the proprietor?" he asked.

"You."

"But what do they assure me?" he asked. "What do they assure me?"

"Didn't you have assurance?"

Graham thought. "Insurance?"

"Yes — Insurance. I remember that was the older word. They are insuring your life. Dozands of people are taking out policies, myriads of lions are being put on you. And further on other people are buying annuities. They do that on everybody who is at all prominent. Look there!"

A crowd of people surged and roared, and Graham saw a vast black screen suddenly illuminated in stilll larger letters of burning purple. "Anuetes on the Propraiet'r — x 5 pr. G." The people began to boo and shout at this, a number of hard breathing, wild-eyed men came running past, clawing with hooked fingers at the air. There was a furious crush about a little doorway.

Asano did a brief calculation. "Seventeen per cent per annum is their annuity on you. They would not pay so much per cent if they could see you now, Sire. But they do not know. Your own annuities used to be a very safe investment, but now you are sheer gambling, of course. This is probably a desperate bid. I doubt if people will get their money."

The crowd of would-be annuitants grew so thick about them that for some time they could move neither forward no backward. Graham noticed what appeared to him to be a high proportion of women among the speculators, and was reminded again of the economical independence of their sex. They seemed remarkably

well able to take care of themselves in the
using their elbows with particular skill, as he le
his cost. One curly-headed person caught
pressure for a space, looked steadfastly at him
times, almost as if she recognized him, and
edging deliberately towards him, touched his
with her arm in a scarcely accidental manne
made it plain by a look as ancient as Chaldea t
had found favour in her eyes. And then a lank,
bearded man, perspiring copiously in a noble p
of self-help, blind to all earthly things save that g
bait, thrust between them in a cataclysmal rush tc
that alluring "x 5 pr. G."

"I want to get out of this," said Graham to
"This is not what I came to see. Show m
workers. I want to see the people in blue.
parasitic lunatics —"

He found himself wedged in a struggling m
people, and this hopeful sentence went unfinish

CHAPTER XXI

THE UNDER SIDE

From the Business Quarter they presently passed by the running ways into a remote quarter of the city, where the bulk of the manufactures was done. On their way the platforms crossed the Thames twice, and passed in a broad viaduct across one of the great roads that entered the city from the North. In both cases his impression was swift and in both very vivid. The river was a broad wrinkled glitter of black sea water, overarched by buildings, and vanishing either way into a blackness starred with receding lights. A string of black barges passed seaward, manned by blue-clad men. The road was a long and very broad and high tunnel, along which big-wheeled machines drove noiselessly and swiftly. Here, too, the distinctive blue of the Labour Company was in abundance. The smoothness of the double tracks, the largeness and the lightness of the big pneumatic wheels in proportion to the vehicular body, struck Graham most vividly. One lank and very high carriage with longitudinal metallic rods hung with the dripping carcasses of many hundred sheep arrested his attention unduly. Abruptly the edge of the archway cut and blotted out the picture.

Presently they left the way and descended by a lift and traversed a passage that sloped downward, and

so came to a descending lift again. The appe of things changed. Even the pretence of ar tural ornament disappeared, the lights diminis number and size, the architecture became mo more massive in proportion to the spaces as t tory quarters were reached. And in the dusty l making place of the potters, among the felspar in the furnace rooms of the metal workers, amo incandescent lakes of crude Eadhamite, the blu vas clothing was on man, woman and child.

Many of these great and dusty galleries were avenues of machinery, endless raked out ashe naces testified to the revolutionary dislocatio wherever there was work it was being done by moving workers in blue canvas. The only peo in blue canvas were the overlookers of the work and the orange-clad Labour Police. And fresh the flushed faces of the dancing halls, the vol vigours of the business quarter, Graham coul the pinched faces, the feeble muscles, and wear of many of the latter-day workers. Such as he work were noticeably inferior in physique to th gaily dressed managers and forewomen who directing their labours. The burly labourers of t Victorian times had followed the dray horse a such living force producers, to extinction; the pl his costly muscles was taken by some dext machine. The latter-day labourer, male as w female, was essentially a machine-minder and f a servant and attendant, or an artist under directi

The women, in comparison with those Gr remembered, were as a class distinctly plain and

chested. Two hundred years of emancipation from the moral restraints of Puritanical religion, two hundred years of city life, had done their work in eliminating the strain of feminine beauty and vigour from the blue canvas myriads. To be brilliant physically or mentally, to be in any way attractive or exceptional, had been and was still a certain way of emancipation to the drudge, a line of escape to the Pleasure City and its splendours and delights, and at last to the Euthanasy and peace. To be steadfast against such inducements was scarcely to be expected of meanly nourished souls. In the young cities of Graham's former life, the newly aggregated labouring mass had been a diverse multitude, still stirred by the tradition of personal honour and a high morality; now it was differentiating into a distinct class, with a moral and physical difference of its own — even with a dialect of its own.

They penetrated downward, ever downward, towards the working places. Presently they passed underneath one of the streets of the moving ways, and saw its platforms running on their rails far overhead, and chinks of white lights between the transverse slits. The factories that were not working were sparsely lighted; to Graham they and their shrouded aisles of giant machines seemed plunged in gloom, and even where work was going on the illumination was far less brilliant than upon the public ways.

Beyond the blazing lakes of Eadhamite he came to the warren of the jewellers, and, with some difficulty and by using his signature, obtained admission to these galleries. They were high and dark, and rather

cold. In the first a few men were making orn of gold filigree, each man at a little bench by l and with a little shaded light. The long vista (patches, with the nimble fingers brightly l moving among the gleaming yellow coils, a intent face like the face of a ghost, in each s had the oddest effect.

The work was beautifully executed, but withc strength of modelling or drawing, for the mo intricate grotesques or the ringing of the chan a geometrical *motif*. These workers wore a p white uniform without pockets or sleeves. assumed this on coming to work, but at nigh were stripped and examined before they le premises of the Company. In spite of every p tion, the Labour policeman told them in a dep tone, the Company was not infrequently robbed

Beyond was a gallery of women busied in c and setting slabs of artificial ruby, and next thes men and women busied together upon the sl copper net that formed the basis of *cloisonné* Many of these workers had lips and nostrils a white, due to a disease caused by a peculiar] enamel that chanced to be much in fashion. apologised to Graham for the offence of their face excused himself on the score of the convenience (route. "This is what I wanted to see," said Gr "this is what I wanted to see," trying to avoid a at a particularly striking disfigurement that suc stared him in the face.

"She might have done better with herself that," said Asano.

Graham made some indignant comments.

"But, Sire, we simply could not stand that stuff without the purple," said Asano. "In your days people could stand such crudities, they were nearer the barbaric by two hundred years."

They continued along one of the lower galleries of this *cloisonné* factory, and came to a little bridge that spanned a vault. Looking over the parapet, Graham saw that beneath was a wharf under yet more tremendous archings than any he had seen. Three barges, smothered in floury dust, were being unloaded of their cargoes of powdered felspar by a multitude of coughing men, each guiding a little truck; the dust filled the place with a choking mist, and turned the electric glare yellow. The vague shadows of these workers gesticulated about their feet, and rushed to and fro against a long stretch of white-washed wall. Every now and then one would stop to cough.

A shadowy, huge mass of masonry rising out of the inky water, brought to Graham's mind the thought of the multitude of ways and galleries and lifts, that rose floor above floor overhead between him and the sky. The men worked in silence under the supervision of two of the Labour Police; their feet made a hollow thunder on the planks along which they went to and fro. And as he looked at this scene, some hidden voice in the darkness began to sing.

"Stop that!" shouted one of the policemen, but the order was disobeyed, and first one and then all the white-stained men who were working there had taken up the beating refrain, singing it defiantly, the Song of the Revolt. The feet upon the planks thundered

now to the rhythm of the song, tramp, tramp
The policeman who had shouted glanced at hi
and Graham saw him shrug his shoulders. H
no further effort to stop the singing.

And so they went through these factories an
of toil, seeing many painful and grim thing
why should the gentle reader be depressed?
to a refined nature our present world is dis
enough without bothering ourselves abou
miseries to come. We shall not suffer anyho
children may, but what is that to us? That wall
Graham's mind a maze of memories, fluctuat
tures of swathed halls, and crowded vaults seen
clouds of dust, of intricate machines, the racing
of looms, the heavy beat of stamping machin
roar and rattle of belt and armature, of ill-lit
ranean aisles of sleeping places, illimitable v
pin-point lights. And here the smell of tanni
here the reek of a brewery and here, unprec
reeks. And everywhere were pillars and cro
ings of such a massiveness as Graham had neve
seen, thick Titans of greasy, shining brickwork
beneath the vast weight of that complex city
even as these anæmic millions were crushed
complexity. And everywhere were pale featur
limbs, disfigurement and degradation.

Once and again, and again a third time, (
heard the song of the revolt during his
unpleasant research in these places, and once
a confused struggle down a passage, and lea
a number of these serfs had seized their bread
their work was done. Graham was ascending t

"HE SAW A CONFUSED STRUGGLE DOWN A PASSAGE"

the ways again when he saw a number of blue-clad children running down a transverse passage, and presently perceived the reason of their panic in a company of the Labour Police armed with clubs, trotting towards some unknown disturbance. And then came a remote disorder. But for the most part this remnant that worked, worked hopelessly. All the spirit that was left in fallen humanity was above in the streets that night, calling for the Master, and valiantly and noisily keeping its arms.

They emerged from these wanderings and stood blinking in the bright light of the middle passage of the platforms again. They became aware of the remote hooting and yelping of the machines of one of the General Intelligence Offices, and suddenly came men running, and along the platforms and about the ways everywhere was a shouting and crying. Then a woman with a face of mute white terror, and another who gasped and shrieked as she ran.

"What has happened now?" said Graham, puzzled, for he could not understand their thick speech. Then he heard it in English and perceived that the thing that everyone was shouting, that men yelled to one another, that women took up screaming, that was passing like the first breeze of a thunderstorm, chill and sudden through the city, was this: "Ostrog has ordered the Black Police to London. The Black Police are coming from South Africa. . . . The Black Police. The Black Police."

Asano's face was white and astonished; he hesitated, looked at Graham's face, and told him the thi

he already knew. "But how can they know?" Asano.

Graham heard someone shouting. "Stop all Stop all work," and a swarthy hunchback, ridicu gay in green and gold, came leaping down th forms toward him, bawling again and again in English, "This is Ostrog's doing, Ostrog, the I The Master is betrayed." His voice was hoarse thin foam dropped from his ugly shouting mouth yelled an unspeakable horror that the Black had done in Paris, and so passed shrieking, "(the Knave!"

For a moment Graham stood still, for it had upon him again that these things were a dream looked up at the great cliff of buildings on eithe vanishing into blue haze at last above the light down to the roaring tiers of platforms, ar shouting, running people who were gesticulatin "The Master is betrayed!" they cried. "The is betrayed!"

Suddenly the situation shaped itself in his mi and urgent. His heart began to beat fast and

"It has come," he said. "I might have known hour has come."

He thought swiftly. "What am I to do?"

"Go back to the Council House," said Asano

"Why should I not appeal—? The peop here."

"You will lose time. They will doubt if it But they will mass about the Council House. you will find their leaders. Your strength is t with them."

"Suppose this is only a rumour?"

"It sounds true," said Asano.

"Let us have the facts," said Graham.

Asano shrugged his shoulders. "We had better get towards the Council House," he cried. "That is where they will swarm. Even now the ruins may be impassable."

Graham regarded him doubtfully and followed him.

They went up the stepped platforms to the swiftest one, and there Asano accosted a labourer. The answers to his questions were in the thick, vulgar speech.

"What did he say?" asked Graham.

"He knows little, but he told me that the Black Police would have arrived here before the people knew — had not someone in the Wind-Vane Offices learnt. He said a girl."

"A girl? Not — ?"

"He said a girl — he did not know who she was. Who came out from the Council House crying aloud, and told the men at work among the ruins."

And then another thing was shouted, something that turned an aimless tumult into determinate movements, it came like a wind along the street. "To your Wards, to your Wards. Every man get arms. Every man to his Ward!"

CHAPTER XXII

THE STRUGGLE IN THE COUNCIL HOUSE

As Asano and Graham hurried along to the ruins about the Council House, they saw everywhere the excitement of the people rising. "To your Wards! To your Wards!" Everywhere men and women in blue were hurrying from unknown subterranean employments, up the staircases of the middle path; at one place Graham saw an arsenal of the revolutionary committee besieged by a crowd of shouting men, at another a couple of men in the hated yellow uniform of the Labour Police, pursued by a gathering crowd, fled precipitately along the swift way that went in the opposite direction.

The cries of "To your Wards!" became at last a continuous shouting as they drew near the Government quarter. Many of the shouts were unintelligible. "Ostrog has betrayed us," one man bawled in a hoarse voice, again and again, dinning that refrain into Graham's ear until it haunted him. This person stayed close beside Graham and Asano on the swift way, shouting to the people who swarmed on the lower platforms as he rushed past them. His cry about Ostrog alternated with some incomprehensible orders. Presently he went leaping down and disappeared.

Graham's mind was filled with the din. His plans were vague and unformed. He had one picture of

some commanding position from which he could address the multitudes, another of meeting Ostrog face to face. He was full of rage, of tense muscular excitement, his hands gripped, his lips were pressed together.

The way to the Council House across the ruins was impassable, but Asano met that difficulty and took Graham into the premises of the central post-office. The post-office was nominally at work, but the blue-clothed porters moved sluggishly or had stopped to stare through the arches of their galleries at the shouting men who were going by outside. "Every man to his Ward! Every man to his Ward!" Here, by Asano's advice, Graham revealed his identity.

They crossed to the Council House by a cable cradle. Already in the brief interval since the capitulation of the Councillors a great change had been wrought in the appearance of the ruins. The spurting cascades of the ruptured sea water-mains had been captured and tamed, and huge temporary pipes ran overhead along a flimsy looking fabric of girders. The sky was laced with restored cables and wires that served the Council House, and a mass of new fabric with cranes and other building machines going to and fro upon it, projected to the left of the white pile.

The moving ways that ran across this area had been restored, albeit for once running under the open sky. These were the ways that Graham had seen from the little balcony in the hour of his awakening, not nine days since, and the hall of his Trance had been on the further side, where now shapeless piles of smashed and shattered masonry were heaped together.

It was already high day and the sun was shining

brightly. Out of their tall caverns of blue light came the swift ways crowded with multiti people, who poured off them and gathered ever over the wreckage and confusion of the ruins air was full of their shouting, and they were p and swaying towards the central building. F most part that shouting mass consisted of sh swarms, but here and there Graham could see rude discipline struggled to establish itself. An voice clamoured for order in the chaos. "T Wards! Every man to his Ward!"

The cable carried them into a hall which C recognised as the ante-chamber to the Hall Atlas, about the gallery of which he had walke ago with Howard to show himself to the va Council, an hour from his awakening. Now th was empty except for two cable attendants. men seemed hugely astonished to recognis Sleeper in the man who swung down from th seat.

"Where is Helen Wotton?" he demanded. " is Helen Wotton?"

They did not know.

"Then where is Ostrog? I must see Ostrog with. He has disobeyed me. I have come t take things out of his hands." Without waiti Asano, he went straight across the place, ascen steps at the further end, and, pulling the curtain found himself facing the perpetually labouring T

The hall was empty. Its appearance had cl very greatly since his first sight of it. It had s serious injury in the violent struggle of the fir

break. On the right hand side of the great figure the upper half of the wall had been torn away for nearly two hundred feet of its length, and a sheet of the same glassy film that had enclosed Graham at his awakening had been drawn across the gap. This deadened, but did not altogether exclude the roar of the people outside. "Wards! Wards! Wards!" they seemed to be saying. Through it there were visible the beams and supports of metal scaffoldings that rose and fell according to the requirements of a great crowd of workmen. An idle building machine, with lank arms of red painted metal that caught the still plastic blocks of mineral paste and swung them neatly into position, stretched gauntly across this green tinted picture. On it were still a number of workmen staring at the crowd below. For a moment he stood regarding these things, and Asano overtook him.

"Ostrog," said Asano, "will be in the small offices beyond there." The little man looked livid now and his eyes searched Graham's face.

They had scarcely advanced ten paces from the curtain before a little panel to the left of the Atlas rolled up, and Ostrog, accompanied by Lincoln and followed by two black and yellow clad negroes, appeared crossing the remote corner of the hall, towards a second panel that was raised and open. "Ostrog," shouted Graham, and at the sound of his voice the little party turned astonished.

Ostrog said something to Lincoln and advanced alone.

Graham was the first to speak. His voice was loud and dictatorial. "What is this I hear?" he asked

"Are you bringing negroes here — to keep the down?"

"It is none too soon," said Ostrog. "The been getting out of hand more and more, sir revolt. I under-estimated —"

"Do you mean that these infernal negroes the way?"

"On the way. As it is, you have seen the pe outside?"

"No wonder! But — after what was said have taken too much on yourself, Ostrog."

Ostrog said nothing, but drew nearer.

"These negroes must not come to London Graham. "I am Master and they shall not cor

Ostrog glanced at Lincoln, who at once towards them with his two attendants close him. "Why not?" asked Ostrog.

"White men must be mastered by white Besides —"

"The negroes are only an instrument."

"But that is not the question. I am the Mas mean to be the Master. And I tell you these n shall not come."

"The people —"

"I believe in the people."

"Because you are an anachronism. You are out of the Past — an accident. You are Own haps of half the property in the world. But y not Master. You do not know enough to be M

He glanced at Lincoln again. "I know no you think — I can guess something of what yo to do. Even now it is not too late to warn you.

lream of human equality — of a socialistic order — ·ou have all those worn-out dreams of the nineteenth entury fresh and vivid in your mind, and you would ule this age that you do not understand."

"Listen!" said Graham. "You can hear it — a ound like the sea. Not voices — but a voice. Do *ou* altogether understand?"

"We taught them that," said Ostrog.

"Perhaps. Can you teach them to forget it? But nough of this! These negroes must not come."

There was a pause and Ostrog looked him in the yes.

"They will," he said.

"I forbid it," said Graham.

"They have started."

"I will not have it."

"No," said Ostrog. "Sorry as I am to follow the nethod of the Council —. For your own good — ·ou must not side with — Disorder. And now that ·ou are here —. It was kind of you to come here."

Lincoln laid his hand on Graham's shoulder. Abruptly Graham realized the enormity of his blunder n coming to the Council House. He turned towards he curtains that separated the hall from the ante-hamber. The clutching hand of Asano intervened. n another moment Lincoln had grasped Graham's loak.

He turned and struck at Lincoln's face, and incon-inently a negro had him by collar and arm. He vrenched himself away, his sleeve tore noisily, and he tumbled back, to be tripped by the other attendant.

Then he struck the ground heavily and he was at the distant ceiling of the hall.

He shouted, rolled over, struggling fiercely, c an attendant's leg and threw him headlor struggled to his feet.

Lincoln appeared before him, went down again with a blow under the point of the jaw still. Graham made two strides, stumbled. A Ostrog's arm was round his neck, he was pull backward, fell heavily, and his arms were pinne ground. After a few violent efforts he ce: struggle and lay staring at Ostrog's heaving th

"You — are — a prisoner," panted Ostrog ing. "You — were rather a fool — to come ba

Graham turned his head about and pe through the irregular green window in the v the hall the men who had been working the t cranes gesticulating excitedly to the people belo They had seen!

Ostrog followed his eyes and started. He s something to Lincoln, but Lincoln did not mc bullet smashed among the mouldings above th The two sheets of transparent matter that ha stretched across this gap were rent, the edges torn aperture darkened, curved, ran rapidly t the framework, and in a moment the Council c stood open to the air. A chilly gust blew in gap, bringing with it a war of voices from the spaces without, an elvish babblement, "Sa Master!" "What are they doing to the M "The Master is betrayed!"

And then he realised that Ostrog's attenti

distracted, that Ostrog's grip had relaxed, and, wrenching his arms free, he struggled to his knees. In another moment he had thrust Ostrog back, and he was on one foot, his hand gripping Ostrog's throat, and Ostrog's hands clutching the silk about his neck.

But now men were coming towards them from the dais — men whose intentions he misunderstood. He had a glimpse of someone running in the distance towards the curtains of the antechamber, and then Ostrog had slipped from him and these newcomers were upon him. To his infinite astonishment, they seized him. They obeyed the shouts of Ostrog.

He was lugged a dozen yards before he realised that they were not friends — that they were dragging him towards the open panel. When he saw this he pulled back, he tried to fling himself down, he shouted for help with all his strength. And this time there were answering cries.

The grip upon his neck relaxed, and behold! in the lower corner of the rent upon the wall, first one and then a number of little black figures appeared shouting and waving arms. They came leaping down from the gap into the light gallery that had led to the Silent Rooms. They ran along it, so near were they that Graham could see the weapons in their hands. Then Ostrog was shouting in his ear to the men who held him, and once more he was struggling with all his strength against their endeavours to thrust him towards the opening that yawned to receive him. "They can't come down," panted Ostrog. "They daren't fire. It's all right." "We'll save him from them yet."

For long minutes as it seemed to Graham that

inglorious struggle continued. His clothes w
in a dozen places, he was covered in dust, o
had been trodden upon. He could hear the sl
his supporters, and once he heard shots. H
feel his strength giving way, feel his efforts w
aimless. But no help came, and surely, irre
that black, yawning opening came nearer.

The pressure upon him relaxed and he st
up. He saw Ostrog's grey head receding a
ceived that he was no longer held. He turne
and came full into a man in black. One of th
weapons cracked close to him, a drift of p
smoke came into his face, and a steel blade
The huge chamber span about him.

He saw a man in pale blue stabbing one of th
and yellow attendants not three yards from h
Then hands were upon him again.

He was being pulled in two directions n
seemed as though people were shouting to hi
wanted to understand and could not. Someo
clutching about his thighs, he was being hoi
spite of his vigorous efforts. He understood su
he ceased to struggle. He was lifted up on
shoulders and carried away from that devouring
Ten thousand throats were cheering.

He saw men in blue and black hurrying a
retreating Ostrogites and firing. Lifted up,
now across the whole expanse of the hall bene
Atlas image, saw that he was being carried t
the raised platform in the centre of the place.
end of the hall was already full of people r
towards him. They were looking at him and cl

He became aware that a sort of body-guard surounded him. Active men about him shouted vague rders. He saw close at hand the black moustached ıan in yellow who had been among those who had reeted him in the public theatre, shouting directions. 'he hall was already densely packed with swaying eople, the little metal gallery sagged with a shouting ıad, the curtains at the end had been torn away, and ıe ante-chamber was revealed densely crowded. He ɔuld scarcely make the man near him hear for the ımult about them. "Where has Ostrog gone?" he ѕked.

The man he questioned pointed over the heads ɔwards the lower panels about the hall on the side pposite the gap. They stood open and armed men, lue clad with black sashes, were running through them nd vanishing into the chambers and passages beyond. t seemed to Graham that a sound of firing drifted ırough the riot. He was carried in a staggering ırve across the great hall towards an opening beneath ıe gap.

He perceived men working with a sort of rude discipline to keep the crowd off him, to make a space clear bout him. He passed out of the hall, and saw a rude, new wall rising blankly before him topped by lue sky. He was swung down to his feet; someone ripped his arm and guided him. He found the man ı yellow close at hand. They were taking him up a arrow stairway of brick, and close at hand ros reat red painted masses, the cranes and leve ıe still engines of the big building machine.

He was at the top of the steps. He was l

across a narrow railed footway, and sudden vast shouting the amphitheatre of ruins oper before him. "The Master is with us! The The Master!" The shout swept athwart th faces like a wave, broke against the distan ruins, and came back in a welter of crie Master is on our side!"

Graham perceived that he was no longe passed by people, that he was standing upo temporary platform of white metal, part of seeming scaffolding that laced about the gr of the Council House. Over all the huge of the ruins, swayed and eddied the shoutin and here and there the black banners of th tionary societies ducked and swayed and for nuclei of organisation in the chaos. Up t stairs of wall and scaffolding by which his had reached the opening in the Atlas Chamb a solid crowd, and little energetic black figur ing to pillars and projections were strenuous t these congested masses to stir. Behind h higher point on the scaffolding, a number struggled upwards with the flapping folds o black standard. Through the yawning ga walls below him he could look down upon th attentive multitudes in the Hall of the Atl distant flying stages to the south came out bi vivid, brought nearer as it seemed by an translucency of the air. A solitary aëropile from the central stage as if to meet the aëroplanes.

"What had become of Ostrog?" asked Gra

even as he spoke he saw that all eyes were turned from him towards the crest of the Council House building. He looked also in this direction of universal attention. For a moment he saw nothing but the jagged corner of a wall, hard and clear against the sky. Then in the shadow he perceived the interior of a room and recognised with a start the green and white decorations of his former prison. And coming quickly across this opened room and up to the very verge of the cliff of the ruins came a little white clad figure followed by two other smaller seeming figures in black and yellow. He heard the man beside him exclaim "Ostrog," and turned to ask a question. But he never did, because of the startled exclamation of another of those who were with him and a lank finger suddenly pointing. He looked, and behold the aëropile that had been rising from the flying stage when last he had looked in that direction, was driving towards them. The swift steady flight was still novel enough to hold his attention.

Nearer it came, growing rapidly larger and larger, until it had swept over the further edge of the ruins and into view of the dense multitudes below. It drooped across the space and rose and passed overhead, rising to clear the mass of the Council House, a filmy translucent shape with the solitary aëronaut peering down through its ribs. It vanished beyond the skyline of the ruins.

Graham transferred his attention to Ostrog. He was signalling with his hands, and his attendants busy breaking down the wall beside him. In another moment the aëropile came into view again, a little

thing far away, coming round in a wide c
going slower.

Then suddenly the man in yellow shouted:
are they doing? What are the people doin
is Ostrog left there? Why is he not capture
will lift him — the aëropile will lift him! Ah

The exclamation was echoed by a shout
ruins. The rattling sound of the green
drifted across the intervening gulf to Grah
looking down, he saw a number of black a
uniforms running along one of the galleries
open to the air below the promontory up
Ostrog stood. They fired as they ran at me
and then emerged a number of pale blue f
pursuit. These minute fighting figures had t
effect; they seemed as they ran like litt
soldiers in a toy. This queer appearan
house cut open gave that struggle amidst
and passages a quality of unreality. It was
two hundred yards away from him, and ve
fifty above the heads in the ruins below. T
and yellow men ran into an open archway, a
and fired a volley. One of the blue pursuer
forward close to the edge, flung up his ar
gered sideways, seemed to Graham's sense
over the edge for several seconds, and fell
down. Graham saw him strike a projecting c
out, head over heels, head over heels, an
behind the red arm of the building machine.

And then a shadow came between Graham
sun. He looked up and the sky was clea
knew the aëropile had passed. Ostrog had

The man in yellow thrust before him, zealous and perspiring, pointing and blatent.

"They are grounding!" cried the man in yellow. "They are grounding. Tell the people to fire at him. Tell them to fire at him!"

Graham could not understand. He heard loud voices repeating these enigmatical orders.

Suddenly over the edge of the ruins he saw the prow of the aëropile come gliding and stop with a jerk. In a moment Graham understood that the thing had grounded in order that Ostrog might escape by it. He saw a blue haze climbing out of the gulf, perceived that the people below him were now firing up at the projecting stem.

A man beside him cheered hoarsely, and he saw that the blue rebels had gained the archway that had been contested by the men in black and yellow a moment before, and were running in a continual stream along the open passage.

And suddenly the aëropile slipped over the edge of the Council House and fell. It dropped, tilting at an angle of forty-five degrees, and dropping so steeply that it seemed to Graham, it seemed perhaps to most of those below, that it could not possibly rise again.

It fell so closely past him that he could see Ostrog clutching the guides of the seat, with his grey hair streaming; see the white-faced aëronaut wrenching over the lever that drove the engine along its guides. He heard the apprehensive vague cry of innumerable men below.

Graham clutched the railing before him and gasp The second seemed an age. The lower van of

aëropile passed within an ace of touching the
who yelled and screamed and trampled one
below.

And then it rose.

For a moment it looked as if it could not
clear the opposite cliff, and then that it co
possibly clear the wind-wheel that rotated bey

And behold! it was clear and soaring, still
sideways, upward, upward into the wind-swept

The suspense of the moment gave place to a
exasperation as the swarming people realis
Ostrog had escaped them. With belated activ
renewed their fire, until the rattling wove into
until the whole area became dim and blue and
pungent with the thin smoke of their weapons.

Too late! The aëropile dwindled small
smaller, and curved about and swept gracefull
ward to the flying stage from which it had s
risen. Ostrog had escaped.

For a while a confused babblement arose f
ruins, and then the universal attention came
Graham, perched high among the scaffoldi
saw the faces of the people turned towards hi
their shouts at his rescue. From the throat
ways came the song of the revolt spreading
breeze across that swaying sea of men.

The little group of men about him shout
gratulations on his escape. The man in yell
close to him, with a set face and shining eye
the song was rising, louder and louder; tramp
tramp, tramp.

Slowly the realisation came of the full mea

these things to him, the perception of the swift change in his position. Ostrog, who had stood beside him whenever he had faced that shouting multitude before, was beyond there — the antagonist. There was no one to rule for him any longer. Even the people about him, the leaders and organisers of the multitude, looked to see what he would do, looked to him to act, awaited his orders. He was King indeed. His puppet reign was at an end.

He was very intent to do the thing that was expected of him. His nerves and muscles were quivering, his mind was perhaps a little confused, but he felt neither fear nor anger. His hand that had been trodden upon throbbed and was hot. He was a little nervous about his bearing. He knew he was not afraid, but he was anxious not to seem afraid. In his former life he had often been more excited in playing games of skill. He was desirous of immediate action, he knew he must not think too much in detail of the huge complexity of the struggle about him lest he should be paralysed by the sense of its intricacy. Over there those square blue shapes, the flying stages, meant Ostrog; against Ostrog he was fighting for the world.

CHAPTER XXIII

WHILE THE AEROPLANES WERE COMING

For a time the Master of the Earth was n master of his own mind. Even his will seeme not his own, his own acts surprised him and w a part of the confusion of strange experien poured across his being. These things were the aëroplanes were coming, Helen Wott warned the people of their coming, and he was of the Earth. Each of these facts seemed str for complete possession of his thoughts. Th truded from a background of swarming halls, e passages, rooms jammed with ward leaders in kinematograph and telephone rooms, and w looking out on a seething sea of marching me man in yellow, and men whom he fancied wer Ward Leaders, were either propelling him or following him obediently; it was hard to tel haps they were doing a little of both. Perha power unseen and unsuspected, propelled th He was aware that he was going to make a pr tion to the People of the Earth, aware of grandiose phrases floating in his mind as th he meant to say. Many little things happen then he found himself with the man in yellow a little room where this proclamation of his w made.

This room was grotesquely latter-day in its appointments. In the centre was a bright oval lit by shaded electric lights from above. The rest was in shadow, and the double finely fitting doors through which he came from the swarming Hall of the Atlas made the place very still. The dead thud of these as they closed behind him, the sudden cessation of the tumult in which he had been living for hours, the quivering circle of light, the whispers and quick noiseless movements of vaguely visible attendants in the shadows, had a strange effect upon Graham. The huge ears of a phonographic mechanism gaped in a battery for his words, the black eyes of great photographic cameras awaited his beginning, beyond metal rods and coils glittered dimly, and something whirled about with a droning hum. He walked into the centre of the light, and his shadow drew together black and sharp to a little blot at his feet.

The vague shape of the thing he meant to say was already in his mind. But this silence, this isolation, the sudden withdrawal from that contagious crowd, this silent audience of gaping, glaring machines had not been in his anticipation. All his supports seemed withdrawn together; he seemed to have dropped into this suddenly, suddenly to have discovered himself. In a moment he was changed. He found that he now feared to be inadequate, he feared to be theatrical, he feared the quality of his voice, the quality of his wit, astonished, he turned to the man in yellow with a propitiatory gesture. "For a moment," he said, "I must wait. I did not think it would be like this. I must think of the thing I have to say.

While he was still hesitating there came an a
messenger with news that the foremost aëroplan
passing over Arawan.

"Arawan?" he said. "Where is that? But a
they are coming. They will be here. When?'

"By twilight."

"Great God! In only a few hours. What
the flying stages?" he asked.

"The people of the south-west wards are rea

"Ready!"

He turned impatiently to the blank circles
lenses again.

"I suppose it must be a sort of speech. W
God I knew certainly the thing that should
Aëroplanes at Arawan! They must have
before the main fleet. And the people only
Surely . . ."

"Oh! what does it matter whether I speak
ill?" he said, and felt the light grow brighter.

He had framed some vague sentence of den
sentiment when suddenly doubts overwhelm
His belief in his heroic quality and calling he fo
altogether lost its assured conviction. The pi
a little strutting futility in a windy waste of in
hensible destinies replaced it. Abruptly it w
fectly clear to him that this revolt against Ost
premature, foredoomed to failure, the impulse
sionate inadequacy against inevitable thin
thought of that swift flight of aëroplanes like th
of Fate towards him. He was astonished that
have seen things in any other light. In th
emergency he debated, thrust debate resolutel

determined at all costs to go through with the thing he had undertaken. And he could find no word to begin. Even as he stood, awkward, hesitating, with an indiscrete apology for his inability trembling on his lips, came the noise of many people crying out, the running to and fro of feet. "Wait," cried someone, and a door opened. "She is coming," said the voices. Graham turned, and the watching lights waned.

Through the open doorway he saw a slight grey figure advancing across a spacious hall. His heart leapt. It was Helen Wotton. Behind and about her marched a riot of applause. The man in yellow came out of the nearer shadows into the circle of light.

"This is the girl who told us what Ostrog had done," he said.

Her face was aflame, and the heavy coils of her black hair fell about her shoulders. The folds of the soft silk robe she wore streamed from her and floated in the rhythm of her advance. She drew nearer and nearer, and his heart was beating fast. All his doubts were gone. The shadow of the doorway fell athwart her face and she was near him. "You have not betrayed us?" she cried. "You are with us?"

"Where have you been?" said Graham.

"At the office of the south-west wards. Until ten minutes since I did not know you had returned. I went to the office of the south-west wards to find the Ward Leaders in order that they might tell the people."

"I came back so soon as I heard —."

"I knew," she cried, "knew you would be with us. And it was I — it was I that told them. They have risen. All the world is rising. The people have

awakened. Thank God that I did not act in
You are Master still."

"You told them" he said slowly, and he saw t
spite of her steady eyes her lips trembled an
throat rose and fell.

"I told them. I knew of the order. I wa
I heard that the negroes were to come to Lon
guard you and to keep the people down — t
you a prisoner. And I stopped it. I came o
told the people. And you are Master still."

Graham glanced at the black lenses of the c
the vast listening ears, and back to her face.
Master still," he said slowly, and the swift ru
fleet of aëroplanes passed across his thoughts.

"And you did this? You, who are the m
Ostrog."

"For you," she cried. "For you! That y
whom the world has waited should not be che
your power."

Graham stood for a space, wordless, regardi
His doubts and questionings had fled before he
ence. He remembered the things that he had
to say. He faced the cameras again and th
about him grew brighter. He turned again t
her.

"You have saved me," he said; "you have
my power. And the battle is beginning. God
what this night will see — but not dishonour."

He paused. He addressed himself to the
multitudes who stared upon him through tho
tesque black eyes. At first he spoke slowly.

"Men and women of the new age," he said

have arisen to do battle for the race! . . . There is no easy victory before us."

He stopped to gather words. The thoughts that had been in his mind before she came returned, but transfigured, no longer touched with the shadow of a possible irrelevance. "This night is a beginning," he cried. "This battle that is coming, this battle that rushes upon us to-night, is only a beginning. All your lives, it may be, you must fight. Take no thought though I am beaten, though I am utterly overthrown."

He found the thing in his mind too vague for words. He paused momentarily, and broke into vague exhortations, and then a rush of speech came upon him. Much that he said was but the humanitarian commonplace of a vanished age, but the conviction of his voice touched it to vitality. He stated the case of the old days to the people of the new age, to the woman at his side. "I come out of the past to you," he said, "with the memory of an age that hoped. My age was an age of dreams — of beginnings, an age of noble hopes; throughout the world we had made an end of slavery; throughout the world we had spread the desire and anticipation that wars might cease, that all men and women might live nobly, in freedom and peace. . . . So we hoped in the days that are past. And what of those hopes? How is it with man after two hundred years?

"Great cities, vast powers, a collective greatness beyond our dreams. For that we did not work, and that has come. But how is it with the little lives that make up this greater life? How is it with the common lives? As it has ever been — sorrow and labour, lives

cramped and unfulfilled, lives tempted by
tempted by wealth, and gone to waste and fol
old faiths have faded and changed, the new
Is there a new faith?"

Things that he had long wished to believe,
that he believed. He plunged at belief and
and clung for a time at her level. He spoke
in broken incomplete sentences, but with all
and strength, of this new faith within him. H
of the greatness of self-abnegation, of his bel
immortal life of Humanity in which we live a
and have our being. His voice rose and fell,
recording appliances hummed their hurried
dim attendants watched him out of the
Through all those doubtful places his sense
silent spectator beside him sustained his
For a few glorious moments he was carried
felt no doubt of his heroic quality, no doul
heroic words, he had it all straight and pla
eloquence limped no longer. And at last he
end to speaking. "Here and now," he cried,
my will. All that is mine in the world I giv
people of the world. All that is mine in the
give to the people of the world. I give it to
myself I give to you. And as God wills, I wil
you, or I will die."

He ended with a florid gesture and turne
He found the light of his present exaltation
in the face of the girl. Their eyes met; her e
swimming with tears of enthusiasm. They s
be urged towards each other. They clasp
and stood gripped, facing one another, in an

silence. She whispered. "I knew," she whispered. "I knew." He could not speak, he crushed her hand in his. His mind was the theatre of gigantic passions.

The man in yellow was beside them. Neither had noted his coming. He was saying that the south-west wards were marching. "I never expected it so soon," he cried. "They have done wonders. You must send them a word to help them on their way."

Graham dropped Helen's hand and stared at him absent-mindedly. Then with a start he returned to his previous preoccupation about the flying stages.

"Yes," he said. "That is good, that is good." He weighed a message. "Tell them; — well done South West."

He turned his eyes to Helen Wotton again. His face expressed his struggle between conflicting ideas. "We must capture the flying stages," he explained. "Unless we can do that they will land negroes. At all costs we must prevent that."

He felt even as he spoke that this was not what had been in his mind before the interruption. He saw a touch of surprise in her eyes. She seemed about to speak and a shrill bell drowned her voice.

It occurred to Graham that she expected him to lead these marching people, that that was the thing he had to do. He made the offer abruptly. He addressed the man in yellow, but he spoke to her. He saw her face respond. "Here I am doing nothing," he said.

"It is impossible," protested the man in yellow. "It is a fight in a warren. Your place is here."

He explained elaborately. He motioned towards the room where Graham must wait, he insisted no other

Ed
Vic
Gene } Ameo

course was possible. "We must know w
are," he said. "At any moment a crisis
needing your presence and decision." The
a luxurious little apartment with news mac
a broken mirror that had once been *en rappor*
crow's nest specula. It seemed a matter of
Graham that Helen should stop with him.

A picture had drifted through his mind
vast dramatic struggle as the masses in the
suggested. But here was no spectacular b
such as he imagined. Instead was seclusion —
pense. It was only as the afternoon wore
he pieced together a truer picture of the
was raging, inaudibly and invisibly, wit
miles of him, beneath the Roehampton
strange and unprecedented contest it was,
that was a hundred thousand little battles,
in a sponge of ways and channels, fo
of sight of sky or sun under the electr
fought out in a vast confusion by multit
trained in arms, led chiefly by acclamatio
tudes dulled by mindless labour and enervat
tradition of two hundred years of servile
against multitudes demoralised by lives of ve
lege and sensual indulgence. They had no
no differentiation into this force or that;
weapon on either side was the little green
bine, whose secret manufacture and sudden
tion in enormous quantities had been one of
culminating moves against the Council. Few
any experience with this weapon, many h
discharged one, many who carried it came un

with ammunition; never was wilder firing in the history of warfare. It was a battle of amateurs, a hideous experimental warfare, armed rioters fighting armed rioters, armed rioters swept forward by the words and fury of a song, by the tramping sympathy of their numbers, pouring in countless myriads towards the smaller ways, the disabled lifts, the galleries slippery with blood, the halls and passages choked with smoke, beneath the flying stages, to learn there when retreat was hopeless the ancient mysteries of warfare. And overhead save for a few sharpshooters upon the roof spaces and for a few bands and threads of vapour that multiplied and darkened towards the evening, the day was a clear serenity. Ostrog it seems had no bombs at command and in all the earlier phases of the battle the aëropiles played no part. Not the smallest cloud was there to break the empty brilliance of the sky. It seemed as though it held itself vacant until the aëroplanes should come.

Ever and again there was news of these, drawing nearer, from this Mediterranean port and then that, and presently from the south of France. But of the new guns that Ostrog had made and which were known to be in the city came no news in spite of Graham's urgency, nor any report of successes from the dense felt of fighting strands about the flying stages. Section after section of the Labour Societies reported itself assembled, reported itself marching, and vanished from knowledge into the labyrinth of that warfare. What was happening there? Even the busy ward leaders did not know. In spite of the opening and closing of doors, the hasty messengers, the ringing of bells and

the perpetual clitter-clack of recording im
Graham felt isolated, strangely inactive, inc
Their isolation seemed at times the stran
most unexpected of all the things that had
since his awakening. It had something of th
of that inactivity that comes in dreams. A tu
stupendous realisation of a world struggle
Ostrog and himself, and then this confined q
room with its mouthpieces and bells and
mirror!

Now the door would be closed and they w
together; they seemed sharply marked off the
the unprecedented world storm that rushed
without, vividly aware of one another, only c
with one another. Then the door would op
messengers would enter, or a sharp bell w
their quiet privacy, and it was like a window
built brightly lit house flung open suddenly t
cane. The dark hurry and tumult, the s
vehemence of the battle rushed in and ove
them. They were no longer persons but me
tors, mere impressions of a tremendous co
They became unreal even to themselves, min
personality, indescribably small, and the tw
nistic realities, the only realities in being wer
city, that throbbed and roared yonder in
frenzy of defence and secondly the aëroplane
inexorably towards them over the round sh
the world.

At first their mood had been one of exal
dence, a great pride had possessed them, a
one another for the greatness of the issues

challenged. At first he had walked the room eloquent with a transitory persuasion of his tremendous destiny. But slowly uneasy intimations of their coming defeat touched his spirit. There came a long period in which they were alone. He changed his theme, became egotistical, spoke of the wonder of his sleep, of the little life of his memories, remote yet minute and clear, like something seen through an inverted opera-glass, and all the brief play of desires and errors that had made his former life. She said little, but the emotion in her face followed the tones in his voice, and it seemed to him he had at last a perfect understanding. He reverted from pure reminiscence to that sense of greatness she imposed upon him. "And through it all, this destiny was before me," he said; "this vast inheritance of which I did not dream."

Insensibly their heroic preoccupation with the revolutionary struggle passed to the question of their relationship. He began to question her. She told him of the days before his awakening, spoke with a brief vividness of the girlish dreams that had given a bias to her life, of the incredulous emotions his awakening had aroused. She told him too of a tragic circumstance of her girlhood that had darkened her life, quickened her sense of injustice and opened her heart prematurely to the wider sorrows of the world. For a little time, so far as he was concerned, the great war about them was but the vast ennobling background to these personal things.

In an instant these personal relations were submerged. There came messengers to tell that a great fleet of aëroplanes was rushing between the sky and

Avignon. He went to the crystal dial in
and assured himself that the thing was so.
to the chart room and consulted a map to n
distances of Avignon, New Arawan, and Lo
made swift calculations. He went to the r
Ward Leaders to ask for news of the fig
stages — and there was no one there. Afte
came back to her.

His face had changed. It had dawned
that the struggle was perhaps more than
that Ostrog was holding his own, that the
the aëroplanes would mean a panic that n
him helpless. A chance phrase in the me
given him a glimpse of the reality that came
these soaring giants bore its thousand h
negroes to the death grapple of the city.
his humanitarian enthusiasm showed flin
two of the Ward Leaders were in their r
presently he repaired thither, the Hall of
seemed empty. He fancied a change in t
of the attendants in the outer rooms. A s
illusionment darkened his mind. She look
anxiously when he returned to her.

"No news," he said with an assumed ca
in answer to her eyes.

Then he was moved to frankness. "O
bad news. We are losing. We are gaining
and the aëroplanes draw nearer and nearer

He walked the length of the room and tu

"Unless we can capture those flying sta
next hour — there will be horrible things.
be beaten."

"No!" she said. "We have justice — we have the people. We have God on our side."

"Ostrog has discipline — he has plans. Do you know, out there just now I felt —. When I heard that these aëroplanes were a stage nearer. I felt as if I were fighting the machinery of fate."

She made no answer for a while. "We have done right," she said at last.

He looked at her doubtfully. "We have done what we could. But does this depend upon us? Is it not an older sin, a wider sin?"

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"These blacks are savages, ruled by force, used as force. And they have been under the rule of the whites two hundred years. Is it not a race quarrel? The race sinned — the race pays."

"But these labourers, these poor people of London —!"

"Vicarious atonement. To stand wrong is to share the guilt."

She looked keenly at him, astonished at the new aspect he presented.

Without came the shrill ringing of a bell, the sound of feet and the gabble of a phonographic message. The man in yellow appeared. "Yes?" said Graham.

"They are at Vichy."

"Where are the attendants who were in the great Hall of the Atlas?" asked Graham abruptly.

Presently the Babble Machine rang again. "We may win yet," said the man in yellow, going out to it. "If only we can find where Ostrog has hidden his

guns. Everything hangs on that now. this —"

Graham followed him. But the only ne the aëroplanes. They had reached Orleans

Graham returned to Helen. "No news "No news."

"And we can do nothing?"

"Nothing."

He paced impatiently. Suddenly the s that was his nature swept upon him. " complex world!" he cried, "and all the in men! That a man must die like a rat in a never see his foe! Oh, for one blow! . .

He turned with an abrupt change in h "That's nonsense," he said. "I am a savag

He paced and stopped. "After all Lo Paris are only two cities. All the temperat risen. What if London is doomed destroyed? These are but accidents." A the mockery of news to call him to fresh enq returned with a graver face and sat down be

"The end must be near," he said. "Th seems have fought and died in tens of thou ways about Roehampton must be like a sn hive. And they have died in vain. They a at the sub stage. The aëroplanes are r Even were a gleam of success to come would be nothing to do, there would be no anything before they were upon us. The might have saved us are mislaid. Mislaid! the disorder of things! Think of this fooli that cannot even find its weapons! Oh

Eropile—just one! For the want of that I am beaten. Humanity is beaten and our cause is lost! My kingship, my headlong foolish kingship will not last a night. And I have egged on the people to fight—."

"They would have fought anyhow."

"I doubt it. I have come among them—"

"No," she cried, "not that. If defeat comes—if you die—. But even that cannot be, it cannot be, after all these years."

"Ah! We have meant well. But—do you indeed believe—?"

"If they defeat you," she cried, "you have spoken. Your word has gone like a great wind through the world, fanning liberty into a flame. What if the flame sputters a little! Nothing can change the spoken word. Your message will have gone forth. . . ."

"To what end? It may be. It may be. You know I said, when you told me of these things—dear God! but that was scarcely a score of hours ago!—I said that I had not your faith. Well—at any rate there is nothing to do now. . . ."

"You have not my faith! Do you mean—? You are *sorry?*"

"No," he said hurriedly, "no! Before God—*no!*" His voice changed. "*But*—. I think—I have been indiscreet. I knew little—I grasped too hastily. . . ."

He paused. He was ashamed of this avowal. "There is one thing that makes up for all. I have known you. Across this gulf of time I have come to you. The rest is done. It is done. With you, too, it has been something more—or something less—"

He paused with his face searching hers, and without

clamoured the unheeded message that the a
were rising into the sky of Amiens.

She put her hand to her throat, and her
white. She stared before her as if she saw s
rible possibility. Suddenly her features
"Oh, but I have been honest!" she cried,
"*Have* I been honest? I loved the world
dom, I hated cruelty and oppression. Sure
that."

"Yes," he said, "yes. And we have don
lay in us to do. We have given our mes
message! We have started Armagedd
now—. Now that we have, it may be our
together, now that all these greater th
done. . . ."

He stopped. She sat in silence. Her fa
white riddle.

For a moment they heeded nothing of a su
outside, a running to and fro, and crie
Helen started to an attitude of tense attenti
is—," she cried and stood up, speechless, inc
triumphant. And Graham, too, heard. Metal
were shouting "Victory!" Yes it was "V
He stood up also with the light of a desper
in his eyes.

Bursting through the curtains appeared th
yellow, startled and dishevelled with ex
"Victory," he cried, "victory! The people
ning. Ostrog's people have collapsed."

She rose. "Victory?" And her voice wa
and faint.

"What do you mean?" asked Graham. "Tell me! *What?*"

"We have driven them out of the under galleries at Norwood, Streatham is afire and burning wildly, and Roehampton is ours. *Ours!*—and we have taken the aëropile that lay thereon."

For an instant Graham and Helen stood in silence, their hearts were beating fast, they looked at one another. For one last moment there gleamed in Graham his dream of empire, of kingship, with Helen by his side. It gleamed, and passed.

A shrill bell rang. An agitated grey-headed man appeared from the room of the Ward Leaders. "It is all over," he cried.

"What matters it now that we have Roehampton? The aëroplanes have been sighted at Boulogne!"

"The Channel!" said the man in yellow. He calculated swiftly. "Half an hour."

"They still have three of the flying stages," said the old man.

"Those guns?" cried Graham.

"We cannot mount them — in half an hour."

"Do you mean they are found?"

"Too late," said the old man.

"If we could stop them another hour!" cried the man in yellow.

"Nothing can stop them now," said the old man. "They have near a hundred aëroplanes in the first fleet."

"Another hour?" asked Graham.

"To be so near!" said the Ward Leader. "Now

that we have found those guns. To be s
If once we could get them out upon the roof

"How long would that take?" asked suddenly.

"An hour — certainly."

"Too late," cried the Ward Leader, "toc

"*Is* it too late?" said Graham. "Ever An hour!"

He had suddenly perceived a possibility. to speak calmly, but his face was white. ' one chance. You said there was an aëropile

"On the Roehampton stage, Sire."

"Smashed?"

"No. It is lying crossways to the carrier. be got upon the guides — easily. But th aëronaut —."

Graham glanced at the two men and then He spoke after a long pause. "*We* aëronauts?"

"None."

"The aëroplanes are clumsy," he said tho "compared with the aëropiles."

He turned suddenly to Helen. His dec made. "I must do it."

"Do what?"

"Go to this flying stage — to this aëropile.

"What do you mean?"

"I am an aëronaut. After all —. Those which you reproached me were not wasted."

He turned to the old man in yellow. "Tel put the aëropile upon the guides."

The man in yellow hesitated.

"What do you mean to do?" cried Helen.

"This aëropile — it is a chance —."

"You don't mean —?"

"To fight — yes. To fight in the air. I have thought before —. An aëroplane is a clumsy thing. A resolute man — !"

"But — never since flying began —" cried the man in yellow.

"There has been no need. But now the time has come. Tell them now — send them my message — to put it upon the guides."

The old man dumbly interrogated the man in yellow, nodded, and hurried out.

Helen made a step towards Graham. Her face was white. "But — How can one fight? You will be killed."

"Perhaps. Yet, not to do it — or to let someone else attempt it —."

He stopped, he could speak no more, he swept the alternative aside by a gesture, and they stood looking at one another.

"You are right," she said at last in a low tone. "You are right. If it can be done. . . . You must go."

He moved a step towards her, and she stepped back, her white face struggled against him and resisted him. "No," she gasped. "I cannot bear —. Go now."

He extended his hands stupidly. She clenched her fists. "Go now," she cried. "Go now."

He hesitated and understood. He threw his hands

up in a queer half-theatrical gesture. He had to say. He turned from her.

The man in yellow moved towards the d clumsy belated tact. But Graham stepped He went striding through the room where t Leader bawled at a telephone directing that th should be put upon the guides.

The man in yellow glanced at Helen's st hesitated and hurried after him. Graham did look back, he did not speak until the curta ante-chamber of the great Hall fell behind hi he turned his head with curt swift directions bloodless lips.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE COMING OF THE AEROPLANES

Two men in pale blue were lying in the irregular line that stretched along the edge of the captured Roehampton stage from end to end, grasping their carbines and peering into the shadows of the stage called Wimbledon Park. Now and then they spoke to one another. They spoke the mutilated English of their class and period. The fire of the Ostrogites had dwindled and ceased, and few of the enemy had been seen for some time. But the echoes of the fight that was going on now far below in the lower galleries of that stage, came every now and then between the staccato of shots from the popular side. One of these men was describing to the other how he had seen a man down below there dodge behind a girder, and had aimed at a guess and hit him cleanly as he dodged too far. "He's down there still," said the marksman. "See that little patch. Yes. Between those bars." A few yards behind them lay a dead stranger, face upward to the sky, with the blue canvas of his jacket smouldering in a circle about the neat bullet hole on his chest. Close beside him a wounded man, with a leg swathed about, sat with an expressionless face and watched the progress of that burning. Gigantic behind them, athwart the carrier lay the captured aëropile.

"I can't see him *now*," said the second man of provocation.

The marksman became foul-mouthed a voiced in his earnest endeavour to make thi And suddenly, interrupting him, came a noi ing from the substage.

"What's going on now," he said, and raise on one arm to stare at the stairheads in th groove of the stage. A number of blue figu coming up these, and swarming across the stu aëropile.

"We don't want all these fools," said h "They only crowd up and spoil shots. Wha after?"

"Ssh! — they're shouting something."

The two men listened. The swarming ne had crowded densely about the aëropile. Th Leaders, conspicuous by their black mar badges, clambered into the body and appear it. The rank and file flung themselves upon gripping hold of the edges, until the entire s the thing was manned, in some places three de of the marksmen knelt up. "They're putting carrier — that's what they're after."

He rose to his feet, his friend rose also. the good?" said his friend. "We've got no aë

"That's what they're doing anyhow." He l his rifle, looked at the struggling crowd, and turning to the wounded man. "Mind these, s said, handing his carbine and cartridge belt; moment he was running towards the aëropile quarter of an hour he was a perspiring Titan,

hrusting, shouting and heeding shouts, and then the hing was done, and he stood with a multitude of others cheering their own achievement. By this time ie knew, what indeed everyone in the city knew, that he Master, raw learner though he was, intended to fly his machine himself, was coming even now to take control of it, would let no other man attempt it. "He who takes the greatest danger, he who bears the ieaviest burthen, that man is King," so the Master vas reported to have spoken. And even as this nan cheered, and while the beads of sweat still hased one another from the disorder of his hair, he ieard the thunder of a greater tumult, and in fitful natches the beat and impulse of the revolutionary ong. He saw through a gap in the people that a thick tream of heads still poured up the stairway. "The Master is coming," shouted voices, "the Master is oming," and the crowd about him grew denser and enser. He began to thrust himself towards the cenral groove. "The Master is coming!" "The Sleeper, he Master!" "God and the Master!" roared the oices.

And suddenly quite close to him were the black uniorms of the revolutionary guard, and for the first and ast time in his life he saw Graham, saw him quite early. A tall, dark man in a flowing black robe, with white, resolute face and eyes fixed steadfastly before im; a man who for all the little things about him ad neither ears nor eyes nor thoughts. . . . For ll his days that man remembered the passing of Graam's bloodless face. In a moment it had gone and e was fighting in the swaying crowd. A lad weep-

ing with terror thrust against him, pressir
the stairways, yelling "Clear for the aëropl
bell that clears the flying stage became a lo
dious clanging.

With that clanging in his ears Graham
the aëropile, marched into the shadow of
wing. He became aware that a number
about him were offering to accompany him,
their offers aside. He wanted to think
started the engine. The bell clanged faster
and the feet of the retreating people roared
louder. The man in yellow was assisting hin
through the ribs of the body. He clambere
aëronaut's place, fixing himself very car
deliberately. What was it? The man in y
pointing to two aëropiles driving upward in
ern sky. No doubt they were looking for t
aëroplanes. That — presently — the thing
was to start. Things were being shouted at
tions, warnings. They bothered him. He
think about the aëropile, to recall every it
previous experience. He waved the people
saw the man in yellow dropping off through
saw the crowd cleft down the line of the girc
gesture.

For a moment he was motionless, stari
levers, the wheel by which the engine shifte
the delicate appliances of which he knew so l
eye caught a spirit level with the bubble tov
and he remembered something, spent a doze
in swinging the engine forward until the bubl
in the centre of the tube. He noted that t

ere not shouting, knew they watched his deliberation. bullet smashed on the bar above his head. Who red? Was the line clear of people? He stood up to e and sat down again.

In another second the propeller was spinning, and e was rushing down the guides. He gripped the wheel and swung the engine back to lift the stem. Then it was the people shouted. In a moment he was hrobbing with the quiver of the engine, and the shouts lwindled swiftly behind, rushed down to silence. The wind whistled over the edges of the screen, and the world sank away from him very swiftly.

Throb, throb, throb — throb, throb, throb; up he drove. He fancied himself free of all excitement, felt cool and deliberate. He lifted the stem still more, opened one valve on his left wing and swept round and up. He looked down with a steady head, and up. One of the Ostrogite aëropiles was driving across his course, so that he drove obliquely towards it and would pass below it at a steep angle. Its little aëronauts were peering down at him. What did they mean to do? His mind became active. One, he saw held a weapon pointing, seemed prepared to fire. What did they think he meant to do? In a moment he understood their tactics, and his resolution was taken. His momentary lethargy was past. He opened two more valves to his left, swung round, end on to this hostile machine, closed his valves, and shot straight at it, stem and wind-screen shielding him from the shot. They tilted a little as if to clear him. He flung up his stem.

Throb, throb, throb — pause — throb, throb — he set his teeth, his face into an involuntary grimace,

and crash! He struck it! He struck upw
the nearer wing.

Very slowly the wing of his antagonist
broaden as the impetus of his blow turned
saw the full breadth of it and then it slid do
of his sight.

He felt his stem going down, his hands ti
the levers, whirled and rammed the engine
felt the jerk of a clearance, the nose of t
jerked upward steeply, and for a moment
to be lying on his back. The machine was
staggering, it seemed to be dancing on its
made a huge effort, hung for a moment on
and slowly the engine came forward
was driving upward but no longer so st
gasped for a moment and flung hims
levers again. The wind whistled about
further effort and he was almost level.
breathe. He turned his head for the first
what had become of his antagonists. Turn
the levers for a moment and looked aga
moment he could have believed they were a
And then he saw between the two stages
was a chasm, and down this something, a sl
fell swiftly and vanished, as a sixpence fa
crack.

At first he did not understand, and then
possessed him. He shouted at the top of hi
inarticulate shout, and drove higher and hig
sky. Throb, throb, throb, pause, throb, th
"Where was the other aëropile?" he thoug
too—." As he looked round the empty h

d a momentary fear that this machine had risen ove him, and then he saw it alighting on the Nor- od stage. They had meant shooting. To risk being mmed headlong two thousand feet in the air was yond their latter-day courage. The combat was clined.

For a little while he circled, then swooped in a steep scent towards the westward stage. Throb throb rob, throb throb throb. The twilight was creeping apace, the smoke from the Streatham stage that had en so dense and dark, was now a pillar of fire, and the laced curves of the moving ways and the trans- cent roofs and domes and the chasms between the ildings were glowing softly now, lit by the tempered liance of the electric light that the glare of the y overpowered. The three efficient stages that the strogites held — for Wimbledon Park was useless cause of the fire from Roehampton, and Streatham as a furnace — were glowing with guide lights for e coming aëroplanes. As he swept over the Roe- mpton stage he saw the dark masses of the people ereon. He heard a clap of frantic cheering, heard a llet from the Wimbledon Park stage tweet through e air, and went beating up above the Surrey wastes. e felt a breath of wind from the south-west, and ted his westward wing as he had learnt to do, and drove upward heeling into the rare swift upper air. hrob throb throb — throb throb throb.

Up he drove and up, to that pulsating rhythm, until e country beneath was blue and indistinct, and Lon- on spread like a little map traced in light, like the ere model of a city near the brim of the horizon.

The south-west was a sky of sapphire ov
owy rim of the world, and ever as he drove
multitude of stars increased.

And behold! In the southward, low
glittering swiftly nearer, were two little
nebulous light. And then two more, and t
lous glow of swiftly driving shapes. F
could count them. There were four and tw
first fleet of aëroplanes had come! Beyon
a yet greater glow.

He swept round in a half circle, staring
vancing fleet. It flew in a wedge-like shape
lar flight of gigantic phosphorescent shape
nearer through the lower air. He made
culation of their pace, and spun the
that brought the engine forward. H
a lever and the throbbing effort of
ceased. He began to fall, fell swifter and s
aimed at the apex of the wedge. He dro
stone through the whistling air. It seem
second from that soaring moment before he
foremost aëroplane.

No man of all that black multitude saw
of his fate, no man among them dreamt o
that struck downward upon him out of the s
who were not limp in the agonies of air-sick
craning their black necks and staring to se
city that was rising out of the haze, th
splendid city to which "Massa Boss" ha
their obedient muscles. Bright teeth gleam
glossy faces shone. They had heard of Pa

knew they were to have lordly times among the "poor white" trash. And suddenly Graham struck them.

He had aimed at the body of the aëroplane, but at the very last instant a better idea had flashed into his mind. He twisted about and struck near the edge of the starboard wing with all his accumulated weight. He was jerked back as he struck. His prow went gliding across its smooth expanse towards the rim. He felt the forward rush of the huge fabric sweeping him and his aëropile along with it, and for a moment that seemed an age he could not tell what was happening. He heard a thousand throats yelling, and perceived that his machine was balanced on the edge of the gigantic float, and driving down, down; glanced over his shoulder and saw the backbone of the aëroplane and the opposite float swaying up. He had a vision through the ribs of sliding chairs, staring faces, and hands clutching at the tilting guide bars. The fenestrations in the further float flashed open as the aëronaut tried to right her. Beyond, he saw a second aëroplane leaping steeply to escape the whirl of its heeling fellow. The broad area of swaying wings seemed to jerk upward. He felt his aëropile had dropped clear, that the monstrous fabric, clean overturned, hung like a sloping wall above him.

He did not clearly understand that he had struck the side float of the aëroplane and slipped off, but he perceived that he was flying free on the down glide and rapidly nearing earth. What had he done? His heart throbbed like a noisy engine in his throat and for a perilous instant he could not move his levers because of the paralysis of his hands. He wrenched

the levers to throw his engine back, fou
seconds against the weight of it, felt hims
driving horizontally, set the engine beatin

He looked upward and saw two aëro
shouting far overhead, looked back, and s
body of the fleet opening out and rushing
outward; saw the one he had struck fall
and strike like a gigantic knife-blade alon
wheels below it.

He put down his stern and looked again
up heedless of his direction as he watche
the wind-vanes give, saw the huge fabri
earth, saw its downward vans crumple wit
of its descent, and then the whole mass
and smashed, upside down, upon the slo
Throb, throb, throb, pause. Suddenly fro
ing wreckage a thin tongue of white fir
towards the zenith. And then he was
huge mass flying through the air towar
turned upwards just in time to escape the
it was a charge — of a second aëroplane.
by below, sucked him down a fathom,
turned him over in the gust of its close pas

He became aware of three others rush
him, aware of the urgent necessity of be
them. Aëroplanes were all about him, cir
to avoid him, as it seemed. They drov
above, below, eastward and westward. F
the westward was the sound of a collisic
falling flares. Far away to the southwa
squadron was coming. Steadily he be
Presently all the aëroplanes were below hi

oment he doubted the height he had of them, and did
t swoop again. And then he came down upon a
cond victim and all its load of soldiers saw him com-
g. The big machine heeled and swayed as the fear-
ddened men scrambled to the stern for their
apons. A score of bullets sung through the air, and
re flashed a star in the thick glass wind-screen
at protected him. The aëroplane slowed and
opped to foil his stroke, and dropped too low. Just
time he saw the wind-wheels of Bromley hill rush-
g up towards him, and spun about and up as the
roplane he had chased crashed among them. All its
ices wove into a felt of yelling. The great fabric
emed to be standing on end for a second among the
eling and splintering vans, and then it flew to pieces.
uge splinters came flying through the air, its engines
rst like shells. A hot rush of flame shot overhead
o the darkling sky.

"*Two!*" he cried, with a bomb from overhead burst-
g as it fell, and forthwith he was beating up again.
glorious exhilaration possessed him now, a giant
tivity. His troubles about humanity, about his inad-
uacy, were gone for ever. He was a man in battle
joicing in his power. Aëroplanes seemed radiating
m him in every direction, intent only upon avoiding
m, the yelling of their packed passengers came in
ort gusts as they swept by. He chose his third
arry, struck hastily and did but turn it on edge. It
caped him, to smash against the tall cliff of London
all. Flying from that impact he skimmed the dark-
g ground so nearly he could see a frightened rabbit
lting up a slope. He jerked up steeply, and found

himself driving over south London with the air about him vacant. To the right of him a wild riot of signal rockets from the Ostrogites banged tumultuously in the sky. To the south the wreckage of half a dozen air ships flamed, and east and west and north the air ships fled before him. They drove away to the east and north, and went about in the south, for they could not pause in the air. In their present confusion any attempt at evolution would have meant disastrous collisions. He could scarcely realize the thing he had done. In every quarter aëroplanes were receding. They were receding. They dwindled smaller and smaller. They were in flight!

He passed two hundred feet or so above the Roehampton stage. It was black with people and noisy with their frantic shouting. But why was the Wimbledon Park stage black and cheering, too? The smoke and flame of Streatham now hid the three further stages. He curved about and rose to see them and the northern quarters. First came the square masses of Shooter's Hill into sight from behind the smoke, lit and orderly with the aëroplane that had landed and its disembarking negroes. Then came Blackheath, and then under the corner of the reek the Norwood stage. On Blackheath no aëroplane had landed but an aëropile lay upon the guides. Norwood was covered by a swarm of little figures running to and fro in a passionate confusion. Why? Abruptly he understood. The stubborn defence of the flying stages was over, the people were pouring into the under-ways of these last strongholds of Ostrog's usurpation. And then, from far away on the northern

order of the city, full of glorious import to him, came sound, a signal, a note of triumph, the leaden thud f a gun. His lips fell apart, his face was disturbed ith emotion.

He drew an immense breath. "They win," he houted to the empty air; "the people win!" The ound of a second gun came like an answer. And hen he saw the aëropile on Blackheath was running own its guides to launch. It lifted clean and rose. t shot up into the air, driving straight southward and way from him.

In an instant it came to him what this meant. It ust needs be Ostrog in flight. He shouted and ropped towards it. He had the momentum of his levation and fell slanting down the air and very wiftly. It rose steeply at his approach. He allowed or its velocity and drove straight upon it.

It suddenly became a mere flat edge, and behold! he was past it, and driving headlong down with all the orce of his futile blow.

He was furiously angry. He reeled the engine back along its shaft and went circling up. He saw Ostrog's machine beating up a spiral before him. He rose straight towards it, won above it by virtue of the impetus of his swoop and by the advantage and weight of a man. He dropped headlong — dropped and missed again! As he rushed past he saw the face of Ostrog's aëronaut confident and cool and in Ostrog's attitude a wincing resolution. Ostrog was looking steadfastly away from him — to the south. He realized with a gleam of wrath how bungling his

flight must be. Below he saw the Croyden hills. He jerked upward and once more he gained on his enemy.

He glanced over his shoulder and his attention was arrested by a strange thing. The eastward stage, the one on Shooter's Hill, appeared to lift; a flash changing to a tall grey shape, a coiled figure of smoke and dust, jerked into the air. For a moment this coiled figure stood motionless, dropping huge masses of metal from its shoulders, and then it began to uncoil a dense head of smoke. The people had blown it up, aëroplane and all! As suddenly a second flash and grey shape sprang up from the Norwood stage. And even as he stared at this came a dead report, and the air wave of the first explosion struck him. He was flung up and sideways.

For a moment the aëropile fell nearly edgewise with her nose down, and seemed to hesitate whether to overset altogether. He stood on his wind-shield wrenching the wheel that swayed up over his head. And then the shock of the second explosion took his machine sideways.

He found himself clinging to one of the ribs of his machine, and the air was blowing past him and upward. He seemed to be hanging quite still in the air, with the wind blowing up past him. It occurred to him that he was falling. Then he was sure that he was falling. He could not look down.

He found himself recapitulating with incredible swiftness all that had happened since his awakening, the days of doubt the days of Empire, and at last the tumultuous discovery of Ostrog's calculated treachery.

He was beaten but London was saved. London was saved!

The thought had a quality of utter unreality. Who was he? Why was he holding so tightly with his hands? Why could he not leave go? In such a fall as his countless dreams have ended. But in a moment he would wake. . . .

His thoughts ran swifter and swifter. He wondered he should see Helen again. It seemed so unreasonable that he should not see her again. It *must* be a dream! Yet surely he would meet her. She at least was real. She was real. He would wake and meet her.

Although he could not look at it, he was suddenly aware that the earth was very near.

THE END

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